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FRANCE.

BY

EYRE EVANS CROWE.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

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PATERNOSTER-ROW;

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

By

EYRE EVANS CROWE.

VOL. III.



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THE

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAP. I.

1792—1793.

THE CONVENTION, TO THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

The French revolution is apt to present itself to the eye as a hideous spectre. We behold and tremble. We are appalled by its monstrous aspect, and too deeply stricken with horror to regard it fixedly, with scrutiny and patience. Could we but do so, the phantom would lose much of its shadowy character; and although nought can wash away its crimes and blood, it would at least appear but an earthly and human phenomenon, the nature and causes of which we might perceive and store up as the precious materials of wisdom.

Hitherto, however, the revolution has been treated as the spectre, and considered beyond the pale of humanity. The imagination alone has seized upon its prominent horrors. Even those, who have deigned to seek for a cause, have found it in some collateral or subordinate circumstance. Philosophy in the opinion of some, the duke of Orleans or Pitt in that of others, prepared and brought about the great catastrophe; whilst others again are satisfied to cast the entire blame on the fickleness and cruelty of man born upon the French soil. Scarcely has a distinction been made betwixt the revolution and its excesses. Freedom itself has been included in the general stigma, and made answerable for that mass of guilt and folly, which its enemies were mainly influential in producing.

The most fatal circumstance of the epoch was foreign interference, fatal alike in the hopes and the fears which it occasioned. Reliance on foreign support caused the emigration of the noblesse, as well as the temporising, and at intervals the insincere, policy of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Had king and aristocracy been obliged to confine their views to France, they would either have from the first submitted frankly, in which case power could never have descended lower than the ranks and opinions of the constitutionalists; or they would have stood forth in open and in civil war, an alternative preferable to flight, conspiracy, and massacre. The monarch, obedient to the moderation of his character, pursued an uncertain career, a kind of medium between the extremes, by which he excited irritation and popular hatred, and compelled the successive parties, which in the assembly advocated the cause of freedom, to call in the popular force, first to their support, and then to their mastery. Finally came invasion; it produced the 10th of August, and rendered possible the massacres of September, which the panic and anticipated vengeance of an expiring cause could alone have executed.

By these judgments the prudence of the actors is arraigned, not the honesty or justice of their conduct. Louis cannot be considered criminal for endeavouring to recover a share of his authority, or even for leaguing with foreign sovereigns for this end. Yet the consideration which thus spares him from censure must also tend to excuse, though certainly not to exculpate, those who counter-intrigued in the cause of freedom. The interference of the Austrian and Prussian monarchs was most fatal as a measure; but who can say that it was not warranted by just fears for themselves, by just and generous sympathy for Louis?

Previous to the breaking out of the revolution, the old alliance formed under Choiseul betwixt the houses of Austria and Bourbon still subsisted. England, Holland, and Prussia were the powers in the opposite balance; whilst Russia, which had lately made an abrupt and giant

intrusion into the European confederacy, stood among them in an attitude of sullen and selfish independence. This power had compelled the first partition of Poland, and was now menacing to appropriate to herself the rest of that ill-fated kingdom. Austria and Prussia, filled with congenial alarm at the encroachments of Russia on one side, and the moral plague of jacobinism rising and reflected towards them like a mephitic exhalation from France on the other, agreed to sink their mutual jealousies, and come to a closer understanding. The emperor Leopold could not but be anxious to relieve his sister, Marie Antoinette, and her royal consort, from the cruel position in which the revolution had placed them. Frederick William, less touched with sympathy, was still anxious to profit by the supposed weakness and disorganisation of France. The kingdom of Prussia had not yet reached its natural developement; its numerous and well-disciplined army inheriting the renown of the great Frederick, was an instrument of power too supreme to be allowed to remain idle. Whilst Leopold, therefore, was anxious to form a wide alliance, in which all Europe was to join, in order, by its imposing force, without actual war, to fright back France into the ways of moderation and loyalty, the king of Prussia aimed at unfolding the banner of the great Frederick, and carving for himself new territories with the sword. The sovereigns met at the castle of Pilnitz in the summer of 1791. The count d'Artois, together with one or two leading emigrants, were present. And hence was issued the famous declaration in which the finger of menace was held up against France, and which sought to awe a great nation with such significant reproof as is used towards a froward child.

This served but to rouse the pride of the national assembly, and to afford the demagogues of Paris an ample theme of declamation against the tyrants of Europe. The mild menace of Leopold produced an effect precisely the contrary of that intended. The French ministry was compelled to assume a tone of arrogance equal to that of its enemies. Explanation was sought and an-

swered by demands to which no king, much less a republican government, immediately responsible for any insult allowed to be offered to the national pride, could possibly submit. War was the consequence. It was declared; but active measures for prosecuting it were not taken, until the emperor Francis succeeded to his father Leopold in the spring of 1792.

In the commencement of this same year, Dumouriez, then minister, conceived the bold plan of assuming the offensive, and invading Belgium, a country in which insurrection had been but lately quelled and imperfectly extinguished. The French, he reasoned, would rally to them the powerful body of the malecontents; and the weak state of the Flemish fortresses, dismantled by the emperor Joseph, presented no obstacle to invasion: Luxembourg and Namur were in fact the only towns capable of making serious resistance. If the project of Dumouriez was bold, the mode in which he purposed to execute it savoured of the inexperience of the time. The military critics of Napoleon's school smile with pity on his plan of dividing his small force into four columns, which he called armies, each to invade upon a different point. This was still more faulty with young troops, who gather confidence when acting in numbers and in mass. Then the generals charged to execute Dumouriez's orders were little inclined to them; neither Rochambeau nor La Fayette approved of the plan of campaign. The result was total failure. Two of the divisions, struck with a panic at sight of the foe, turned and fled. Theobald Dillon, who commanded one, was murdered by his troops in the streets of Lille. Thus, in the army, as in the capital, panic produced those acts of ferocity and crime which must for ever sully the pages of the national history.

After this unpromising commencement of the war, political and private dissensions occupied the French generals, and paralysed their armies. Dumouriez, after ousting his colleagues from the ministry, was compelled himself to retire. La Fayette turned his attention mor

against the Jacobins in Paris than against Austrians or Prussians. He expostulated with the assembly by letter and in person. After the 10th of August he took upon him to resist the government established by that revolution; and, failing to prevail on his soldiers, was obliged to fly, accompanied merely by his staff. He then fell into the hands of the enemy, and was detained by them for a long time in the prisons of Olmutz. The dexterous Dumouriez had known how to profit by these blunders and misfortunes of La Fayette. On quitting the ministry, he had joined the army as lieutenant-general, and was intrusted with an inferior command. Here he contrived to thwart the plans and disobey the orders of La Fayette, a circumstance that endeared him to the now dominant party in the convention; and Dumouriez was appointed commander-in-chief.

The allies in the meantime had not shown any activity in profiting by the dissensions and disorganisation of the French. The emperor Francis, having but lately ascended his throne, had not sufficiently matured his preparations; and the summer was far advanced ere the campaign commenced. On the 25th of July was issued the famed manifesto of the duke of Brunswick, summoning the French to return to their allegiance. It concluded by threatening that if the château of the Tuileries was forced or insulted, or any violence offered to the royal family, the emperor and king would take exemplary vengeance by delivering up the city of Paris to military execution and total subversion. This imprudent threat indicated the very crime that could most fully set it at nought: in a few days after the receipt of the manifesto at Paris, the Tuilleries were stormed, and the king hurled from his throne into a dungeon. The insurrection of the 10th of August was the reply of the Parisians to the duke of Brunswick, or rather to Calonne, who had drawn up the document. The rapid march of an overwhelming army upon the French capital could alone have given weight or sense to so haughty a menace.

The duke of Brunswick, however, had not this overwhelming force. His army, including the corps of *émigrés*, did not exceed 80,000 men, whilst the Austrians, prepared to support him on the right and left, did not muster half the stipulated mumber. The failure of this invasion is universally and exclusively attributed to the duke; whereas a great part of the cause lies in the simple fact, that the potent monarchies of Prussia and Austria thought proper to attempt the conquest of France with no greater force than that which their enemies could without effort oppose to them. The task of invasion requires something more than equality of strength. This the duke knew, and hence the feebleness, the incertitude, the tardiness of his operations.

The French army seemed no doubt to offer itself as an easy prey. Its first feat was a panic flight. It was distracted by the disorders of the capital. La Fayette tampered with his troops, and sought to array them against the anarchists. Failing in this, he fled, and the army remained without a leader until the appointment of Dumouriez. The duke of Brunswick might indeed have taken advantage of this disorganised state of the French army, have attacked and routed the portion of it under La Fayette. A Buonaparte would not have hesitated. The duke, over wary, feared to leave the smallest fortress unreduced behind him. He laid siege to Longwy, took it, then invested Verdun with the same success. In the capture of these towns was spent the month of August; and early in September Dumouriez, promoted to the chief command, was able to take active measures of defence.

It was just at this moment, when the French had recovered unity and force, under a talented leader, that the Prussian monarch and his general thought fit to shake off dilatoriness, and march boldly towards the capital. The duke of Brunswick, indeed, still deprecated the hardihood of the scheme, for which he deemed his army not sufficiently strong. A month previous, it would have been more practicable; now, Dumouriez, with the quick eye of military genius, had, by forced marches, occupied

all the passes of the forest of Argonne, the only route of the allied army towards the capital. French historians narrate with pride the occupation of these defiles by Dumouriez. The manœuvre is represented as something miraculous and heroic, and as having, in fact, saved the kingdom from invasion; and yet, in a few days, we find the Prussians penetrating through them, and breaking without difficulty through the boasted line of defence; leaving Dumouriez to decamp, and repair the disaster by some new stratagem. The grand merit of that general was his moral courage. When all his countrymen despaired of their cause,—when the Parisian legislature meditated a retreat behind the Loire, and the Parisian mob made what they considered to be the last use of their sovereignty, in massacring their imprisoned enemies, Dumouriez never once lost confidence. "Argonne is the French Thermopylæ," wrote he; "but I shall be more fortunate than Leonidas." The ministry wrote to him in a panic to retreat, to come to their aid, to retire behind the Marne. Dumouriez mocked their fears; and even when the passages of the Argonne were forced, he took another position at St. Menehould, and summoned the several divisions of the army, scattered by the Prussians, having forced their lines, to rally thither, and stand again on the defensive. The tardiness of the Prussians here again saved the French. Strong detachments from Metz and from Lille were allowed to join Dumouriez; who, thus reinforced, determined to hold firm in the camp and position which he occupied, and which formed a line of heights protected by the Aisne and the Auve, and by the marshes on their banks.

The road to Paris was indeed open to the Prussians, if they wished to leave Dumouriez in their rear; but their object was now to capture that general and his army. With this view the king of Prussia by his personal order, hastened forward his divisions to cut off the retreat of the French, occupying the road betwixt them and the capital. Dispositions were then made for the attack, concerning the success of which the monarch was san-

guine, and his general by no means so. The latter, however, acted in obedience to the ardour of the king, and, on the 20th of September, a cannonade opened on both sides, and was supposed to be the prelude to an engagement. The advanced division of the French was at Valmy, an eminence surmounted by a mill. The duke of Brunswick formed his troops in column of attack, and advanced to carry this point by assault. Despite the cannonade, the Prussian bayonets already glistened at the foot of the eminence; the French unmoved showed themselves ready for the charge, and gave vent to their ardour in shouts of *Vive la nation!* This bold shout was sufficient to appal the duke of Brunswick, and awaken all his doubts of success. An instant order recalled the troops that were on the point of attacking. The assault was abandoned, and the French were left to exult in the irresolution, if not in the pusillanimity, of their antagonist. Such was the cannonnade, miscalled the battle, of Valmy, which, however unproductive of loss or of glory, proved as decisive as a victory to Dumouriez. Henceforth the retreat of the Prussians, the unfulfilment of all their high menaces and schemes, became inevitable. Unable to force the French position, or leave it behind; finding it difficult to support themselves in an enemy's country, with the Argonne betwixt them and their magazines; afflicted by disease as well as want, the Prussians commenced their retreat ten days after the affair of Valmy. There were some attempts made at negotiation; but the ruling powers at Paris would listen to none whilst an enemy trod the territory of France. The retreat of the Prussians, who but a few days since menaced Paris with destruction, was inexplicable to Europe, and has been accounted for as proceeding from a purchase or a bribe. The assertion is unproved and improbable. The duke of Brunswick retired with his troops towards the Rhine. The republicans re-entered Longwy and Verdun, and many of the inhabitants of the latter town, who had betrayed attachment to the royal cause, suffered under the guillotine; amongst these vic-

tims were six young ladies, who had offered a bouquet of flowers, in token of congratulation, to the king of Prussia.

The elections for the new assembly were taking place in the meantime, whilst the men of blood, whom their audacity had raised to power, took advantage of the interregnum to complete the work of massacre. A crowd of prisoners, those more especially guilty of high birth, had been sent to Orleans, to be judged by a court established there. An order, or rather a band of ruffians, was despatched to transfer them to Paris. They had no sooner reached Versailles, on their road, than all the noted assassins of the capital hurried thither, to perpetrate and enjoy a renewal of the massacres of the 2d of September. In vain was Danton, minister of justice, applied to in behalf of the prisoners. He refused all interference, and repulsed with anger each mention of it. The cut-throats found no obstacle to the seizure of their prey, and the unfortunate prisoners of Orleans were massacred in the orangery of Versailles. Some fifty victims were too few to glut the rage of the executioners, and they accordingly hurried to the prisons of Versailles to act over again the scenes of the Force and Conciergerie. Commissaries, at the same time, selected by Danton, set forth in all directions from the capital, bearing as their manifesto a bold avowal of the late murders of the aristocrats, and preaching universally the simple mandate of "Go and do thou likewise," to the provinces. Pillage was included in the system of massacre. The spacious halls and granaries of the Hôtel de Ville were filled with the spoil of the nobles, who had been arrested or slain: even the depôt of the crown-jewels was broken into, and much of its precious valuables carried off. Such a state of things had of course its influence in the elections, more especially of the capital, where not to be royalist, but to be moderately republican, brought instant denunciation and arrest. Robespierre and Danton were the first names that came from the electoral urn; the famous David, Legendre, Collot d'Herbois, Philip Egalité, and

Marat were their colleagues. The members elected by the city of Paris, says Thiers, "consisting of some tradesmen, a butcher, an actor, an engraver, a painter, a lawyer, two or three journalists, and a fallen prince, did not ill represent the confusion and variety of personages that figured in this great capital."

The national convention assembled on the 20th of September, the very day in which the Prussians quailed at Valmy, and gave up victory to the cause of republicanism. The members of the Gironde had been all returned, and even their numbers reinforced; so indocile as yet were the provinces to the rule of the Jacobins. The Girondists occupied the right of the assembly: Robespierre and his comrades took post on the upper benches of the left, in order to be near to and in communication with their supporters, the noisy audience of the public galleries. From this position the Jacobin party were called the *Mountain*, whilst those members who filled the middle place, both with respect to their seats and principles, were designated the *Plain*, or the *Marsh*. Barrère was considered the chief of this central and at first neutral party; principally consisting of men new to political questions or life, and whose public education was yet to be completed. These formed the majority of the convention: on their votes and leanings evidently depended the march of both legislature and government. At the present moment they were inspired by extreme respect for the Gironde. Pétion, one of the most influential of that party, was elected president; whilst Vergniaud, Condorcet, and Brissot filled the office of secretaries.

The first decree of the convention was that abolishing royalty, on the motion of Collot d'Herbois, the comedian; the next was to do away with the old courts of law, to declare that all judges should be re-appointed, that is, elected; and that there was no need of having studied law in order to be a judge.* Immediately after

* This, being the second decree of the convention, preserved the magistracy, in August, 1830, from sharing the fate of the peerage, and incurring *épuration*.

broke out the fierce war betwixt the Mountain and the Gironde, the most inveterate and fatal that the annals of any assembly record, and at the same time the most important to be studied, as a phase which every revolution in its downward course is likely to present.

In common with the Jacobins, the Gironde had warred upon royalty to its destruction. Aristocracy had been proscribed. Universal equality of political and civil rights had been decreed. There scarcely remained a public principle on which two republican parties could differ. Personal hatred, however, supplied any want of the kind; and royalty and republicanism never worked each other such mutual ill as did these parties, the colours of whose political creeds differed but by a shade. The Girondists were aristocratic in comparison with the Mountain: they were men of education and of talent; men who did not scorn society, and who would have adorned it even in the refinement of monarchic days. This alone was sufficient to excite the hatred of Robespierre and Marat, whose only principle was a deep and rancorous jealousy of all social distinction. Both parties courted popular favour, and pretended to lead the popular cause. But the Girondists were merely amateur democrats, would-be rabble, not the actual rabble itself, as Marat and his tribe were. And these were indignant that men respectable in birth and profession should dare to assume the place of representatives of the *people*. Favourers, as the Gironde were, to a certain degree, of law and social order, they required some more certain and congenial support than that of the mob. The middle classes, united, organised, and armed, would have been their natural auxiliaries; but the middle classes of the capital had supported the constitutionalists, or *feuillans*, and with them had been crushed by the Jacobins and Girondists themselves, during the latter months of the legislative assembly. The Gironde had favoured the insurrection of the 20th of June; and by having done so, by having fatally condescended to make use of the popular arm, had rendered themselves powerless to resist the

movements of either the 10th of August or 2d of September. By the same fault they had alienated the middle classes of the Parisians, who thenceforth had, either in timidity or zeal, become blended in the ranks of the Jacobins. Thus had the Girondists left themselves without any support in the capital, except their talents and the rightfulness of their views. For to compete with Robespierre and Danton for the favour of the populace was now a vain attempt, most vain, since these leaders had indulged the mob, even to satiety, in riot, plunder, and blood. The Girondists had, however, a numerous body of partisans of the middle classes in the provinces; and to bring a chosen band of these to protect them against the insurrectionary spirit of the lower orders in Paris, became one of their early endeavours.

Of the ministry, or executive council, established on the king's suspension, the Girondists were indeed the majority; but the honest simplicity of Roland and his friends was overmatched by the energy of Danton. In vain did Roland protest against the daily repeated scene of massacre and spoliation: he was powerless, minister of the interior but in name; for the municipality had usurped the whole of the judicial and administrative authority. We have seen the legislative assembly, in its last sittings, cower and shrink before a menace of the *commune*. During the interval of the elections, this body ruled uncontrolled; and those friends of order and of law, who were determined to combat its usurpations, deferred the bold attempt until the convention should have assembled.

The Gironde was indignant at the massacre which had been perpetrated, and at the criminal stain cast by such deeds upon the revolution. To wipe this away, to prevent the recurrence of these acts of blood, to disarm and reprove at least, if not to punish the perpetrators, was the first effort of the party now seated on the right of the assembly. In the third sitting of the convention Roland read his report, as home minister, on the state of the country, the disorders of which, as well as the inevi-

table weakness of the government, he forcibly described: "The confidence of a free people in its governors must prove ever the chief strength and safeguard of the latter: it will be sufficient in ordinary times, in days of peace and order; but the present, unfortunately, is neither a peaceful nor an ordinary epoch. Around the national convention the influence of Brunswick is felt*; it is he who produces those tumults, which no administration can possess confidence sufficient to obviate or quell. There is need then of *force:* force alone can put down treason. I think, therefore, that the National Convention ought to surround itself with an armed troop, composed of professional soldiers, disciplined and paid."

On the following day tidings arrived that assassinations, similar to those of the capital, were commencing in the provinces, no doubt produced by the circulars and instructions of the Jacobins. The choler of the Gironde instantly burst forth: and, on the proposal of Buzot, a triple decree was passed, appointing a committee to enquire into the state of France and of the capital; to prepare a law against the provocation to murder; and also a plan for providing a guard, to be drawn from the eighty-three departments, for the protection of the national convention.

In this first outbreaking of the storm against them in the convention, Robespierre and his friends preserved silence. They raised some trifling objections, but dared not to oppose the decree: they rather seemed to affect moderation, and to deprecate the wrath of the Gironde. In this party were several who thought it wisest to abandon recrimination, and to establish a kind of amnesty for the past and peace for the future, which might reclaim the men of blood to the path of order and of patriotism. Petion advised this plan of conduct; which was certainly pusillanimous, though, perhaps, not unwise, considering

* This politic use of Brunswick's name, in order to cast odium upon the agitators, was imitated by the Jacobins, who assailed every enemy as an emissary of Pitt. There was little need of the bribes of either Pitt or Brunswick to incite the Parisian rabble to insurrection and massacre.

that it fell in perfectly with the pacific and timid views of the deputies of the centre or Plain. It was little practicable, however; for the anarchists who quailed and remained silent in the convention, recovered audacity and speech in the Jacobin club, and gave free vent to their vindictive fury.

Lasource, a protestant clergyman, and member of the moderate party, attended the jacobin meeting, and heard these denunciations, in which the majority of the convention were represented as seeking to excite the departments against the capital, and to check the progress of liberty. He made an instant remark thereon to his neighbour Merlin; observing, that those agitators aspired to establish a dictatorship in their own favour. Merlin of Thionville, having been a *huissier*, or bailiff, of that town, was a bold uncompromising Jacobin, a very Ajax, as the revolutionists called him in their tongue. He stood up on the following day in the convention, and challenged Lasource to state openly and prove his accusation. Lasource did not shrink from avowing his opinion. He dreaded, he said, the despotism of the capital and its agitators; he feared to see Paris become, what Rome was in the empire, the tyrant of the world, while itself was the slave of sedition. Osselin rose, and treated the fears of Lasource as chimerical: "The idea is absurd: that any one here should aspire to the dictatorship is impossible."

"'Tis not, 'tis not impossible!" exclaimed Rebecqui, deputy for Marseilles. "I assert that there does exist a party in this assembly which aspires to establish the dictatorship: and the chief of this party — I will name him — is Robespierre!"

Amidst the tumult caused by this denunciation, Danton obtained possession of the tribune*, and endeavoured to prevent these dissensions from going further. To avert the attack from Robespierre, he spoke of himself, "who had served the cause of liberty with all the energy of his

* A kind of low pulpit, from which the orator addresses all French assemblies.

temperament;" and of Marat, with whom indeed he affected not to be on terms of friendship; but whose violence he represented as excusable, since his long concealment from vexation and arrest, in caverns and subterraneous hiding-places, had soured and corrupted his temper. To counterbalance the accusation brought against the Mountain, Danton insinuated that there was another party in the assembly, whose object was to partition France into as many republics as provinces, and thus to destroy the unity of the country. This was aimed at the Gironde. Danton proposed to decree the pain of death against whosoever should entertain either of these projects, whether the dictatorship or federalism.

The accusation, thus adroitly parried by Danton, might have been set at rest, had not Robespierre thought proper to undertake his own defence. He enumerated the acts of his past life with a cold arrogance, and in a speech so tedious and dull, that even his own friends called out to him, in impatience, to have done with his *kyrielle*.

As Marat was alluded to in the debate, he, too, thought it necessary to enter upon his exculpation. His appearance at the tribune excited such an acclamation of disgust, that to make himself heard was impossible. But the accusations against him were redoubled. Cambon produced a kind of placard, signed Marat, in which a dictatorship, or despotic triumvirate, is called for as the only means of public safety. It became necessary to hear the monster's defence. Taking a cap from his head, such as is worn by the people, Marat placed it on the tribune, and facing the general outcry, with distorted and nervous smile, he began:—"I have a great many personal enemies in this assembly."—"All of us! all of us!" was the clamorous interruption and reply of the greater part of the members. Marat undauntedly continued—"I have many personal enemies in this assembly. I recall them to a sense of shame. I exhort them to cease their furibund clamours. The members for

the city of Paris are accused of aspiring to the triumvirate, or the dictatorship. It is merely because I am one of them that this accusation is made. I owe it to Danton, and to Robespierre, to declare, that they have always opposed the project of a dictatorship, which I have never ceased to recommend in my writings. I have a lance to break with them on that point. I am myself the first and the only writer in France who has proposed and supported the dictatorship, as the sole means of crushing traitors and conspirators. I am alone to blame or to be condemned for this. But first hear me.

"Amidst the machinations of a perfidious king, an abominable court, and of false patriots, who sold the cause of liberty in two successive assemblies, can you reproach me with having imagined the only means of public safety, with having invoked the hatchet of popular vengeance on the guilty heads? No, you dare not. The people would disavow you—the people, who, at length, in order to escape from tyrants and traitors, felt the necessity of turning dictator itself.

"Believe me, I shuddered as much as any of you at these terrible insurrections; and it was to obviate the necessity of their recurrence, that I wished to see the popular force guided by one firm hand. Had this been understood at the taking of the Bastille, five hundred heads would have fallen, and tranquillity would have been secured. But no; events were left to themselves, and vengeance abandoned to the people. And what has been the consequence? An hundred thousand patriots have been slaughtered, and an hundred thousand more are menaced with a similar fate. At any rate, to prove to you that the dictator, or the triumvir, which I recommended, was not to answer to the vulgar idea of a tyrant, my proposal was, that his authority should last but for a few days;—that his only office should be to condemn traitors; and that this dread magistrate himself should have always a cannon ball attached to his leg, in order that he might continue under the hand of the people.

Such was the dream of my patriotism; and if your intellects have not elevation enough to comprehend it, so much the worse for you."

Whilst some were disgusted with the arrogance and blood-thirstiness of this speech, and others amused even to laughter by its impertinence, the too flexible majority were struck by the ferocious energy of Marat's character and views. The new deputies of the Plain, who had hitherto looked with abhorrence on the monster, here submitted to listen and learned to tolerate him.

Vergniaud, the famous orator of the Gironde, rose immediately, in order to counteract the favour excited towards Marat. His first expressions of abhorrence against the man of blood were interrupted by murmurs. Vergniaud then read the famous circular, in which the massacres of September were avowed, and held up to the imitation of the provinces. Boileau succeeded him at the tribune, and commenced reading an address to the people, signed Marat, and published that very morning. Its tenour was as follows:—

"One reflection oppresses me; it is, that all my efforts to serve the people must fail without a new insurrection. Seeing the temper of the majority of the national convention, I despair of the public safety. Fifty years of anarchy are before us; and the only way of avoiding them is by appointing a dictator, a true patriot and statesman. O babbling people, did you but know how to *act!*"

An indescribable tumult took place on the perusal of this pithy address. "To prison with the wretch! to the guillotine!" was the general cry. The accusation of Marat was proposed. He again demanded to be heard, and once more took possession of the tribune with increased confidence and effrontery. "As to that writing which the member has denounced, I am far from disavowing it. A falsehood has never passed my lips, and fear is a stranger to my heart." Nevertheless Marat proceeded to state, that the address just produced was written a week back, and suppressed, but republished

that morning against his knowledge by his printer. This was a manifest falsehood; for a week past the convention did not exist, nor could there then have been a motive or an object of insurrection: but the excuse appeased the placable assembly; and Marat, reading them a more moderate article from a new journal which he had just commenced, was hearkened to in silence, and even not without applause. Having produced this effect, he proceeded, certainly with the perfection of all impudence, to lecture them on the baleful effects of passion: "Had I not written a moderate paragraph this morning, you would have delivered me over to the sword of justice. But no, I had still a mode of escape from persecution. With this," said he, drawing forth a pistol, and putting it to his forehead, "I would have blown out my brains at this tribune. Such was to have been the reward of three years' sufferings, imprisonments, wakings and watchings, fears and labours, privations and dangers. As it is, however, I shall remain amongst you, and brave your fury."

This parliamentary scene has been minutely dwelt on; it depicts fully the character, the gait, and the tactics of the rival parties. The Gironde commences in all the strength of indignation, sure of its cause and of the majority of the assembly; yet even in the most rapid flow of its eloquent resentments, there is a vacillation, a yielding of purpose, which might be taken for magnanimity, but which proved weakness. Barbaroux commenced against Robespierre with the defiance of an inveterate foe, yet terminated with regret, with professions of friendship, and proffers of an oblivion of injury. At this very moment, when the Gironde deemed itself triumphant, the Jacobins made the first step towards acquiring that mastery in the assembly, which they had already secured out of its doors: this was the very crisis of the quarrel. Had the Gironde remained firm, and pressed the condemnation, at least of Marat, the final victory might have been on its side; but they gave up the struggle, in lassitude, or in contempt of their enemies;

deeming, unwisely, that the thunders of their eloquence were sufficient to blight the brows and humble the power of the Jacobins. The newly returned deputies, that occupied the Plain, learned in this famous debate that the Jacobins were not altogether the monsters which had been represented; or, if this was difficult, they at least saw that there was firmness, conviction, and even talent, in their monstrosity. The influence of the Gironde was shaken. The termination of this long and fiery debate proves forcibly this effect. It ended by a decree, declaring the republic *one and indivisible;* thus guarding, as it were, against the supposed federalism of the Gironde, rather than against the renewal of massacre and the establishment of a dictatorship by the Mountain. Nothing could be more inconsequential and absurd than such a vote succeeding such a debate; nor can any thing more strongly paint the vacillation of the assembly and the weakness of its leading party.

Whilst all the attention and zeal of the national assembly were spent in these quarrels, the Prussians were still at St. Menchould. But not even the menacing presence of a foreign enemy could distract the Mountain and the Gironde from the canine combat, in which they tore each other, and struggled for mastery. Day after day it was renewed. The municipality or *commune* was attacked for not submitting to the decree for its renewal or re-election. The *commune* replied in the following sitting by denouncing former decrees to have been bought by the court, and declaring that they had found documents which would prove this. The debate in consequence turns for many days upon these papers, and the existence of the commune itself is forgotten. Neither of the questions are decided, and in lieu of them we find that of the guard to be drawn from the departments to protect the convention again brought on by Buzot, discussed, disputed, and abandoned with the usual inconstancy. The *commune* withheld the usual stipend or succour paid to the indigent. Its Jacobin leaders pretended to want funds, and applied to the convention.

The convention called for the accounts of the commune, and ordered its minister to draw up a report, which fully disclosed the system of fraud, murder, and anarchy established at the Hôtel de Ville. Yet, despite of this, the municipality held its ground, and defied the efforts of its enemies.

The national convention at this time had the singular infelicity of displaying at once all the disadvantage of party, as well as all the disadvantages of wanting it. The public weal and fortunes were absolutely forgotten in the struggle betwixt personal foes; and at the same time there was so little concert, foresight, and party organisation, that the Gironde was continually marred and crossed in its attempts to restore order and consolidate liberty by the trimming timid inertness of the Centre or Plain. Unused to political life, the wisest plan with these seemed to be, to hold the balance even, and to smother strife, that is, to prolong and aggravate it; whereas, by flinging their weight at once into either side, the question would have soon been brought to an issue betwixt order and insurrection, betwixt the law and the populace. For even had the Centre united with the Jacobins at this early period, the latter had not stood in need of either insurrection or massacre to support them; on the contrary, finding themselves undisputed and rightful masters of the government, they must have endeavoured to organise peaceably the system of their power; but the maxim, that neutrals are the most pernicious enemies, is even more true in revolution than in civil war.

Having to make use of auxiliaries so timid, the Girondists should have avoided proceeding to the extreme of impeachment or accusation, unless upon grounds so manifest and strong that there was no possibility of refuting. Short of this, the measures of the departmental guard, or of breaking the municipality, were wisest to insist on. The Girondists adhered, however, to no plan. From time to time the thunder of their eloquence burst forth in fitful peals; but the bolts fell not, and their enemies

learned to mock the empty sound of menace. On the 29th of October, after hearing one of the courageous reports of the home-minister, an anonymous letter was read, giving an account of the efforts of the Jacobins to blacken the Gironde and excite a new insurrection to get rid of the *cabal Roland*. "They will hear of none but Robespierre," continued the letter.

There was no doubt of the probable truth of these allegations; but the mere paragraph of an anonymous letter was not a testimony on which to ground an accusation. The passions of the Girondists were, however, excited. Louvet rushed to the tribune, instantly and solemnly accused Robespierre, and poured forth an extemporaneous philippic of unusual force and eloquence. He commenced by relating the rise of the anarchists, whom he described as "a party feeble in number and in means, strong in boldness and immorality," appearing in the club of the Jacobins not earlier than the January preceding, and soon driving the Girondists from them by their violence and the noisy aid of the galleries. "At first," continued Louvet, "they astonished rather than disquieted us, until we saw them commence to make war upon all talent, all distinction, all who were not of their coterie. They soon set up an idol in Robespierre." The speaker here related an instance, proving the ambitious pretensions of this demagogue.

"But what are their claims to popularity and rule? The insurrection of the 10th of August, which they attribute solely to themselves. I tell them, the revolution of that day belongs to us all; to the fauxbourgs, that rose to a man; to the brave federals, whom these men refused to admit within the walls. ('Not true!' exclaimed a voice.) So true, that for two successive nights I heard Robespierre at the Jacobin club declaim against the camp near Paris. The revolution of the 10th of August belongs to the two hundred courageous deputies who issued the decree suspending Louis, as well as others, that the so much calumniated commission of that day held ready prepared. To the Breton federals — to the

worthy sons of the proud Marseilles—to us all, belongs the glory of the 10th of August.

"But that of the 2d of September, atrocious conspirators, is yours,—all yours,—yours alone! Ye have made it your claim and your boast. Ye have named us, in your sanguinary pride, the patriots of August; yourselves, the patriots of September! May the distinction endure, for our justification and your eternal shame!

"The people, ye say, participated in these murders. Else, ask ye, why did they not prevent them? Why? Because the tutelary authority of Petion was chained; because Roland spoke in vain; because Danton, minister of justice, did not speak at all; because the presidents of the forty-eight sections, ready to repress such disorders, waited for the summons that never arrived; because the officers of the municipality, wearing their scarfs of office, presided at these executions. But the legislative assembly? Representatives of the people! avenge its powerlessness. For that powerlessness, to which your predecessors were then reduced, was, even amongst the enormous crimes of the day, the most audacious and most fatal of all. What could the legislative assembly do?—tormented, degraded, menaced by an insolent demagogue, who came to the bar to dictate its decrees; who returned to the commune but to denounce it; and who dared to threaten the executive council with the tocsin."

This vehement apostrophe roused to such a pitch the indignation of the assembly against Robespierre, that his instant condemnation seemed inevitable. For a long time it refused even to hear his defence; which nevertheless, when quiet was restored, he was utterly unable to enter upon. He demanded a week to prepare it, and his demand was granted. A week, however, was more than sufficient to allow the passion of the majority to subside; and when Robespierre appeared to pronounce his elaborate defence, he no longer addressed an exasperated audience. We cannot refrain from giving a specimen of this demagogue's oratory:—

"One innocent victim perished. The number has been exaggerated; but even one is too much. Citizens, weep for this cruel mistake! We have long lamented it. The victim was a good citizen; he was one of our friends. Lament even those criminals, in immolating whom the justice of the people did but anticipate the vengeance of the law. Give full vent to pity; but let it have a term, like all human things and sentiments. Let us keep some tears for calamities more touching, for an hundred thousand patriots sacrificed to despotism. Let us compassionate our citizens expiring under their burning roofs;" (Lille had been then bombarded;) "their sons massacred in their cradles, or in the bosom of their mothers. Have ye, too, not brothers, children, husbands, to avenge? for the family of French legislators is their country; it is the whole human race, saving only tyrants and their accomplices. For my part, I respect that sensibility that limits its commiseration to the enemies of liberty. Cease to act the part of Antony; cease agitating before my eyes the blood-stained robe of the tyrant; or I shall believe that you seek to bring Rome back to slavery."

Applauses as loud as those which cheered the resentment of Louvet here hailed the reply of this advocate of massacre. On hearing them, well might the sternest republican have doubted of the triumph of honesty. Louvet in vain sought to resume his accusation. Barrère, the spokesman of the Plain, arose, and uttered the sentiments of the majority:—

"Citizens," said he, "if there existed in the republic a man born with the genius of Cæsar and the boldness of Cromwell, a man uniting the talents of Sylla to his means of ambition;—if there existed a legislator of great genius, vast aspiration, and profound character; a general, for example, returning amongst you crowned with laurel, and raised by his fame above laws or rights, then I would propose a decree of accusation. But to apply this terrible honour to men of a day, to petty planners of insurrection, to those whose only civic crowns

are interwoven with cypress,—this is what I cannot conceive! Such men as these, in my opinion, have ceased to be dangerous in a republic." So spoke the wisdom of Barrère, and the convention assented. The accusation was set aside by the order of the day, and the defence of Robespierre was ordered to be printed.

During this war of parties, Dumouriez paid a short visit to the capital. He was welcomed at the bar of the convention with applauses and embraces; in society, with fêtes, as the hero of the day. His aim was to stand well with all parties, in consequence of which, both the most austere of the Gironde and the most ferocious of the Mountain suspected him. He had punished a regiment of his revolutionary soldiers for massacring some emigrant deserters. The Jacobins commissioned Marat to question the general on the subject; and Marat chose the moment when Dumouriez was present at a ball given in his honour, to intrude in his office of inquisitor. "It is you whom they call Marat," observed Dumouriez to the monster's summons; "I cannot hold converse with such a person." Still the general preserved his intimacy with Danton, who, though his hands were deeply imbrued in September's blood, was not yet decided to join the knot of Robespierre, and who wavered betwixt the anarchists and the Gironde. Dumouriez, as well as every historian of the revolution, censure the Gironde for not having conciliated Danton, who alone could have combated Robespierre. But they abhorred the minister of massacre; and however Danton was represented to them with misgivings in his atrocity, as a being not without humanity, and inclined, like his more cultivated prototype, Mirabeau, to attempt to check the impetus of the revolution that he had so mainly accelerated, still they could not bring themselves to be reconciled to him. Both Roland and his wife expressed their contempt of Danton, and of his friend Dumouriez. The latter cast back the sentiment, and said of Roland, that "the austerity of such would-be Catos had its origin far more in whim than in virtue."

The victorious general cared, indeed, little for either party. His only thought was conquest; his plan, to invade and subdue Belgium. It was to cause the adoption of this, and to prepare the means, that he visited Paris. The moment was one of elation. Custine had taken the important fortress of Mayence, the key of the Rhine, by surprise; Savoy and Nice were occupied by French armies; the Austrians had retreated from Lille, as the Russians from Valmy; and Dumouriez was determined, despite the lateness of the season, to assume the offensive.

Military critics censure his plan of campaign, as void of art and ability. Dumouriez, say they, should have directed his course along the Meuse, penetrated betwixt his enemies, and behind a great portion of them; thus separating, and, in case of victory, not only routing but annihilating them. In lieu of this, he marched straight against the Austrians under duke Albert, posted at Mons; they, of course, had thus the advantage of position, whilst to Dumouriez fell the more difficult task of attacking and dislodging them.

The Austrians, about 25,000 strong, occupied several villages upon heights in front of Mons: the central village was Jemmapes. Despite these advantages, in being entrenched and long stationed on the ground, Dumouriez attacked them on the 6th of November; his right, his centre, and his left, each formed in column of attack. Both wings hesitated as they came into action. General Thouvenet, being sent to the left, inspired it with fresh vigour, led it on to charge with the bayonet, and drove in the Austrians. Whilst the infantry of the centre advanced, bodies of cavalry were stationed to observe and guard certain openings in a wood, whence the enemy might rush forth. On the appearance of the Austrians at this point, a brigade suddenly gave way; the habitude of sudden panic had not yet been forgotten by the French; and the entire body of the centre, suffering under the fire of the Austrian batteries, offered symptoms of backwardness and disorder. Had the Austrians

been alert, a charge would have here told more effectually than all the batteries of Mons: one brave man, however, rallied the brigade. It is a singular proof of the revolutionary confusion of ranks, that the hero who rode up to this brigade, and brought it to resume at once its position and its sense of duty, was Renaud, a valet in the service of general Dumouriez. The centre itself was rallied by its commander, an officer of more illustrious birth, the then duc de Chartres, since duc d'Orleans, and king of the French. Forming the most willing and brave into a close column, the young duke led them on to the attack of Jemmapes; their re-awakened ardour carried every thing before them, and drove the Austrians from their redoubts. The left being at the same time successful, the victory was complete. The vanquished lost 6000 men, and Belgium fell at once into the possession of Dumouriez. That general made his triumphant entry into Brussels on the 14th of November.

It was at this moment of universal triumph over foreign enemies, that the republicans felt all their vindictive fury excited against the unfortunate Louis XVI. If the insurrection of August, and the massacre of September, had each their excuse in the danger and panic excited by foreign invasion, the crime of immolating the royal victim could now have no such plea. The decapitation of Charles I. is intelligible; it deprived royalism of a talented chief, a powerful partisan. The English republicans struck the lion of the forest, who had long held them at bay; the French employed equal fury in spilling the blood of the lamb, nay, in previously torturing the victim. After the sack of the Tuilleries, the legislative assembly had assigned the Luxembourg as the residence of Louis; the municipality, however, thought the Temple more secure. They transferred the royal family thither, denying them the commodious apartments that even the Temple contained, and shutting them up in the small tower, where they were huddled together and visited with every privation and indignity. One domestic only was allowed them; the municipal officers

penetrated at all times into the apartments; and openings in their dungeon doors left them continually under the eye of their guards. It was here that the queen was summoned to behold the head of her friend borne on a pole; and hence she might daily overhear the proclamations or calumnies which the criers took care to vociferate under the windows of the Temple. After some time, Louis was separated from his family, and denied the sole consolation of his captivity, that of instructing his infant son.

What was to be his ultimate fate? It became urgent to decide. Petitions had been already presented, one especially from Auxerre, demanding not only his trial, but condemnation to death. Many of the French, under the influence of political *rabies*, deemed the revolution incomplete till it had displayed the scene of a monarch's execution. England had done as much. Should history tell that she had surpassed France in audacity? It was far less the supposed guilt of Louis than the effect to be produced by his death, that urged the fanatic revolutionists to demand it. National vanity sought to astonish Europe and to affright its kings, overlooking the crime of sacrificing the innocent.

Another feeling, stronger than vanity, worked towards the hapless monarch's destruction. This was the necessity all persons and parties felt to rival each other in zeal, and to outbid each other for popularity: that dread of the opinion of one's fellows, that of being thought lukewarm, of being left behind in the course of those sentiments which were the mode — a characteristic peculiarly strong in the French, and still most visible and most fatally operating amongst them — armed every tongue with an anathema against the king. It was not so much hatred, either personal or political, that urged his guards to vie in insulting him, — the conventionalists to vie in condemning; it was rather a trick to captivate popularity and power — a trial of who should bear off the palm of revolutionary ferocity; the unfortunate Louis being set up as the mark, against which was discharged every blow

of malice, every arrow of calumny. Base as was this motive, it grew daily more base, as it became mingled still more and more with fear; and the whole nation, whilst it invoked the goddess of liberty, was in reality prostrating itself before the demon of terror.

However the men of the revolution might esteem themselves bound to disrespect the monarch's legitimate rights, there remained those which the constitution established by the first national assembly, and sworn to by the second, had secured to him: one of the first articles of this declared the king *inviolable*. This, however, was set aside. The convention decreed that itself should form the court of justice to try Louis. Even this, however, did not satisfy Robespierre, who argued that the monarch was already and *de facto* condemned. "People do not judge like courts; they pass not sentence, but merely send forth their thunder. They do not condemn kings, they annihilate them. As for me," continued Robespierre, "I abhor the pain of death, of which your laws are so prodigal, and I entertain for Louis neither love nor hate; I detest merely his misdeeds. I demanded the abolition of the pains of death in the constituent assembly, and it is not my fault if my proposal was deemed a moral and political heresy. Since, however, this great principle of clemency has not been extended to minor offenders, how would you apply it to the king, the chief of criminals?"

The Girondists, during this early discussion of the question, kept their opinions in reserve: they wished the king's condemnation, not his death, yet feared to risk their popularity in endeavouring to save him. A circumstance occurred at this very time to render their position more delicate. A secret closet, formed of iron, was discovered by Roland in the royal apartments at the Tuilleries; it contained documents of the connection of many popular chiefs with the court: Mirabeau's intrigues were brought to light, and the busts of that patriot were instantly thrown down, and his body torn from the Pantheon. The Gironde was inculpated, slightly indeed,

but still sufficiently to paralyse any courageous resolves on their part to save the monarch.

In an early sitting, Buzot, one of this party, seeking either to cleanse it of the suspicion of being royalist, or to cast a similar accusation on the Mountain, moved that the penalty of death should be decreed against whosoever should even propose the re-establishment of royalty. Merlin, a Jacobin, thoughtlessly, and from a love of opposition, objected; urging that it belonged only to the people in their primary assemblies to decide such a question. This afforded a triumph in turn to the Gironde, who instantly exclaimed that they had discovered the design of the Jacobins to raise up a king, either in the person of one of their demagogue chiefs, or in that of the duke of Orleans. Robespierre sought to repair the blunder of Merlin, and proposed to decree that "no nation should have the right to give itself a king;" and when a laugh put this down, he moved the instant condemnation and execution of Louis *by virtue of an insurrection.*

At length, on the 11th of December, Louis was dragged to the bar of the convention. His calm dignity silenced the noisy galleries, excited the pity of the Girondists, and even shook many of the Jacobins in their cruel resolves. Once alone he made use of a tone approaching to indignation; it was when he repelled the charge of spilling the blood of his subjects on the 10th of August. A new debate arose as to whether he should be allowed defenders: they were not conceded without a struggle. Louis selected Target and Tronchet: the former declined the dangerous office, which Lamoignon Malesherbes proffered himself to undertake. The meeting betwixt this venerable man and the fallen prince, whose minister he had been in the old days of the monarchy, was touching in the extreme: Malesherbes fell at the feet of his royal master; words could not express the feelings of either.

Louis was allowed until the 26th to prepare his defence: the interval was spent in skirmishes betwixt the parties. Louvet proposed the banishment of the Bourbon

race, aiming at D'Orleans. The leading Jacobins defended the prince who fraternised with them, denounced Brissot and Louvet, and demanded the exile of Roland. On the appointed day Louis appeared once more before the convention, attended by his defenders. The young Deseze, who had been added to their number, pronounced the monarch's defence. It was of considerable length, and elaborately drawn up, but wanted dignity, in appealing more to the compassion than to the justice of the assembly. Deseze thus concluded: —

"Frenchmen! the revolution, which regenerated you, has developed great virtues; beware, lest it obliterate from your minds the sentiment of humanity, without which all others are false.

"Let me anticipate here the language of history. Louis ascended the throne at the age of twenty, and even thus young, gave in his high station an example of the purest morals. He showed then no guilty weakness nor corrupt passion: he was economical, just, severe, the constant friend of his people. Did they demand the abolition of an enormous tax? — he abolished it. Did they complain of the remains of servitude? — he did away with its last vestiges in his domains. Complaints were made of the criminal legislation; they were met by reform. Thousands of French, previously deprived of the rights and privileges of citizens, recovered those rights by the laws of Louis. The people demanded liberty; he granted the boon. He anticipated their demands; he sacrificed all to them: and yet it is in the name of this people that some this day stand forth to demand —— Citizens, I cannot go on, I leave the task to history. Reflect, that history will pass judgment upon your sentence, and that hers will be also that of eternity!"

No sooner had Louis withdrawn, than the furious and contending passions of the assembly burst forth. Lanjuinais, unable to contain his emotion, rushed to the tribune, and made the wild demand that the whole process should be annulled. His voice was drowned with the cry of "Traitor." Debate on this day was impossible. On

the next, the Gironde declared its opinion by the mouth of Salles: he proposed to decree Louis guilty, but to leave the punishment to be fixed by the people in their primary assemblies. Salles drew a picture of the consequences of the king's execution:—the hatred of foreign nations, the depreciation of liberty, and the abhorrence of its name excited amongst them; at home the probable elevation of a revolutionary chief, "whom the very emigrants would return to support, and become his valets, provided he avenged them by the destruction of liberty, and rewarded them by a restoration of their titles." The too faithful prophecy passed unhearkened to. Robespierre was the principal orator of the extreme opinion: he stigmatised the proposal of appealing to the people as an excitement to civil war; indulged in a warm panegyric of minorities; and, as the spokesman of one, demanded the immediate execution of Louis. Vergniaud replied with that matchless eloquence, those powers of logic and persuasion, before which the cant and casuistry of the Jacobins shrunk away. He defended the proposal of an appeal to the people, and denied that civil war or discord could spring from it; he deprecated the execution of Louis, and followed Salles, in depicting its consequences, in a higher, a truer, and still more prophetic tone. The effects of a war against Europe he described as if a vision had placed the subsequent twenty years before his eyes.

"I do not presage defeat," said he, "in case of war; but even by the natural concourse of the most prosperous events, the country must be consumed by her efforts. The population will be devoured by the ravages of war; not a family but must lament a son or a father. Agriculture will want arms, manufacture hands. Your treasures will flow in imposts: the social system, wearied with shocks, will fall under the influence of a mortal languor. Beware, lest in the midst of her triumphs France should come to resemble those famed Egyptian monuments that had subdued time. The passing stranger is astounded by their grandeur; but, if he penetrate within

them, what doth he find? — lifeless ashes, and the silence of the tomb!"

Vergniaud's warning to the convention is still more prophetic. "When Cromwell sought to prepare the dissolution of that parliament, by the aid of which he had upset the throne and sent Charles to the scaffold, he brought forward insidious propositions, which he knew would disgust the nation, but which he supported by hired applause and clamour. The parliament yielded; the fermentation became general; and Cromwell broke, without effort, that parliament which he had used as the footstool to climb to power.

"Have you not heard in these very precincts men crying out with fury, 'If bread be dear, the cause is in the Temple. If money be scarce, if the armies in want, the cause is in the Temple.' The cause of all ill, in short, is in the Temple. Yet those who uttered this know right well, that the dearness of bread, the want of money, or the bad state of the armies, had nought whatever to do with the Temple. What then was their object? — and who will guarantee to me that these same men, who are continually striving to degrade the convention, — these same men, who proclaim every where that a new revolution is necessary, that the sections ought to rise in permanent insurrection; — who harangue in the municipality, that when the convention succeeded to Louis, there was but a change of tyrants, — who clamour for another 10th of August, — who speak but of plots, death, treasons, and proscription, who argue the necessity of a defender, of a dictator; — who will guarantee to me that these same men, as soon as Louis is sent from the Temple to the scaffold, will not resume their cry, and changing but one word, repeat, 'If bread is dear, the cause is in the convention; if money be scarce, and the armies unprovided, the cause is in the convention,'" &c.

This warning, the solemnity of which is to us increased by a knowledge of its speedy fulfilment, had not its due effect. Barrère, as usual, got up to state or lead the sentiments of the Plain; he thought the plan of

the Gironde dangerous; and the convention agreed with him. An appeal to the people as to the fate of Louis was rejected by a great majority. The final question of the sentence was put on the evening of the 16th of January. Each member was called to the tribune to give his vote aloud, in presence of the applause or execration of the galleries. Of the party of the Mountain the universal vote was, of course, death; still that of Egalité, duke of Orleans, as he pronounced the fatal word against his relation and sovereign, jarred upon the feelings even of that hardened assembly. Of the Gironde, many voted simply for death, in fear and despair, it should seem: twenty-six of their number, amongst whom was Vergniaud, voted for death with reprieve or delay of execution. How deeply must they have rued that vote, on hearing the result of the scrutiny! The number present was 721. The bare majority was thus 361; and but 361 voices were for death without condition. But Vergniaud and his friends had declared their vote independent of their condition, which was but a vow and recommendation; and by this means their faintheartedness raised the majority to 387 against 334 voices, which were for imprisonment during war, and exile after peace. In vain the Girondists endeavoured to amend their weakness by again agitating the question of reprieve: the hour of useful resolve was passed. Well might Mignet, speaking of this party, in another part of his history, assert, that "it is not with talent, but with conduct, that political fortune is achieved; and that persevering mediocrity is far more formidable than irresolute genius."

The motions for reprieval and delay were negatived, and, on the 20th, all efforts to save Louis were abandoned. Kersaint, an old sailor, resigned his seat in the assembly, refusing to herd longer with regicides. The capital was in the utmost agitation; the *commune* had taken every precaution to spread terror, and render the expression of pity dangerous. The middle orders com-

miserated, indeed, the fate of their sovereign, but knew not how to save him. The few royalists could but gnash their teeth in the powerlessness of despair. One, a *garde du corps*, resolved to have at least his mite of vengeance; he sought out one conventionalist that had voted for the death of Louis: Lepelletier St. Fargeau was pointed to him dining in a tavern, and the guard instantly buried his sword in the bosom of the regicide.

Meantime the executive council, with Garat, minister of justice, at its head, repaired, in the afternoon of the 20th, to communicate to Louis his condemnation. The monarch heard it without emotion, except a smile of indignation at one word, that which accused him of conspiracy. He was prepared; and taking the decree of condemnation from the secretary, he handed in return to that personage a written paper, asking, amongst a few other requests, three days to prepare for death, and a confessor of his choice. The convention, as soon as consulted, refused the delay, but gave orders that a confessor should be admitted to the Temple. The abbé Edgeworth being selected by the king, accordingly repaired to him. At seven in the evening his family was allowed to visit him, but not in private. His guardians insisted on witnessing, through a glass door, this most melancholy of domestic interviews. It lasted nearly two hours. Louis spoke the greater part of the time, related the circumstances of his trial, and endeavoured to soothe the distracted queen and princesses. They found utterance but in the convulsive sobs of anguish. In parting, he promised to see them early on the morrow. But no sooner had they gone than he observed, "I cannot." He resolved to spare both them and himself this further trial. He was engaged until midnight with his confessor. He then went to bed, and slept soundly till five; when he arose, heard mass in his chamber, and received the sacrament, the guards affording the means of performing these ceremonies with the greatest difficulty. Neither would they allow him a knife for his last repast, nor scissors to cut off his locks and bare

his neck for execution. "The executioner is a valet good enough for him," was the observation.

At nine o'clock, drums and the rattling of vehicles announced Santerre, who came to conduct Louis to the fatal scaffold. He did not stay to be summoned, but merely handing to one of his guards a paper, that proved to be his testament, he said, "Let us proceed." Placed in a coach betwixt two gendarmes, he was led across almost the whole extent of the capital, to the Place Louis Quinze. Every shop was shut and window closed. The middle classes were struck at once with pity and consternation; even the armed rabble who lined the streets observed a profound silence. The procession lasted two hours. Arrived at the place of execution, the king stripped himself of his coat and vest, and opened his shirt. The executioner approached to bind his hands. He resisted this indignity, till the abbé Edgeworth observed, "Sire, I see in this new outrage but a fresh point of resemblance betwixt your fate and that of the God who will be your recompense." On hearing this, Louis submitted, muttering with upcast eyes, "Do as you will; I must drink the cup to the dregs." He then began to ascend the scaffold, feebly at first, till finding strength as he reached the top, he stepped firmly across it to the front, and spoke with a voice that all the crowd could distinctly hear, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me. I pardon the authors of my death; and my last prayer is, that the blood about to be shed may not be visited upon France."

At some minutes after ten, on the morning of the 21st of January, the fatal stroke fell that cut short the life of Louis the Sixteenth; a prince whose private virtues were only equalled by his misfortunes. If Providence had designed him for a martyr, it could not have bestowed a character more apt or perfect to sustain that trying part. Long will it be ere the deep stain left on the cause of liberty by the pure and guiltless blood of the royal victim shall be utterly effaced!

CHAP. II.

THE CONVENTION, FROM THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI. TO THE FALL OF THE GIRONDE.

1793.

Of the evils which so often attend revolution, the overthrow of all government and annihilation of all law are not the worst; it destroys, likewise, those finer and unseen ligaments which hold society together. Honour, a certain measure of good-will towards our fellows, with confidence in its reciprocity; certain bounds put to the desires of ambition, self-interest, and enthusiasm, by that general feeling, which can force itself to be respected by censure or ridicule; the general influence of domestic or amicable ties;—all these various motives and persuasives, that secure the peace and well-being of society more than codes, are completely lost sight of in the effervescence of a revolution. Man, by that shock, is thrown back into a state of nature. He must go armed in mistrust at least, find no friend except in the ally who fights side by side with him in the mortal combat; he must neither expect mercy, nor be weak enough to show it. The French revolution in its present advanced state offers this picture exactly; or rather, that of an arena of wild beasts struggling for mastery, knowing no safety but in complete victory, and not even in that victory, unless it be sealed by the blood of the vanquished.

The Girondists had the misfortune of not understanding the position in which they were placed. At first masters, they stood by like lions in the magnanimity of strength, and not unlike the king of the forest in character. A little violence and blood had satisfied their appetites; nor were they prepared, like the Jacobin tigers, to destroy for mere destruction's sake. Their forbearance, however, proved but weakness; and they soon

found that, having failed to crush, they must inevitably themselves be crushed.

After the execution of Louis the discord thickened. Such beings as Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, could not exist save in the fearful atmosphere of sedition that they had created for themselves. Indeed, their personal security demanded this; for a return to order such as the Girondists sought to establish would inevitably bring them to punishment for their crimes. Already the Gironde had succeeded in proving them to be implicated in the horrors of September, and a judgment was about to be passed on several of the inferior leaders, when the Mountain persuaded the convention to quash the proceedings.

In partial exculpation of Robespierre and the Jacobins, however, (if the word exculpation can be applied to such men,) it must be allowed that at this epoch an insurrectionary spirit broke out in the capital independent of their intrigues. Its cause lay in the general distress, in the dearness of bread and of all necessaries, aggravated by the recent declaration of war against England and Holland. A revolution such as the present, which had swept the rich from the face of the land, and converted even the moderately wealthy into trembling misers, necessarily threw all the population hitherto dependent on the expenses of these classes into indigence. Up to this moment the *commune* had paid them the produce of its plunders as the price of insurrection. This fund was now exhausted. Universal war made such a large demand, that the *commune* could no longer obtain funds from the convention, somewhat jealous of it, whilst the depreciation of *assignats* or republican paper rendered aid illusory, and left the people utterly without the means of procuring even bread. They were numerous and armed. They crowded to the convention, and demanded that corn should nowhere be sold for more than twenty-five livres the sack, under penalty to the vendor of being sent to the galleys. Marat himself exclaimed in the convention against the *maxi-*

mum, as this measure was called. Robespierre made similar efforts in the Jacobins. Danton alone held back, and still kept his club of Cordeliers true to the prevailing spirit of the populace. His brother anarchists soon acknowledged his wisdom, and shuffled round once more to head the popular cry. Marat in some ten days after, having opposed the *maximum*, recommended the mob in his journal to pillage a few magazines, and hang the monopolisers. He was accused of this by the Gironde, and new tumults arose in the assembly. The Parisian populace adopted the advice of Marat. After the dearness of bread, that of sugar, candles, and such necessaries, was most felt since the war with England. Crowds of women accordingly proceeded to the grocers' shops, demanded these articles at the old prices, and soon at no price at all. A scene of plunder ensued, which was at length put a stop to by the federals of Brest, and some national guards.

When each difficulty of these dreadful times approached its crisis, evil tidings from the armies were wont to arrive, superadd a panic fear to all the evil passions of the hour, and thus precipitate the catastrophe. Now came the news of reverses in Belgium, the advance of the Austrians, their having defeated the French near Aix la Chapelle, the utter failure of Dumouriez's invasion of Holland, and dire suspicions at the same time of the fidelity of that general. His conduct gave full scope for this. He openly spoke in contempt of the convention, and insulted its emissaries, who, he observed with truth, had spoiled his conquest by anarchy and spoliation.

The Jacobins instantly exclaimed that Dumouriez was leagued with the Gironde; that all were royalists and traitors. Accounts of troubles at Lyons, indicative of resentment against the regicide majority of the convention, came to swell the rising rage of the party; and thus was re-awakened the old cry against the counter-revolution. The Mountain obtained the dismissal of some of the federals summoned by the Gironde from the pro-

vinces to protect them, Danton, exaggerating the fears of invasion, proposed to ask the city of Paris to furnish 30,000 volunteers; the same demand that was made previous to the 2d of September, and with the self-same view. Now, as then, the Parisian mob declared itself willing to march against the enemy; but, as a preliminary, they demanded to be allowed plunder and massacre at home ere they set forth. "Would you have us leave the aristocrats behind, to murder our wives and children in our absence?" This had been the language of September; then uttered, perhaps, in some sincerity, atrocious as it was. But now the demand was but a trick of party, suggested by Danton. "If you find another massacre inconvenient," continued the mob, speaking through their organs in the sections, "give us a revolutionary tribunal, to pass summary judgment on all traitors." This was precisely Marat's idea of a dictator, except that several persons, in lieu of one, were to exercise the power. This demand was made in the usual imperative form to the convention, by a petition from the sections. Carnot at the same time proposed to send new commissaries, two to each department. Each agitator added his nostrum, and Danton produced a list of them; the last being a sweeping war tax, to be levied on the *rich*. Amongst the most furious was Cambacères, who demanded the instant formation not only of a revolutionary tribunal, but a ministry in harmony with the idea.

This scene took place on the 10th of March. Lindet at length proposed the plan of the redoubtable tribunal. It was to consist of nine members, and to be permanent; one half relieving the other, and always ready to receive denunciations. "This is an inquisition a thousand times more dreadful than that of Venice," cried Vergniaud, "we will die rather than vote it." Even Cambon, a Jacobin, declared himself averse. The trimming Barrère discovered, as usual, a middle term, and proposed the addition of *jurés* to the tribunal. This opinion prevailed; and the Gironde carried the point, that the

jury should be selected, not merely from Paris, but the departments.

This did not satisfy the agitators. Danton demanded that the executive power should be renewed, and recurred to the question of the tribunal, which he proposed to organise instantly. "Let us take warning by the weakness of the legislative assembly," said he; "let us be terrible, in order to dispense the people from making themselves so." "Give us the tribunal, or you shall have an insurrection," had been the pithy argument of another Jacobin. Towards night the convention were treated with a sample of what they might have expected in case the popular demand had been rejected. An armed and furious mob collected, surrounded the assembly, and demanded to march in procession through it; a request that was granted. Several of the ruffians, as they passed, stopped to address, to insult, and menace the members. The Girondists were the objects of resentment. They feared to be massacred, and looked upon this as an insurrection organised against them, as had been that of the 10th of August against royalty. But they anticipated: this was but a foretaste and a prelude. The tumultuous crowd subsided without proceeding to acts of violence; satisfied, no doubt, by the appointment of their desired tribunal, and also somewhat induced to be orderly by the appearance of Beurnonville, minister at war, and an able officer, at the head of the Brest federals and such troops as he could muster.

This *movement*, as an abortive insurrection is termed in revolutionary language, gave rise naturally to fresh heats and recriminations betwixt the rival parties. The Girondists accused the Mountainists of raising a tumult to massacre them. The latter denied the charge, and even showed a jealousy of the meaner agitators by denouncing several of them. Marat pointed out Fournier, and caused his arrest. This Jacobin, as well as Robespierre, was jealous of the still viler leaders of insurrection, and feared to be outrivalled by them in popular power. As they were composed of the scum of all nations, Poles,

Prussians, refugees from America, Marat meditated in *his* next insurrection to get rid of them, and he accordingly placed aristocrats and foreigners in the same category. "I would first cut off the ears of all you foreign intruders," said Marat to Ward, an Irish officer; "let your blood flow a little, and then cut off your heads." This proposal being reported to Thomas Paine, who herded with the Girondists, he denounced it to the committee of public safety; a new executive that the convention had decreed, and chose from its members, to superintend the measures of the several ministers, in other words, to supersede them.

The defection of Dumouriez proved a serious blow to the Gironde. He had hurried from Holland to rally the French army, which was retreating before the Austrians. The disorganisation of the troops, and the wants of all kinds which they suffered, the principal causes of their retreat and inefficiency, he attributed to the Jacobins in power, especially to Pache. Dumouriéz's first step was to state this opinion frankly in a letter to the executive council at Paris. His next was to give battle to the imperialists, determined to redeem by a brilliant victory the overthrow of his projects, and his character for success. The action was fought on the 18th of March, at Neerwinden, the field of a former battle. It was fiercely contested by the prince of Coburg, who commanded the Austrians. The villages which served for positions were frequently taken and retaken. The duc de Chartres (now king of the French) commanded the centre, and rivalled, though without the same success, his opportune and valiant manœuvre at Jemmapes. Towards evening, however, Dumouriez with his centre and one wing remained masters of the field, and, as he thought, of the victory. But Miranda, commanding the left, had been in the mean time completely beaten and routed. The French flank was exposed; and nought was left to Dumouriez but a precipitate retreat, which ended in a truce with the enemy, little glorious to the French arms. Ill success soured the temper and altered the views of Dumouriez. His re-

sentment against the Jacobins was louder; nor, while they ruled, could he hope to achieve the military fame that he ardently desired. He turned his views, therefore, against the anarchists of the convention; opened himself on this point to the Austrians; and entered into an understanding with them. He proposed to march upon Paris; he was far more popular with his soldiers than La Fayette had been, and deemed himself more capable than that general of striking such a blow effectually. Dumouriez, however, wanted the dissimulation of Monk. He spoke loudly of his intentions, and braved Danton, who had journeyed from Paris purposely to bring back his former friend to be faithful to the republican cause. But Dumouriez was not to be moved. "He would re-establish the constitution voted by the first national assembly in 1791." "You must have a king then. Whom do you select?" was the rejoinder. Dumouriez did not reply; but it was generally supposed, from his connection and friendship with the princes of Orleans, that he aimed at fixing the crown on the head of one of that family. Complete failure has rendered his intentions too unimportant to fathom. His popularity with his army waned as soon as it saw his accord with the Austrians. He made attempts to seize Lille and Valenciennes, in order not to pass empty-handed to his allies. Both failed; and even the little town of Condé refused to admit him. Four commissioners arrived, at length, in his camp from the convention: amongst them was his friend Beurnonville. They found him mistrustful, and surrounded by his staff; but signified not the less their mandate, that he should resign his command, and repair to the bar of the convention. "What! bear my head to the tigers?" exclaimed Dumouriez, "no!—Here, hussars!" And he instantly ordered the four commissioners into arrest. He here passed the Rubicon; but his army was no longer his. It contained many freshly arrived corps of fanatic republicans: they menaced to arrest him; and, at length, Dumouriez was obliged to follow the fate of La Fayette, and abandoned his army on the 5th of April. The princes

of Orleans and other officers accompanied him; he had previously delivered up the captive commissioners of the convention to the Austrians, whom he now joined. He was honourably received by them, and offered command; but he declined it, preferring the oblivion into which he ever after sunk, and to which his active spirit most reluctantly submitted.

The treason of Dumouriez came as an apt and opportune theme of declamation to the Jacobins. They instantly accused the Gironde of suggesting and supporting his schemes. Robespierre especially, in an elaborate philippic, invoked vengeance on the accomplices of the traitor. The Girondists were able to fling the reproach upon their adversaries with treble proof. "We were not the friends of Dumouriez, who intrigued to expel us from the ministry. His chosen intimate was not any of us, but your own Danton:" and as an overwhelming proof of this, they adduced the circumstance of Dumouriez's insolent and menacing letter having been kept secret in the executive committee through the interest of Danton. Robespierre, aware of this, had no objection to inculpate Danton, of whom he was already jealous. But that Hercules was every way equal to his own defence. "You grapple with me," cried he to the Gironde; "ha! you do not know my strength." At the tribune of the convention the eloquent indignation of Vergniaud still overpowered the coldly distilled calumnies of Robespierre; but in the assembly of the Jacobins, in those of the sections, in the public press, the former was unheard, and the allegations of the latter seized on the public mind of the capital like truth.

The long-protracted struggle between the two parties now approached a crisis. It became incumbent upon the Jacobins, if they would longer exist, to strike a decisive blow against their enemies. In addition to Dumouriez's defection, and the advance of the Imperialists, the provinces were all declaring themselves for the party of moderation and the Gironde. Orleans had followed the example of Lyons. A conspiracy had been dis-

covered at Rennes. Bourdeaux and the department of the Gironde were, of course, ready to support its talented deputation, which gave a name to the moderate party. Marseilles itself, the revolutionary Marseilles, represented by Barbaroux, was indignant against the anarchists. Finally, La Vendée had risen. The 10th of March, the very day on which the Cordelier insurrection had failed in Paris, the spark of insurrection was stricken forth in La Vendée. At the village of St. Florent, near Ancenis, the young peasants refused to draw lots in order to depart for the army. The gendarmerie endeavoured to force them, when with their sticks these first Vendeans rushed on the conventional force, and took their arms and cannon. Emboldened by success, they instantly attacked a neighbouring post, took it likewise, and in a few days were masters of the principal towns and depôt of the district.

These were startling and appalling events to the Mountainists; and yet out of these disastrous and menacing circumstances they principally worked their triumph. The Parisian mob, irritated and alarmed, were easily induced to attribute all the counter-revolutionary action to the Girondists, who supported themselves in the provinces, and who continually asserted that Paris had an undue and pernicious influence over the body politic. The Gironde, instead of boldly avowing and adopting the project imputed to them,—instead of combining to counteract the conspiracy of the Jacobins, and summoning to the capital an overwhelming force to protect them and the convention,—temporised and hesitated, sought to avoid aught that might look like illegality, and vainly relied for protection on the majesty and inviolability of the convention. "If insult or violence be offered to the national assembly," said Isnard, "the stranger, as he passes these regions, shall pause, to ask on which side of the Seine Paris was situated."

The first project of the Gironde was to obtain the dissolution of the convention. The majority would not

hear of it. And the thick-coming accounts of treason and insurrection gave such force, and even reason, to the strong measures recommended by Danton, that they passed without opposition. The law against suspected persons was now passed, giving complete power to the municipalities to disarm and imprison the supposed enemies of the republic; and the deputies of the convention itself were declared amenable to the common tribunals. It was outside the walls of the assembly, however, that the chief force of the ultra-revolutionary party existed, — in the mob, the indigent, and the lower class of artisans, which had taken the place of the timid and more respectable burgesses in the assemblies of the sections. The anarchists had a variety of workshops wherein to forge sedition. The Jacobin club discussed the principle and expediency of such and such revolutionary acts; but their sittings were too public to allow of organising a movement. The commune itself feared alone to face the convention. The Cordelier club had failed in its attempt on the 10th of March. The most violent of the sections of Paris now supplied the want, by establishing a central committee of commissaries of the sections, to correspond with the provinces, and *enlighten* the capital as to its true interests, in other words, to organise the insurrection which was now requisite to subdue the convention. Some of the moderate sections protested, refused to join in this committee, and even denounced it in the convention. Here, not only the Gironde, but the Plain, exclaimed against this new attempt to agitate the populace, and dominate the assembly. Barrère himself spoke vehemently against it; and the Mountain plainly saw, that the majority of the convention, however weak and yielding at times, was far from being all obsequious to their views.

The Girondists, emboldened by finding themselves somewhat supported by the neutral party, or Plain, now attacked Marat. Guadet directed their attention to a paragraph in which that monster called on the people to rise and march upon the convention. Even when

it was read in the assembly, Marat had the [illegible] talented repeat his own phrase, and cry, "Ay, [illegible]." The Girondists succeeded so far as to obtain a vote, sending Marat to be tried by the revolutionary tribunal. As a counterblow to this, the thirty-three more violent sections of the capital prepared a petition, demanding the exclusion of the Girondist members to the number of twenty-two. The commune itself supported the petition; and the deputation which presented it was headed by the mayor, Pache. This audacious attempt to *purge* the convention (for Guadet instantly compared it to the forcible exclusion of certain members from the English republican parliament by colonel Pride) had the effect of throwing the great and wavering majority on the right side. When Fonfrede stepped forth, and demanded the honour of having his name added to the proscribed list of the Gironde, the Plain rose to a man and followed his example, crying, "All of us! all of us!" The Jacobins were disconcerted; they had made a false step; and had the Girondists known how to have taken advantage of their superiority, there was yet time, by a reinforcement of federals from the departments, to have put down the anarchists. But the Gironde, like all moderate parties, confined their exertions to parliamentary war, whilst their antagonists were busied in preparing insurrection, and exciting the hundred arms of the popular monster.

In the field of debate the Girondists had all the advantage. Paris disliked certain members from certain departments, said they; you exclude them. The next day, certain departments object to the members for Paris. "Will you exclude these? What is the best way to decide? Certainly to refer the dispute to the people in their primary assemblies. Let the list of deputies be called over before the assembly of each department; and let those stricken with popular disapprobation retire from the legislature. Do this, and we are satisfied: but let not Paris set itself up to control at once France and its representation." The Mountain, of course, objected

to this; and were equally unwilling to submit to the [illegible] provinces, as their enemies were to submit and insur[illegible] to that [illegible] the capital. The acquittal of Marat by the revolutionary tribunal occurred to interrupt the dispute. He was borne by the people, crowned with laurel, back to his seat in the convention. The triumphal procession was led by a sapper, who thought proper to address the assembly, agitating his axe with significant gesture, and vowing aloud, that his own head should fall ere that of Marat should be touched.

The dispute continued. At one time a deputation from the department of the Gironde declared itself ready to march against the capital, if its deputies were insulted; at another, the fauxbourg St. Antoine demanded the *maximum*, or fixed price of corn. The committee voted the petition of the section to be calumnious; and, on the other hand, the commune ordered it to be printed, and menaced to declare itself in insurrection, if funds were not voted to feed the poor, if any of their members were arrested, &c. It was impossible not to perceive that an appeal to force could alone decide the question of superiority betwixt the two parties.

In the mean time Dampierre, the successor of Dumouriez, was driven before the Austrians. The Vendean insurrection covered the whole west; its chiefs had attacked and taken by assault Thouars, a town of importance, defended by general Quétineau. There was solid cause, as well as pretext, for raising one of those panics, which, by exciting the passions of the rabble, had always proved a source of triumph to the violent and of defeat to the moderate party. The department of the Herault, full of revolutionary zeal, had raised a large sum and force to oppose the Vendeans. The capital was roused to imitate the example; and the commune decreed that 12,000 Parisians should march to annihilate the royalists. How were they to be paid? By a tax upon the rich. But they refused to march, lest the rich and their party should rise in their absence and repress the agitators. Robespierre accordingly proposed

that all suspected persons should be put under arrest to guarantee their good behaviour. Meantime the sections were charged with the task of raising each its quota of the 12,000 men; and as the object was to keep at home as many ruffians as possible, the endeavour was to make the lots fall upon clerks, apprentices, shop-boys, and unmarried men of some pretence to respectability. These resisted, however; a terrible turmoil arose in the sections; and the influence of the Mountain was menaced with an overthrow even in their popular assemblies. Instead of supporting and confining this nucleus of opposition, and creating for themselves, as was now possible, a party in the capital, the Girondists, by the advice of Guadet, moved to call another convention, a kind of assembly elect, at Bourges, and to depose the municipal authorities of Paris. The Plain shrunk from a measure so extreme; but Barrère, its leader, proposed, in lieu, to appoint a committee of twelve, to enquire into and report the intrigues of the commune and the sections.

The commune, in fact, joined by the more violent of the section, nightly employed in discussing the fittest means of mastering the majority of the convention, now declared against it. The institution of the commission of twelve, composed chiefly of Girondists, exasperated and alarmed them the more. The vote was passed on the 18th of May, and the usual assembly of the municipality and commissaries of the sections was held on the 19th at the Mairie. Here the most atrocious measures of resistance were proposed: one was, to seize the twenty notorious members of the Gironde, imprison them as suspected persons in a select place of confinement, and there *septembrise* them, in other words, slaughter them as the prisoners had been slaughtered in September. For three days the debates of the anarchists continued at the Mairie, and at last at the Cordeliers. The necessity of an insurrection was plainly avowed; the conspiracy was conducted without even the affectation of secrecy. Information could not be wanting to

the commission of twelve. Had it courage to anticipate the insurrection, and strike a decisive blow, the Gironde might yet have been victorious, and the descent of the revolution into the abyss of the *terror* might have been prevented. Several of the sections, those of the most respectable quarters in Paris, had declared against the anarchists and denounced their plots. A federal force supporting this part of the national guard, and showing a firm countenance, might have kept the rabble in check whilst all the leading anarchists were put in arrest, the commune broken, the revolutionary tribune re-organised, provincial forces summoned, and every nerve in short exerted in that crisis. To want union and energy is, however, the curse of the moderate. The only act of the commission was to arrest Hebert, procureur of the commune, and editor of a famous journal called the *Père Duchesne.*

Instantly the commune assumed the attitude of resistance; and during the following days the convention was hourly assailed by deputations demanding that the commission of twelve should be broken, and Hebert liberated. In vain the assembly passed a vote, that it intrusted its dignity and safety to the guard of all good citizens. The citizens friendly to order, unsupported, unled, unrallied, shrunk in terror to their homes, abandoning the city and the national representatives to the *sans culotte* bands of the anarchists. These at length, on the 27th, appeared in a body at the door of the convention, bearing a general petition of the sections. The majority of the assembly expostulated and protested in vain. Numbers of the mob burst into the place of sitting, and took their seats with the members. In vain the Girondists cried to the president to cover himself or quit the chair, the assembly being no longer free, no longer consisting of representatives. Hérault de Sechelles, who presided, persisted in putting the question, that the commission of twelve be broken and Hebert liberated. The mob voted with the members, and the motion was carried.

On the morrow, the 28th, the first act of the majority was to protest that the decree had not passed, and that the commission of twelve was consequently still in force. The convention was of this opinion; the motion voted by the intruding rabble was reversed; but, at the same time, the majority betrayed their fears, and sought as usual a compromise with the populace. Thus, while they preserved the obnoxious commission, they undid its acts, and deprived it of all force by ordering Hebert and the prisoners to be released. Such weakness emboldened, but did not conciliate the people; while it utterly discouraged the already wavering supporters of order and the convention. The anarchists in the commune found their public assemblies unfit to organise the final act of sedition; and accordingly they appointed a committee of six to combat the convention's committee of twelve. "Try any way," said Danton to the Gironde, "in prudence and policy, or in audacity and revolutionary vigour, we will still surpass you."

The 29th of May was spent by the anarchists in planning; the 30th, in making preparations for the insurrection. The ministry, the commission of twelve, remained paralysed awaiting the blow; whilst the Girondist deputies were driven to conceal themselves, and fled from lodging to lodging, confessing their feebleness, and lamenting their too evident fate. They had not amongst them one man of action. Three sections armed, and showing firm countenances, had declared against the insurrection; yet not one of the Gironde showed himself amongst them. Had they numbered even one soldier in their party? But, no: all were lawyers; a profession fit, indeed, to do the talking part of a revolution, but too apt to persevere in mere talking, when the tongue has ceased to be a weapon of influence. The counsel of Louvet was flight. "There is no more for us to do in Paris," said he, "at the mercy of conspirators and anarchists, when an insurrection of the departments can alone answer or put down that of the capital. Let us fly then each to our own province; for if we be taken

and kept as hostages by the Mountain, it will but paralyse our friends." The leading Girondists scorned Louvet's counsel, and resolved to brave insurrection. They would die, they thought, in their curule chairs, like the Roman magistrates of old. Armed therefore, and prepared for the worst, they made their way to the convention on the morning of the 31st, and could not but remark the joy that glistened in the eyes of the Mountainists on beholding them enter.

This same moment was that appointed for the insurrection, which, according to the plan and profession of the movers, was to be distinguished from preceding ones by being quite *morale*. The commissaries of the sections, assuming themselves to be the delegates of the people, proceeded to the municipality, deposed it formally, then reinstated it, adjoining themselves as part and portion of its body. Thus constituted, the revolutionary *commune*, which affected to be raised by this mummery to represent the popular will, and to purify the convention, mustered the armed guard of the citizens, or sections, rung the tocsin, fired the cannon of alarm, and marched to invest the convention. The three anti-anarchist sections, those of the *Butte des Moulins*, of the *Mail*, and the *Champs Elysées*, had intrenched themselves in the Palais Royal. It was proclaimed in the fauxbourg St.-Antoine that these sections had mounted the white cockade. The rabble accordingly marched against the Palais Royal. An engagement was expected. But the three sections were without leaders, without a party. They had neither personage nor flag to rally to; for the white cockade was of course an invention. They in consequence waved futile opposition, embraced their brethren of the revolutionary sections; and an opposing voice was no longer heard in the armed crowd of rabble and citizens, that now, many reluctantly, many ignorantly, besieged the convention.

That assembly had, in the mean time, met. The minister of the interior, Garat, and the mayor, Pache, had both thought proper to address it on the disturbed state

of the capital, which the surrounding tumult, and the report of the cannon of alarm, sufficiently declared. The left side demanded that the people should be satisfied by the instant abolition of the committee of twelve. The right, on the contrary, moved that Henriot, the new provincial commandant, be called to the bar. Danton seconded the former proposal, and asked, reasonably enough, "Why persist in supporting the commission, when you annul its acts, and let loose those whom it arrests?" The orator's sole argument was the expediency and prudence of submitting for a time to the will of the populace now in insurrection. Deputations succeeded each other at the bar, each rising in its demands. The tumult and the menaces of the crowd without, and the galleries within, increased. And at length Barrère, organ of the Plain, rose, and proposed that the commission of twelve should be broken, and at the same time the armed force be placed at the disposal of the convention. The latter part of the motion was idle, a mere verbal set-off to the real concession. Ere it could be put to the vote, another and a bolder deputation arrived, demanding not merely the suppression, but the arrest and accusation, not only of the twelve commissioners, but of the whole of the Gironde. After delivering this address, the mob which bore it broke into the convention, filled the benches of the Mountain, and prepared to vote with it, as had been done on a previous night. There was no need of such aid, however, to pass the motion of Barrère, then before the assembly. The deputies of the Mountain passed, therefore, to the right side, leaving the left occupied by the mob. In this situation a vote first ordered the printing of the last address. Hereupon Vergniaud rose and left the assembly, declaring that it was no longer free. Had all the Girondists followed him, it would have proved a wise and decisive step. But not being followed, he was obliged to return; and the proposal of Barrère, breaking the commission of twelve, was put to the vote and carried.

Such was the first result gained by the anarchists.

They had forced the majority of the convention to yield, and abandon the offensive. But peace and a return to order, in this state of things, was impossible. For if the Gironde was powerful in eloquence, and reason, and persuasion before these events, how vehement was their indignation about to be after them! The silence, then, of the moderate party,—that is, its exclusion and arrest, —could alone give security to the violent. Thus, when force becomes the arbiter and weapon of parties, both are driven to extremes, by self-defence even more than by vengeance. The anarchists, who had raised an insurrection to screen themselves from the Gironde, were, now that they had overcome that host of talented men, obliged to crush them. The continuance of the insurrection could alone enable them to do this; and accordingly the tocsin continued to sound, and the drums to beat to arms, as if the country was in danger. All the population remained under arms, ignorant or terrified, each man awing his neighbour, yet asking that neighbour what all this meant. The majority of these armed citizens, could they have understood each other, might soon have restored peace and order. But all were the dupes of ignorance and fear, the worst qualities that can beset a multitude, and which never could have prevailed so completely and absurdly over any generation, save one reared in the darkness of despotism, and then exposed to the blinding light of sudden and extreme liberty.

The first of June was spent in parley betwixt the committee of public safety, which represented the convention, and that of the municipality, which represented the anarchists and the mob. The latter demanded the exclusion of the Gironde; and the assembly was not likely to pass so iniquitous a decree. Garat at length proposed that the chiefs of the two parties, of the Gironde and of the Mountain, should sacrifice themselves for the sake of peace, and both retire. Danton applauded the idea. But Robespierre would not hearken to it. All attempts were vain; and accordingly the

leaders of the insurrection surrounded the Tuilleries, where the convention then sat, with its most select and ferocious bands, led by Henriot. The order was given to these not to harm or offer violence to the deputies, but to prevent their egress or escape; in fact, to keep them close prisoners till they voted the exclusion of the Girondists.

These victims of proscription were most of them collected in a distant lodging, deeming it vain to brave any longer the fury of the insurgents, yet scorning to fly. Barbaroux, however, resolved to perish at his post, escaped from his friends, and took his seat in the assembly. Buzot made the same endeavour, but was prevented. Their cause, nevertheless, was not left without defenders. Lanjuinais was the first to rush to the tribune, vent his indignation at the conspiracy, and denounce the audacious conduct of the *commune*, of which he demanded the removal. "We are accused of calumniating Paris. It is false; Paris is pure. Paris is itself oppressed by tyrants, greedy of blood and domination." As the only reply which they were capable of giving to this, young Robespierre, Julien, and others rushed and seized Lanjuinais, and endeavoured in vain to drag him down from the tribune, to which he held in their despite. A deputation came to interrupt this scene, and made the usual demand. It came to denounce, *for the last time*, the counter-revolutionists of the Gironde. "The people are tired of deferring their wishes. They give you yet an instant's time to execute them. If you hesitate to act for the people, we declare that the people will act for themselves."

In reply to this insolent menace the convention passed to the order of the day, the last vote that did it honour; it was one of courage and of peril. And yet even in the face of peril, had it been supported and sustained, there were still hopes that the cause of liberty and order might have survived the insurrection. But Barrère arose as usual with a temporary, and what he deemed a salutary expedient, and the assembly was induced to

quit the vantage ground of dignity and courage. Barrère invited the accused members to resign voluntarily their functions of deputies for peace-sake; and the hitherto firm majority applauded the expedient, though it was nought else than the most pusillanimous capitulation. In reply to Barrère's proposal, Isnard offered his resignation. The impetuous Barbaroux censured his colleague, and scorned to yield. "I have no right," said he, "to quit my post and betray my cause, and that of my constituents, in the hour of danger. I am ready to die here, but not to yield."

A member at this moment sought to leave the palace. He happened to be one of the Mountain, yet was driven back with rudeness by the guard. He returned to complain. Others made the same essay, but were driven back, and their garments torn. The assembly betrayed its sense of insult; the very Jacobins showed themselves hurt. The guards were summoned to the bar, but the guilty were not to be found. Barrère on this rose, and proposed that the whole assembly should walk forth, and ascertain whether it was free or not. This was adopted; and all the members, the very Jacobins joining the procession from shame to appear accomplices in the insults offered, proceeded out of their hall, led by their president, Hérault Sechelles. The convention issued from the Tuileries by the gate of the Carousel: the sentinels gave way in respect; but Henriot, amidst his cannoneers, signified to them that they must not pass till they had delivered up the twenty obnoxious members. The president turned to the soldiers and bade them "arrest the rebel." Henriot backed his horse, called to his artillerymen to stand to their pieces, and persisted in defending himself and barring the way. The soldiers dared not to execute the president's command. The assembly in procession here denied egress, re-entered the Tuileries, and re-issued from it on the other side into the garden. Here they were equally unsuccessful. They tried every gate, marched round the garden, but were every where denied a passage. They re-entered their hall of sitting, and there Marat and Couthon instantly

exclaimed, "You see how perfectly free you are; how full of obedience are the people!"

The Plain now began to be alarmed; and when the decree for the arrest of the Gironde, so lately repulsed with indignation, was offered again to the reluctant assembly, there were signs of timidity and wavering. "After all," said some, "to vote the arrest of the proscribed will not place them in a worse state than they are in, whilst it will release us. Let us not endanger ourselves by over obstinacy." The question was put; and the centre, in lieu of offering opposition, declined altogether to vote, the members declaring that they were no longer free. The unopposed voices of the Mountain then passed the decree ordering into arrest the leading members of the Gironde, and of the commission of twelve. The original list of twenty-two was swelled to thirty, besides the ministers of finance and foreign affairs.

Such was the first epuration, or purge, of the national assembly. It was proposed by the leading jacobins; though effected through the medium of the municipality by a more obscure set of agitators, over whom the celebrated triumvirate, Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, were far from having supreme influence. These, indeed, succeeded in placing themselves at the head of an insurrection, which they had by no means led in the hour of action. The puissant men who overthrew liberty on the 2d of June, 1793, very much resembled, and in some instances were the same as, those who overthrew the monarchy on the 10th of August, being a knot of obscure ruffians, whom, however influential, Fame so blushed to see on her registers that history has scarcely named them. Many were foreigners, such as Clootz, Guzman, Lazouski. Yet these were the men that wrenched the sceptre of power from Vergniaud, from Condorcet, from Barbaroux, from Dumouriez; the mere force of ignominy and obscurity overcoming eloquence, philosophy, political vehemence itself, and military talent. The superiority of all four was paralysed, merely because combined with humanity.

CHAP. III.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

1793, 1794.

It is surprising to observe, that in revolutionary struggles fought parliamentary-wise by the tongue and pen, in the proper arena of intellect, genius and noble endowments are found universally to succumb; whilst in those fought with the sword, where physical force seems especially intrusted with the award, intellect infallibly obtains the sway, and talent vindicates its claim to superiority. War gave to France Napoleon for a sovereign. Her representative assemblies placed her at the foot of Robespierre.

This paradox, that mediocrity bears away the prize in popular and tumultuous revolutions, is partially explained by observing, that the first and front ranks filled by talent are swept away, whilst those in the rear naturally press on to seize the victory that better men have won. The secret of success is to come late: for political characters are ephemeral in time of revolution, short-lived as the opinions which they represent. The chosen talents of a generation start up into sudden ripeness, like the productions of the field, and, like these enjoying the honours of an autumn, are mown down, and give place to another and another, until the exhausted soil can afford but a stunted and pigmy crop. It is then abandoned as a sterile waste, to pursue the metaphor, and at length rise the forest and its lord, the natural and lofty monarchs of a region where signs of culture are no more visible, nor the broad daylight of freedom allowed to penetrate.

Robespierre, though no exception to this rule, was still an extraordinary personage. He was the very per-

fection, the type of triumphant mediocrity. Talents he had none — nor ideas, although by dint of exertion he acquired the semblance of the one, and purloined the others notoriously from all around him. His speeches were written for him; and the debates of the Jacobin clubs, at first philosophical and given to the discussion of principles, supplied him with a political vocabulary at least. Thus his friends, his future enemies being included in that class, lent to this hawk the feathers that imped his wing, and taught him at length to soar. He was totally without passion, unless vanity deserve the name; but his vanity was wise, and wore all the loftiness of pride. Then he had honesty and consistency, two qualities that cannot be denied him, however he might have adopted them in calculation. From his first vote in the constituent assembly he had been the rank democrat that he ever was, professing all those extreme opinions to which others tended. His private morals were irreproachable. He held to his condition, lodged to the last with the same humble carpenter's family that at first housed him. Unlike his colleague Danton, no bribe, no peculation, no expense, no licentiousness, considered as such in that day at least, could be laid to his charge. No petty ambition distracted his views, or blemished his character for disinterestedness. He was never minister, nor even commissary. After the fall of the Gironde, when he was all-powerful, he did not become member of the sovereign committee till it pleased the convention and the Jacobins of their own accord to appoint him. With this there was no affectation in his *sanscullotism*. He neither shaved his head, nor wore tattered garments, nor mounted the red nightcap. Robespierre alone wore powder, and preserved the dress and demeanour of respectability. Political courage he certainly did not want, though physically he was, with Marat, the most arrant of cowards. Ruthless as a tiger, at first reckless, then greedy of blood; — such was the tyrant of the day.

The Gironde had now fallen before the party of

Robespierre and the Parisians. The dignity of the national assembly had been violated, and its freedom destroyed. It remained for the provinces to fulfil their menaces, support and avenge the Girondists, and resist the tumultuous tyranny of the capital. To this resistance many were previously disposed and partially prepared. The escape of some of the proscribed deputies, and their appearance in the provinces, communicated enthusiasm and gave leaders to the revolt, that now became general. The northern departments, with those immediately around Paris, remained alone true to the convention. The former, menaced by the foreign enemy, and occupied by the republican armies, had neither power nor leisure to rise. But Normandy, whither most of the fugitive Gironde had bent their steps, at once declared against the anarchists. The province summoned a representative assembly to meet at Caen, raised an army, appointed general Wimpfen to the command, and pushed forward its advanced post to Evreux, within a day's journey of the capital. Brittany strove to imitate La Vendée; whilst the victorious insurgents of this region were at this moment marching upon Nantes, in order to procure themselves a stronghold and a seaport. Nantes, though Girondist, prepared to resist the royalists to the last; and, in the middle of June, a gallant and general attack upon the town by the Vendéans was repulsed. Both parties were, however, equally hostile to the convention. Continuing the circuit of France, Bourdeaux was naturally indignant at the arrest of its deputies. It instantly despatched a remonstrance to Paris, and began to levy an army to support it. Toulouse followed the example. Marseilles, the hyper-revolutionary Marseilles, had anticipated the crisis. The Jacobins and moderate republicans had come to blows, and the former had succumbed. Lyons presented the same scene, save that the struggle was more fierce. Lyons, from its manufacture of silk, gold and silver embroidery, and other articles of high luxury, had depended on the rich. It therefore contained an

aristocratic and royalist party, which naturally generated the other extreme, a Jacobin club; and this club had its Marat in Chalier. The parties fought; the Jacobins were beaten; their club destroyed; and Chalier, after a time, tried and executed.

Thus did the exaggerated mutual reproaches of the Mountain and the Gironde realise each other. Robespierre, accused of aspiring to the dictatorship, became marked as fit for this supremacy, and attained it. The moderates, accused of aiming at federalism, and projecting to organise the provinces separately and independently of the capital, were driven at length to attempt this in their own defence as well as in that of freedom. Divided and declared as parties now were, it seemed almost inevitable that the Jacobins would be crushed. More than two thirds of the provinces declared against them, whilst the English and Austrians pressed them from the north and east. The Mountainists were, however, the central power, holding immediately in hand the army, the revenue, the administration. On the standard, which they held up, were all the old symbols of the revolution; whilst the provincials, separated widely in space, and as widely in ideas, were under the impossibility of concerting either a plan of campaign, or a principle of resistance. In many places the resistance gradually threw off the republican mask, and became avowed royalism. This terrified and disgusted others, however ill disposed to the convention, from taking part against it. But the chief cause of the failure of the provincial re-action in favour of the Gironde against Paris was, that the Girondists were essentially a burgess party, supported by the middle classes only; that is, by the townsmen of the provinces. The peasant population could never be made to comprehend a medium betwixt the royalist and the ultra-revolutionist; and thus, when they refused to assume the white cockade, they equally refused to take arms against the tricolour. This state of things the convention, however at first alarmed, in time was able to perceive. On the

first rumour of the wide-spread resistance, proposals were entertained of conciliating the provinces, of sending them hostages from the bosom of the assembly itself. A new constitution was prepared, discussed in preference to measures of defence, which nevertheless appeared more pressing, and the convention seemed ready to deprecate the odium of France by dissolving itself. But with a clearer view courage returned; and Jean Bon St. André, in the name of the committee of public safety, pronounced that "the counter-revolution was confined to some few opulent towns," and that "the present was a war of merely some few shopkeepers against the liberty of the country."

In fact La Vendée alone fought, and at this time with ill success.. The league of Lower Normandy, formidable by the debates and votes, and *procès verbals* of its representative assembly, conducted its military efforts with all the irresolution and neglect characteristic of the Gironde. The only expedition which it attempted was against the town of Vernon. The first cannon shot fired by the conventionalist gendarmes routed the hesitating army of the federals. They retreated. The Girondist deputies fled through Brittany to Bordeaux; and Normandy submitted to the sovereign authorities of Paris. A young Norman girl showed more heroism than the united party. Well-born, and inheriting competence, she became, like madame Roland, and many talented females of the time, deeply interested in political events. She came to worship with enthusiasm the idea of a republic, such as that which illustrated the ancient world, in which patriotism inspired the mass, in which virtues and genius were the undisputed titles to influence and power. This halcyon political state she saw in the predominance of the Gironde; and she was enamoured of the philosophy, the eloquence, the varied talents of its leaders. Mortified and indignant at their fall, Charlotte Corday made personal acquaintances with her admired statesmen then fugitives at Caen; and her feelings inspired her with heroic resolve. Imparting her purposes to none, she set out alone to Paris, and spent some days

in seeking the abodes and learning the motions of the sanguinary triumvirate. She determined to immolate one of them; and Marat appeared to her to be the most guilty and most atrocious. But he no longer went abroad to the convention; suffering under a continued fever, which he allayed by frequent baths, and indulged by denunciations and proscriptions, sent forth either in his daily journal, or in letters to the convention. He was then clamorous, like a hound for his meal delayed, that Custines and Biron, the two generals in command, were aristocrats worthy of condemnation and the guillotine. Charlotte Corday went to the abode of the monster; a female with whom he lived denied her entrance: she insisted, saying she had matters of importance to communicate, having just arrived from Caen. Marat, who was extended in his bath in an adjoining chamber, caught the word, cried out that the young girl should be admitted, and eagerly commenced enquiries relating to the Girondist deputies then at Caën. He carefully noted down her replies, muttering, "they shall all go to the guillotine," when Charlotte Corday approached and plunged a knife into his breast. His cry for help brought his mistress; and she, a crowd. The monster had expired, the words of blood still in his mouth. Charlotte Corday stood by unmoved, in the calm serenity of heroism, avowing and glorying in the deed. Such was her countenance at her trial: such did it continue at her execution, which took place in a few days after, amidst the execrations of the mob; whilst Marat was borne to his tomb lamented by thousands, and actually adored and addressed by many as a god.

The assassination of Marat was unfortunate. It cut off one sanguinary wretch, but it had the effect of endearing to the rabble his memory and policy. The blow was considered to have been directed by the Gironde; and a reason or pretext was thus afforded for condemning the imprisoned deputies. Up to this time speakers in favour of moderation were still heard in the assembly.

Arrests took place, but no execution. The discussion of the new constitution promised a return to a system of law and order. The general insurrection of the provinces tempered the zeal, if it did not excite the fears, of the leaders in the capital. As the provinces succumbed, however, feelings of irritation and vengeance appeared; the revolutionary monster felt the return of its access of fury, that had for a moment been allayed. The new constitution, one as democratic as could well be formed, was to be proclaimed and inaugurated on the 10th of August. The departments, which in two months had almost all given in their submission to the convention, were requested to send commissaries to Paris in token of reconciliation. They came; and on the 10th of August Paris enjoyed the spectacle of a third federation, celebrating the birth of the third constitution that had been framed in the short space of four years.

The ceremony, — for even these enlightened republicans, whose only creed was in the maxims of abstract philosophy, found worship, or at least its semblance, necessary, — was arranged by David. To the artist was assigned the task of religious legislation; and all that the Jacobin possessed of taste was expended in the flagrant parody. The half fête, half liturgy, began by a hymn to nature, sung in the place de la Bastille. From hence there was a procession to the Champ de Mars, where the *altar of the country* was erected, before which the final mummeries were performed. The *ark* of the constitution of the year III. figured in the ceremony; and the assembled multitude swore to observe and defend its laws. Vain oath! It had been scarcely uttered when the Jacobins and the commissaries of the departments, the very cortége and chorus of the drama, petitioned that the constitution, thus solemnly inaugurated, should be set aside and postponed. In its place the committee of public safety, having subdued the mutilated convention, set up its own reign, known everlastingly as *the Terror*.

This fearful reign is dated, by some, from the successful insurrection of the last days of May. Its character, however, did not become declared till this period; when the presence and zeal of so many commissaries from the primary assemblies of the departments gave strength and countenance to the Jacobins, hitherto abashed by their victory and its menacing consequences. At the same time, the step taken by the still rebellious towns to adopt the cause of royalism came to sanction the ultra-revolutionary rage of the Mountain. It was then that Toulon delivered up itself, its docks and fleets, to the English. The duke of York had taken Valenciennes; and the king of Prussia had made himself master of Mayence. These disasters enabled the convention to raise truly the cry of the country being in danger, and enabled the Jacobins, despite their tyranny and crimes, to rally round them even the patriots discontented with their rule.

Feeling the breeze of popular favour thus freshen in their sails, the two surviving leaders of the triumvirate proceeded to put forth their energy, each in his peculiar department. Robespierre, the home tyrant, the civil dictator, mounted the tribune to denounce. He attributed all the reverses of the republican arms to the impunity of Dumouriez, of Lafayette, and of Custine. The measure of safety that he proposed was, "to brush away the remaining aristocrats from the national hearths." Danton, the stirring Danton, abandoned to his colleague the task of domestic slaughter; but demanded the levy *en masse* against the foreign enemy. The wish of both was soon passed into decrees by the obsequious convention. Danton's project was answered by a law, placing all Frenchmen at the disposal of the war minister as long as an enemy remained on the soil of France. All unmarried males, from eighteen years of age to five and twenty, composed the *first requisition*; and were instantly to assemble at the different depôts. All from twenty-five to thirty were to hold themselves in readiness. Property was seized with as unsparing a hand as persons.

A maximum was named for the price of all commodities; and the monopoliser, or he who refused to sell, was punished with death. A tax on the rich had previously been ordained, levying on them all the revenue above what was necessary for the maintenance of their family. A law against suspected persons, dividing them into categories, and ordering their arrest, came at the same time to satisfy the politic views of Robespierre.

In this time of frenzy, every actor—and who was not an actor in the popular scene?—was seized with a desire to show his energy. He who could not cut down a foreign foe, had rather strike his neighbour than allow his arm to be idle. The passionate were impelled to cruelty from a vague desire to gratify an impulse of activity and rage; the timid imitated and oft out-ranted them, that they might not be taken for victims. There was no medium possible, no neutral ground betwixt the slaughterers and slaughtered. To look on was to perish. And few there were who, when offered the alternative, had the courage to choose with Condorcet—

> "Ils m'ont dit, Choisis d'être oppresseur ou victime;
> J'embrassai le malheur, et leur laissai le crime."

Such was the frenzy that now clamoured for blood: for, be it remarked, it was not as yet the solitary tyrant Robespierre, that singled out his victims; but in a great measure a populace, that, like the Roman rabble collected round their sanguinary games, enjoyed the savage sport, and *turned their thumbs*, spilling blood in the mere and heartless exuberance of delight.

It was now that the revolutionary tribunal was organized to work with arbitrariness and despatch. The tions petitioned for the judgment of the Girondists. omiciliary visits took place in search of the suspected, and the prisons were filled in consequence. General Custine was the first victim of the terror; he was guillotined on the last day of August. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was the next. By a refinement of cruelty, she had been separated from her son, and the young prince intrusted to the tutelage of a cobbler named

Simon, who treated him with barbarous severity. The queen herself was transferred from the Temple to a common malefactor's dungeon in the Conciergerie, where she remained two months. Brought before the tribunal, she heard with dignity and resignation the usual list of crimes laid to her charge, until the deposition of Hebert pronounced new and unheard-of horrors. The cobbler Simon, forsooth, had discovered vicious practices in young Louis; he induced the prince to confess, or to sign a confession, to the purpose that his mother and aunt had initiated him in guilt. Marie Antoinette disdained to make reply; but when pressed by her accusers, exclaimed, "I appeal to all the mothers that hear me." Although none save the furies of the day were in the audience, Hébert feared to rouse up even their shame and pity; and the queen underwent condemnation without further torture. On the 16th of October, she was conducted, in a common cart, her hands tied behind her, to the place of execution, the mob saluting her funeral procession with shouts of exultation. The view of the Tuilleries caused her but a moment's emotion. She died with courage. Who is there that cannot supply his own fit and sad reflections on her fate?

Next came the turn of the Girondists to appear before the fatal tribunal. Twenty-one of their members remained in prison since the 2d of June; of these the chiefs were Vergniaud, Brissot, Valazé, Gensonné, Lasource, Fonfrede. Their trial was, of course, but the mockery of justice. Chabot and Fabre d'Eglantine appeared as witnesses, and uttered, without fear of contradiction, whatever circumstances of conspiracy or crime their imaginations could suggest. The eloquence of Vergniaud, although he had been too careless to prepare a defence, here exerted for the last time, shook the judges, and melted the auditors. A decree of the convention instantly stopped the pleadings, and ordered the court to proceed to pass sentence: it was death. The victims hailed the fate, which they had foreseen, with a

verse of the Marseillois hymn, originally applied to the enemies of freedom, now but too applicable to its friends. Valazé, at the moment, pierced himself with a poignard, and fell dead; Vergniaud, more heroic, flung away a box of poison, in order to die with his friends. They were executed on the morrow, showing in death that firmness which, had it been displayed in the acts of their political life, would have at least saved their memory from reprobation, and most probably insured them a glorious and successful career. Those who think that the stern law of retaliation is or should be applied to human fortunes, will say they merited their fate; will argue that those who stirred the mob to the insurrection of the 20th of June, 1792, and who looked on at that of the 10th of August, deserved to be overthrown by the same force in June, 1793; and that those who in timidity voted the death of Louis XVI. might expect to find in their judges a similar sacrifice of justice and mercy to cowardly expediency.

Soon after her political friends, the wife of Roland perished on the same scaffold. "O Liberty!" said she, addressing in her dying breath the statue so called, and placed with melancholy irony to preside over the place of execution, — "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Her husband, on learning her death, stabbed himself. Others of the Gironde were taken at Bordeaux, by this time reduced. Tallien, the proconsul, caused several to be executed amidst the wide proscription and slaughter of their partisans. But space is wanting to enumerate the victims of even this early epoch, when heads fell as yet singly, or but a score at a time, beneath the guillotine. Bailly, however, must not be forgotten; Bailly, the idolised mayor of Paris, whom, by a refinement of cruelty, the mob employed, on the day of his execution, in displacing and dragging his gibbet from one place to another. The old man, as he awaited the executioner, was seen to tremble under his many years and the winter's day. "You tremble, Bailly," sneered one of his guards. "'Tis from cold,"

replied the aged man. The duke of Orléans, Egalité, perished also at this epoch. Not all his ferocity, intrigue, and baseness, could save him. He too died firmly, hardened in apathy and crime. Death-blows were dealt around so thickly, that those subject to them gathered courage, like soldiers exposed to the fire of battle. Innocent and guilty braved alike the guillotine with carelessness: some even courted it. Distant spectators, however, shuddered. Terror penetrated into every domicile, and came as a moral medicine to neutralise and arrest that thirst of liberty, the excess of which had produced all these ills.

If the pen shrinks from describing, except by a few strokes, the wholesale murders of the capital, how shall it attempt to portray the massacres in the provinces? If in Paris some discrimination was used, some form observed; in the departments the proconsuls of the convention dispensed with all. Nor could re-action, vengeance, or security be given as the pretexts; for in the department of the north, where neither resistance nor federation had been manifested, the proscriptions were no less sweeping and severe. The Terrorists who punished the south were not more cruel, and scarcely shed more blood, than Joseph Lebon, in the pure spirit of ferocity, spilled at Arras. At Bordeaux the scaffolds streamed, and were still supplied by the agency of Tallien. Marseilles underwent the same fate. The inhabitants of Toulon, to escape decimation, had yielded to the English, and were now besieged. Lyons had been invested since the month of August; and after suffering bombardment and famine, at length, on the 9th of October, surrendered. A decree of the convention instantly decreed that Lyons should be destroyed, and all those inhabitants, who had taken arms, guillotined. Couthon, and after him Collot d'Herbois, a comedian, often hissed on the stage of Lyons, undertook to execute this decree. They began employing the revolutionary army to destroy the houses with pickaxes, and by decapitating the population with the guillotine. Both means were found too tedious. Mines of gunpowder were therefore employed to blow up the

most beautiful streets; and the victims, crowded in one of the public squares, were fired at, lacerated, and destroyed, by grape shot. Six thousand were said to have perished. Their bodies choked up the Rhone, which flung them up upon its banks, and obliged Collot d'Herbois, in dread of pestilence, to bury them.

It is difficult for even the most ample canvass to include the many and prominent events of this tragical period. The war of La Vendée might well demand a volume: a paragraph could never give even an idea of this insurrectionary struggle, marked by scarcely a decisive action; nor could a brief sentence do justice to the heroism of La Rochejaquelein The Vendéan war forms a brilliant episode in French history, altogether isolated, in its progress and in its nullity of effect, from the great chain of events. It must suffice here to mark, from time to time, its good or evil fortune.

From the spring of 1793 the republic had been at war not only with Austria, Prussia, Piedmont, but also with Spain and with England. France declared war against the latter country, which by its honest pride and just indignation certainly tended to provoke it. But Pitt, however able a minister, was most unfit for the station in which hostilities placed him. His was no hand to wield, as his sire's had done, the thunders of war. The bolts trembled in his grasp; and, instead of darting them at the enemy with uplifted arm, he let them drop, scorching far more the soil on which he stood than that which he aimed at. Yet such was his ascendancy and high character, that he was the very bugbear of the republicans, who saw in every shadow what they deemed his gold and his intrigues. On the 7th of August the convention voted Pitt to be "the enemy of the human race," which, considering that Clootz was the chosen orator of the species, was certainly a compliment to the minister. His view of France, in return, if not so unjust, was more erroneous. He looked upon the revolution with narrow and professional ideas,—as a financier, rather than as a statesman; and because he could not perceive the possi-

bility of a French administration making up a budget and raising supplies in a regular way, he thought they must come to a stand and sue for peace. A few thousand men, in addition to a body of Hanoverians, seemed therefore a sufficient force to join the Austrians on the northern frontier. The facilities offered of leaguing with Vendéans, Girondists, were all neglected, with the exception of Toulon, which chance threw into the hands of admiral Hood; and the capture of one or two insignificant frontier towns seemed to be the utmost object proposed by the English and their allies. Early in September, the duke of York laid siege to Dunkirk, when Houchard and Jourdan attacked him. A combat ensued, called that of Hoondschoot, in which an equal number perished on both sides; but, in consequence, the English were obliged to retreat precipitately from before Dunkirk.

The most remarkable event in the military history of 1793 is the siege of Toulon, not so much from its importance, as from its first bringing to light the talents of Napoleon Buonaparte. He was born in Corsica, of a good family, in 1769, and educated at the artillery school of Brienne. As all the students of this establishment, and, indeed, all intended to hold rank in the army under the ancient regime, were noble, the officers emigrated at the revolution; Buonaparte and three comrades being the only ones that remained of his regiment. The place of an officer of artillery could not be supplied from the lower and uninformed ranks of life, as those of the line were in France; and thus he found himself, at the age of twenty-four, with the rank of major, and the chief of his arm before Toulon. Two successive generals appointed to command the siege were totally ignorant of their profession. The members of the convention present with the army were self-sufficient, and still less capable of conducting a siege. The task fell upon young Buonaparte, who had not only to devise good counsel, but to make it prevail. The latter he effected by reports and written plans, that proved his talents to

the war committee at home, as his acts proved them to the besieging army. Instead of making a regular attack upon the main fortification, he proposed to get possession of the prominent points commanding the harbour, which would render it untenable to the English fleet. Were this once effected, the motley garrison he knew would not hold the town. Although amounting to 14,000, it numbered but 3000 English. Even their commander, O'Hara, was taken in a sortie. The important posts designated by Buonaparte were captured; and as the cannon from them reached the fleet, the evacuation of the town was decided on. The English, in departing, set fire to the magazines, and to the French fleet, consisting of nine vessels of the line and four frigates; a melancholy spectacle to the men of Toulon, an exasperating one to their republican conquerors. The circumstances of the siege were, however, useful to the cause of the latter. It proved an example to awe all towns and parties from mounting the white flag of the Bourbons, or from receiving under any pretext the enemies of their country within their walls.

In the mean time, the victorious Jacobins were about to split into two contending parties. But first let us regard a picture of the convention at present, drawn by one of its members, Thibaudeau. "The national convention itself was no longer aught than a nominal representation, than a passive instrument of terror. On the ruins of its independence was raised that monstrous dictatorship, called the Committee of Public Safety. Terror isolated and struck with stupor the deputies as much as the mass of citizens. On entering the assembly, each member, full of mistrust, governed his words and demeanour, lest either should be construed into a crime. Nothing was indifferent,—the place one sat on, a gesture, a look, a murmur, a smile. The highest bench of the Mountain marking the highest degree of republicanism, all pressed towards it; the right side remaining deserted since the fall of the Gironde. Those who had voted with that party, and had too much conscience to become

Jacobins, took refuge in the Plain, ever ready to receive those who sought safety in inaction. Other members, more pusillanimous, still assumed no fixed place, but changed continually, seeking thus to deceive and baffle suspicion. Some, still more cunning, in the fear of being compromised, never sat down at all, but remained standing at the foot of the tribune. On trying occasions, when there was repugnance to vote for a violent measure, and danger to oppose it, they escaped by stealth from the assembly."

The trying moment for a revolutionary party is when it has conquered, and essays to govern. The followers and the weapons, which have hitherto aided it in crushing and overthrowing, prove most unmanageable instruments of administration. When the Girondists had conquered royalty, and found themselves possessed of the ministry and the majority of the convention, they sought to stop the revolutionary current by the force of reason, of eloquence, and of law. All had proved unavailing. Robespierre, and the committee of public safety over which he ruled, devised more efficient measures. They took the mob into pay, and formed it into a revolutionary army. They multiplied executions, in order to strike all classes with *terror*, the only sentiment powerful enough, they well judged, to check the discording passions of the time. Still the never-failing rule held good, that a party more extreme than the government exists of necessity, however popular and extreme that government. The anarchical party now formed itself in what had ever been the most violent furnace of the revolution, the Cordelier club, of the men whom even Marat had denounced, but who had nevertheless been the most violent agitators of the 31st of May. When the all-levelling constitution of 1793 was proposed, the anarchists found it not democratical enough, and petitioned accordingly. When it was set aside, and the committee of public safety installed with dictatorial power in its place, the anarchists demanded the constitution. Whilst Robespierre defended the government

of the day against the violent opposition, he was at the same time menaced by another, the *Moderates*, who thought that blood enough had been shed, and that measures of vengeance or rigour were no longer necessary. This party, which already began to lean to the side of humanity, was unfortunately brought thither by no honourable path. It was formed of successful plunderers, — of those who had enriched themselves in the revolution, who loved pleasure and tranquillity, and who thought the time was come for enjoyment. These were necessarily few. The great and famishing mass of the undistinguished and uninvited pressed on their rear, demanded the continuance of the revolutionary times and habits, and exclaimed against *moderatism* as their ruin. This was the sentiment of the Jacobin club, and of the talking majority of the public. Robespierre could not but adopt and lead this opinion; the Jacobins being his true support, the chief source of his popularity as a demagogue. But then, as a member of the government, he had to repress the anarchists; and the difficulty was to refute them, and repulse, without incurring the suspicion of moderatism. This position was dangerous, betwixt the two parties. If the anarchists succeeded in proving him moderate to the Jacobins, he was lost: and he was wise enough to see that the moderates had no force or class on whom they could rely; and that to rely on them would be to lean on a broken reed. The subtle tyrant, therefore, whilst obliged to denounce and menace the anarchists, cleansed himself from the crime of moderation by enforcing measures of blood and keeping the guillotine in action; and at the same time he prepared the means, and watched the opportunity, of delivering himself from the dilemma by the ruin of both parties.

Danton wanted his colleague's acuteness and his perseverance. He was one of those sated revolutionists who wished to stop the effusion of blood. He knew his eloquence or influence was as yet unequal to the task: he therefore, rather than imitate Robespierre in indulging the sanguinary feeling of the time, thought it best

to retire to the country, and wait till the revolutionary fury had ebbed, and humanity began to flow,—a feeling fatal to him, and most advantageous to Robespierre; thus ridding the latter of a formidable rival.

Previous to the secession of Danton, the anarchists had recourse to a singular manœuvre. Denied all influence in directing the civil or military affairs of the state, they determined to set up as its religious legislators, and determined to usurp the authority of high-priests, since that of representatives were denied them. In this scheme they enlisted the commune or municipality, which had grown weary of its inactivity since the 31st of May, and was jealous to observe that its old rival, the convention, had even in defeat continued to establish a paramount and dictatorial power. Pache, the mayor, was still the grave, stolid, useful tool. Chaumette, the procureur of the commune, and Hebert, its secretary, set themselves at the head of the project. On the 7th of November, they either terrified or induced Gobel, archbishop of Paris, with other renegade bishops and clergy, including Julien, a protestant minister, to appear at the bar of the convention, and strip themselves of their sacerdotal garments, and declare that they rejected Christianity as a religion. The goddess *Reason* was set up to be worshipped, and substantially represented by a female in the nudity of her immodest charms. This new idol was enthroned in the church of Nôtre Dame. Robespierre, Danton, the convention itself, blushed at such a scene: shame made even them recoil. They affected to stop at deism, although their attempts to separate it from atheism were as unsuccessful as that of the Gironde had been to separate liberty from licence.

Soon after broke out the quarrel between the moderates and the anarchists, which enabled Robespierre and his committee, placed between them, to crush both in succession. The moderate party has been represented as composed principally of successful plunderers, of wealthy fortunate men, desirous of enjoying their spoils. There were others, however, moderate from honest in-

dignation One of these, Phelippeau, in the blindness of zeal, began the attack upon those moderate from corruption, by proposing an inquest into the fortunes and dilapidations of the deputies. Phelippeau here lifted the axe that was to fall upon his own head. Bazire and Chabot, the Jacobins who had grown tenderhearted because gorged with plunder, defended themselves, and exclaimed against denunciations. "Let us not decimate and devour each other. Already the royalists exult in our destruction; they see us sending each other to the scaffold. 'To-day,' say they, 'tis Danton's turn, then Billaud's, last Robespierre's.' Let us pass a law, that no deputy shall be arrested, at least until heard." This decree passed. The anarchists exclaimed against it; the Jacobins joined them; and a complete outcry was raised against the *moderates*. The rabble were in want of victims. The royalists, constitutionalists, Girondists, had all perished. The source that supplied the guillotine was running dry, when the moderates were presented as the victims of popular vengeance. Robespierre had here the wit to perceive that the current was setting in the wrong direction, and moreover the courage to resist and turn it right. The revolution, in his idea, had descended far enough; he wished that it should continue indeed, but on a level, not a downward course. He therefore set his face against the anarchists, thundered against Hebert, and boldly attacked the commune, which he accused of setting up a new and aristocratic religion. "Atheism," said Robespierre, "is aristocratic; it is the natural religion of the lazy and the rich. On the contrary, the belief in a Deity is a popular, a universal belief, moreover a necessary one. *If God did not exist, we should invent him.*"

Hebert, Chaumette, and the commune, intimidated by the apostrophes of Robespierre, drew back, recanted their atheism, and abolished their worship of Reason. But at the same time they vented their spleen by redoubled attacks upon the moderates, with whom they

implicated Danton. Whilst the anarchists in the municipality thus quailed, the original and more active agitators in the Cordelier club showed more stubbornness. Ronsin and Rossignol, generals of the party, who had commanded with all brutality in La Vendée, were accused by Phelippeau, and put in arrest. To show its impartiality, the government at the same time arrested those of the moderates who were accused of embezzlement and corruption, such as Chabot, Bazire, and Julien. The parties now became declared. The anarchists exclaimed against the counter-revolutionists, as they called the moderates, and, through the medium of Hebert's Journal, the *Pere Duchesne,* cast upon them all every kind of calumny and abuse. They accused Danton as a rank moderate; nor did that personage deny, though he avoided to admit, the truth of the accusation. Camille Desmoulins, the friend of Danton, the very man who began the revolution by grasping his pistols on the news of Necker's dismissal, and mounting on a table in the Palais Royal to proclaim the necessity of immediate and open resistance,—he too was a moderate, and now commenced a journal, which he called the *Vieux Cordelier,* in opposition to Hebert.

Nought is more surprising in the revolution, than the talents which it actually gave, rather than excited in men who, even in its stirring commencement, might be, and were universally, classed with the dull. We have seen Robespierre become even eloquent by dint of habit, by position, by the times, and the opinions which he represented; and now we find in the vulgar ringleader of riot, in Desmoulins, a suavity and refinement blended with force, a power of writing, in short, that the most cultivated age cannot exceed. The pretended translation of Tacitus, in which he depicts the tyranny of the convention, is a chef d'œuvre of its kind. His apostrophes against Hebert unite to Vergniaud's warmth a contemptuous irony unsurpassed in the warfare of the pen.

Both parties were summoned to the Jacobins, as to the bar of public opinion. Both pleaded their cause;

and Robespierre, contented at first with the injuries inflicted by their mutual accusation on the characters of each, silenced the quarrel for the time. His policy was very different from that which ruined the Gironde. He never wasted temper and strength in vain and irritating attacks; but smiled, and smoothed, and affected calm, till a fair and full opening was afforded by the imprudence of his enemies; then, with a tiger's spring, he crushed them. Such, at least, was Robespierre's constant course when in the vigour of his mastery. He let loose the anarchists: they instantly fell to vapouring and plotting. The members of the committee of public safety appeared to them imbecile sovereigns, and the whole system perplexed and complicated. They imagined a simple form of government, consisting of a general and a judge, both with dictatorial power. A revolutionist at that time saw but two administrative functions and necessities, of fighting foreign enemies and beheading domestic foes, the latter to be designated by interest or humour. With these ideas the anarchists tried every means of raising an insurrection. They accused the convention of the public scarcity, of all existing ills. They already had acquired the majority in one section; and the commune, or its magistrates, Hebert and Chaumette, supported them, though with hesitation. They proceeded, by the dissemination of small pamphlets and placards in the markets and other populous quarters, to stir up the people against the convention. But it was no longer an irresolute party, a feeble ministry, and the name of law, which reigned. A committee in the assembly was appointed to take their writings into consideration; and on the morrow all the leading anarchists were arrested. With Ronsin and Vincent, vapourers and soldiers, were taken Chaumette, the apostle of Reason, Hebert, the infamous insulter of the dying queen—how they were welcomed by the population of the prisons!—the apostate archbishop Gobet, and Anacharsis Clootz. They passed without delay to the tribunal, and from thence to the scaffold, on the 24th of March.

The Jacobins, although consenting to the destruction of those who outrivalled them in revolutionary zeal, were not without qualms, which the exultation of the moderates increased. Robespierre had been accused of *moderatism*. It behoved him, as before, to wash away such stain in blood. The *Vieux Cordelier* of Desmoulins, the discourses in favour of clemency, sounded like menace in the ears of the sanguinary, who dreaded a reaction, and the punishment which it might bring to them. The colleagues of Robespierre entertained this fear, and deemed that they had more cause for it; since, by the execution of the leading zealots, they had just weakened, or indeed annihilated, the popular party. Their counsel was to crush the moderate and annihilate them equally. Hérault de Séchelles, one of those nobles who had embraced the revolution, and who, even on the benches of the Mountain and the Jacobins, preserved the aspect of high birth, happened at that moment to have given shelter to an accused person. Although the friend of Danton, he was arrested. The latter was warned of his danger; he could not be blind to it; yet he could not make up his mind to resist or grapple with Robespierre in the convention. A portion of Danton's past audacity and eloquence would have shaken the assembly: but the guilty man's hour was come; a fatuitous apathy benumbed his faculties; and the ferocious Danton was led to prison unresistingly, with his friends Desmoulins, Phelippeau, and Lacroix. They were brought before the tribunal with the other moderates previously arrested, the ex-capuchin Chabot, Bazire, and Fabre d'Eglantine, frenetic Jacobins in their day. Once in prison, his fate irrevocably decided, Danton recovered his wonted audacity. He was indignant at the idea of his being even accused. What! Danton and Desmoulins! the one who began the revolution, the other who accomplished it on the 10th of August! Well might it be said that the revolution, like Saturn, produced its child but to devour them. They, too, passed to the scaffold which they had erected, and to which they had served

many. Desmoulins had called himself the *procureur général de la lanterne.* He died almost unmanned by the thoughts of a young and loving wife, who underwent a similar fate. Danton, at the foot of the scaffold, was prevented by the executioner from embracing his friend Hérault. "Go, churl! you can't at least prevent our heads from embracing in yon sack. One thing consoles me; 'tis that Robespierre follows us. Why should I regret to die? I have enjoyed the revolution, have spent, have drank, have debauched. Let us go to slumber." Such were amongst the last, and with his life but too consistent, words of Danton. What an epoch, when such men of blood were doomed to endanger themselves in invoking clemency, and perish in the cause of humanity!

Now that the leaders of the revolution were punished with death for lack of honesty or zeal, it seemed unjust [illegible] inconsistent to allow any holding by the least tie to [illegible]tocracy and the ancient government to live. All the [illegible]ics of noble families were now sacrificed. The duc [illegible]e Chatelet, the marshals of Noailles and Mailly, men of [illegible]ighty years, too aged to emigrate; the dukes of Béthune [illegible]nd Villeroy; many of the members of the old ma[illegible]stracy; Malesherbes, the defender of Louis, all his [illegible]mily, his children and grandchildren, perished together. Men were wanting, and the rage of the Terrorists vented itself upon women, who perished at this epoch in greater numbers than the other sex. Madame du Barri and the duchess de Grammont—personages that recall the memory of Louis XV.—survived to die on the scaffolds of the revolution. The wives of the condemned were always included in the sentence. One da[illegible] saw a troop of girls proceed to die for having ma[illegible] a cockade or carolled an imprudent air; the nex[illegible] an establishment of nuns, or a crowd of poor peasan[illegible] women from La Vendée, such as Riouffe describes, a[illegible]nd heaped in carts, like calves, and ignorant of their wi[illegible]and their fate, stupified with fear, as they went to sca[illegible]ter. The prin[illegible]s Elizabeth, sister of Louis,

made at this time one of a devoted batch, and perished almost unnoticed. The inhabitants of the streets through which these daily processions passed became at length disgusted, and dared to show it by shutting their shops. The scaffold was, in consequence, removed to the opposite extremity of Paris; not, however, relaxing its activity. Nor were such scenes confined to the capital: the terrorists in the provinces rivalled the zeal of their metropolitan brethren, nay, refined upon their means of destruction. Carrier, at Nantes, invented the *noyades:* he housed his victims in the marine stores, tied them in couples, and embarked them in boats prepared for the purpose; they put out laden; a plank was struck out when at sufficient distance from shore. Darkness and the tide concealed the extent of the wholesale murder, which was revealed, however, by the islands of floating carcasses besetting ships as they entered the river, and by the fish proving poisonous, because gorged with such unusual food. The tribunals of Arras, in the north, and Orange, in the south, rivalled that of Nantes in atrocity. Such is but a feeble outline of the *Terror*.

Robespierre and the Jacobins forming the sovereign committee had again triumphed. They had anticipated both anarchists and moderates, and stricken each party ere it had gathered strength. But, without enemies, how was this knot of rulers to remain united? Robespierre could alone pretend to govern. In him popularity was concentrated. The Jacobins were at his command; and he now got possession of the municipal power, by appointing a new mayor, and a commander of the armed force, Henriot, who was devoted to him. Couthon, and St. Just, his colleague in the committee, were personally attached to Robespierre: Barrère feared him. Carnot, Prieur, and Lindet affected to occupy themselves with merely the details of government, leaving the high influence to their brethren. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud-Varennes were jealous of Robespierre: they looked upon him as a *moderate* in heart, as a man who wished to stop the revolution, not to continue it, like [illegible]

They were right. Robespierre saw plainly that the power even of the committee could not endure. *Popularity* with the mere mob was too uncertain a support: and terror, though a powerful chain, might soon be strained to cracking. He looked around, he thought, he studied, and to excite some new fanaticism seemed to him the only measure of consolidating power, and concentrating it in his proper person. He meditated the life of Mahomet, and that of Cromwell. To found a new sect became his policy and his ambition. Nor was the aim an ill-judged one; save that the character and genius of the man were most unfit for the task. He tried, however, and commenced by making the convention decree the existence of a Supreme Being. Some time after the same authority ordained a *fête* in honour of the Deity. Robespierre caused himself to be chosen president of the convention for the day, and by consequence high priest of the ceremonial. David, as usual, was intrusted with the arrangement of worship and procession. An amphitheatre was erected in the gardens of the Tuilleries; opposite to which divers wooden figures were erected, representing Atheism, Discord, &c. A statue of Wisdom, in marble, was concealed by three figures. After having then made the convention and the votaries of the new worship wait for him, Robespierre appeared magnificently dressed, plumed and robed, bearing flowers and ears of corn in his hand. After music and a speech he came forward, set fire to *Atheism* and *Discord*, the flames and smoke of which, however, so besmutted poor *Wisdom*, that the congregation could not refrain from a laugh, whilst the more devout called the circumstance an evil omen. The day was beautiful, being the eighth of June. Robespierre himself was elated. He even smiled, and wore a radiant countenance. In the procession from the Tuilleries to the Champ de Mars, inebriated with triumph, he forgot himself so far as to walk alone far in advance of the convention; many of whose members forgot their customary prudence likewise, and in lieu of incense, saluted the high priest with

imprecations. "The Capitol is near the Tarpeian rock," said they. He was called Pisistratus, and bade to beware a tyrant's fate.

The odium and jealousies excited against Robespierre by this betrayal of ambition, were counterbalanced at this time by attempts made to assassinate him and Collot d'Herbois. Scenes of enthusiastic sympathy and favour towards him took place at the Jacobins, and emboldened him to follow up his aim of supremacy. Inferior to the committee of public safety was the committee of general surety, charged chiefly with the administration of police. From hence went forth all accusations and arrests tantamount to condemnation, which heretofore the *commune* had issued, but which authority had been transferred to the convention. The members of this inferior committee were ruffians even more infamous and sanguinary than Robespierre, than Collot, or Couthon himself. For these, in their massacres, had a public, or at least, a selfish end. But Vadier, Vouland, Heron, David, the wretches of the committee of general surety, seemed to have shed blood from a mere sense of enjoyment, from an acquired and distorted taste." One of their freaks was to send to the scaffold the poor keeper of a tavern where they dined, in order to astonish him, and observe how he would look mounting the scaffold in his white apron. Either these acts disgusted Robespierre, or their encroachments gave him umbrage. He accordingly opened a *bureau*, or office of police, in the committee of public safety itself, where he himself sat, thus superseding the inferior committee in their functions. They became his enemies in consequence, and leagued with Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud Varrennes, to thwart and overthrow him. Robespierre's mania for becoming prophet soon afforded them the opportunity they sought. There was, in Paris, at that time, a woman similar to our Joanna Southcote, either persuaded or pretending that she was to give birth to a Saviour. Her name was Catherine Théot, and she called herself the mother of God. A certain Don Gerle, who had been a monk,

was her prophet; only her second prophet, however; Robespierre was the first. The extent of the arch-Jacobin's connection with this woman is not known. Perhaps he was merely flattered by the divine honours reserved for him; perhaps he hoped to turn his prophetship to political advantage. Certain it is, that he gave to Don Gerle a certificate of civism, then a passport of protection, signed with his own hand; and letters were found from Catherine Théot addressed to him. The committee of public safety took up the pretended mother of God and her congregation. Robespierre in vain interfered to release them and stop their trial. Vadier was employed to draw up a report, in which he adroitly accused Robespierre, though not by name, of having been a convert to such absurd and dangerous superstitions. Barrère aided Vadier in this task.

Already, since the day of the *fête* to the Supreme Being, there had been skirmishes in the convention betwixt Robespierre and some of the old Mountainists, who showed an inclination to form an opposition. Amongst them were Bourdon, Tallien, Fouché, Barras. With these now united the malecontents of the two committees. The report of Vadier was publicly read, despite the efforts of Robespierre. He retired indignant from the convention, and the committee; thus imitating the false step of Danton, and leaving his friends, Couthon and St. Just to strive alone against Collot, Billaud and Barrère. In the Jacobins, however, Robespierre continued still paramount. Possessed of them, the organ of popularity, and of the municipal force under Henriot, he thought he might defy the convention. He retired from it, meaning thereby to convey a warning and a menace. But convention and committee continued their labour, the party in opposition gathering numbers, consistency, and force for the struggle that was approaching. The Jacobin tyrant was reported to demand the heads of half the assembly, and much more than half were terrified in consequence, and alarmed into resistance. He took counsel with his immediate friends.

The more furious pressed him to seize his antagonists on his own individual authority. But this appeared to him too bold a step; it would alienate the armies. An insurrection in form, another 31st of May, appeared the preferable mode. But he hoped to obviate even the necessity of this by intimidation.

The Jacobins were accordingly worked up to a proper pitch of excitement, and on the 25th of July, the 7th Thermidor, a menacing petition — a similar one had preceded the 31st of May — was presented to the convention. It was received in silence. The members feared alike to reprobate or applaud. On the following day, Robespierre appeared, ascended the Tribune, and developed in a speech of many hours the conduct of his whole political life, his aims, his wrongs, his forbearance towards the convention, but at the same time his determination to uphold the revolution. In plain language, what he meant to utter was this: I am in a minority, both in the legislature and the government, and the convention, and the committees. Restore me to my influence, or —— There ensued a considerable tumult in the assembly. Billaud and Vadier each defended himself. Panis accused Robespierre of preparing lists of proscriptions in the Jacobin club, more especially against Fouché. Bourdon at length proposed, instead of ordering the speech to be printed, to refer it to the committees. "That is to my enemies," exclaimed the dictator. "Name them whom you accuse," was the reply; in other words, "Tell us how many heads you demand." Had Robespierre had the courage at this moment to designate a dozen of his enemies, and prove at the same time his cordiality with the rest, the twelve would most probably have been sacrificed, and the tyrant still upheld in his reign. He refused to name his victims; and as each believed himself on the fatal list, the only safety was in resistance.

The morrow, 9th Thermidor, proved decisive. The night was spent by both parties in making preparations for the struggle. When the sitting opened, St. Just got

possession of the tribune, and, under pretence of reading a report, commenced a denunciation. He had already uttered the name of Tallien, when that deputy rose to order, asserting that St. Just, having not consulted with the committee, had no right to read the report. "Let us at once tear asunder the veil," said Tallien, commencing his attack. But Billaud-Varennes, as member of the committee, and more entitled than Tallien to denounce, interrupted Tallien, and assumed the lead against Robespierre. He told the assembly that the Jacobins had sworn yesterday to slaughter the convention, and that their only hope consisted in firmness. He then launched out into a ferocious philippic against Robespierre, who rushed to the tribune to answer. But universal cries of "Down with the tyrant!" drowned his voice, and prevented him from being heard. Tallien succeeded Billaud, already triumphant. The refusal to hear Robespierre presaged his fall. "Yesterday," said Tallien, "I was present at the meeting of the Jacobins, and I shuddered for my country. There I saw forming the army of the new Cromwell, and I armed myself with a poniard to pierce his breast (Tallien showed the weapon) in case that the convention had not the courage to pass the decree of accusation." Tallien then proposed the arrest of Henriot, and that the assembly should sit in permanence until the menaced insurrection was put down, and the guilty seized. This passed with acclamation. Robespierre, at the foot of the tribune all this time, tried to gain possession of it, begged to be heard, and foamed at the mouth in the frenzy of exertion and despair. But the assembly would not hear him. Barrère at length got up. It is said that he had in his pocket two speeches, one for, one against, Robespierre. Seeing the state of feeling, he produced and spoke the latter. It defended the committees, and accused the tyrant. Tallien again followed. It is remarkable, that in all this rage, this ample theme of denunciation against so manifest a tyrant, there was no eloquence, no overwhelming force of accusation. As guilty themselves as Robespierre, Billaud

and Tallien dared not tax him with his crimes. The fears of the convention, however, gave it energy. They dreaded even to listen to Robespierre, lest they should be more awed by his voice than by his vengeance. In vain he asked to be heard. He turned to all sides of the assembly; clamours answered him. "President of assassins," cried he, "for the last time I ask liberty to speak." His voice and his strength here failed him. "The blood of Danton stifles thee," observed a member. "Ha! 'tis Danton you would avenge," replied he, snatching at the least advantage. His arrest was now unanimously decreed. Robespierre the younger started up, and demanded to be included in the decree; Couthon, St. Just, and Lebon were also added. They were ordered to the bar, and descended with imprecations; but not a huissier, or officer of the house, could be found bold enough to take the dreaded men into arrest. At length some gendarmerie were procured to take charge of them.

The debate had lasted all day, and the arrest was not pronounced till evening. The mayor and commune remained in suspense, but Henriot collected his gendarmerie, and refused to obey the order of the convention depriving him of the command. The keepers of the several prisons were in the same interest; they refused to receive the arrested members, who were rescued and conveyed to the Hôtel de Ville. Thus were the two rival powers each in its head quarters; the convention at the Tuilleries, Robespierre and his friends at the commune. Each was in possession of a certain part of the armed force; but so feeble, that it seemed impossible to strike a decisive blow on that night. Robespierre was grievously disappointed in finding that the rabble had not flocked to his standard. Henriot tried in vain to raise the faux-bourgs; but this could only be done by a certain low class of agitators, such as the Anarchists and the Cordelier club united and held in pay. In crushing these, Robespierre had destroyed the instruments, and the officers in fact, of insurrection, and no aid was hence to be obtained. Here then was his blunder. In ruining

the mob party he had cut away his own support. The commune, however, had some reliance on the sections, and the national guard attached to them. But the convention, despatching two of its members to each section, proved more active than the commune, or than Robespierre, who was stupified rather than excited to exertion by this his final peril. Henriot, too, was an unfit, a drunken commander. He had been seized in the evening at the palace of the convention, and afterwards liberated by his friends. His approach had thrown the assembly in a panic, and they had voted to die at their posts. On recovering from their fears they appointed Barras general, and other deputies to act under his command. The sections answered the appeal of the convention. None but the *cannoniers* adhered to the commune; and these were shaken in their firmness by emissaries who penetrated amongst them, and acquainted them with the decree outlawing the Robespierres and their party. The apathy of the populace, the want of spirit in the leaders, who scarcely showed themselves, but remained in secret and irresolute council, contributed to the defection of the *cannoniers*, the greater part of whom drew off at length, and abandoned the Hôtel de Ville. Thus, about midnight, when the force under the orders of the convention surrounded the Hôtel and occupied the place, there was scarcely a sign of resistance. Even within the doors, in the mansion and stronghold of the commune, there was as little opposition. A few gendarmes were able to make their way up the staircases, and to surprise the conspirators.

There is considerable diversity in the narratives of their final capture. A gendarme, named Meda, was most instrumental. In the account which he has written, the whole credit is assigned to him. It was he who first seized Henriot, who commanded the attack, and who first rushed amongst the conspirators, shooting Robespierre through the jaw with a pistol, and slaying another who resisted. Meda's account is, however, set aside by both Thiers and Mignet, although the deputies

of the convention attributed to him the chief honours of the attack, and although the assembly voted him thanks. According to the prevailing account, Henriot was thrown from a window, from which young Robespierre also flung himself. Robespierre the elder discharged a pistol at his own head, which, however, took effect but in the jaw. St. Just and Couthon were sent to the Conciergerie. Robespierre was conveyed to the committee-room of public safety, the hall of his reign, laid on the table on which he had signed so many death warrants, and left there to await his fate.

Their outlawry rendering trial unnecessary, they were executed on the following day. Robespierre never spoke after his capture, despite the host of questions put, and imprecations heaped upon him. He died, as well as St. Just, with the wonted courage of the time in facing death. His brother and Henriot were decapitated also, though already expiring from the effects of their fall. Simon, the cobler, and barbarous tutor of the unfortunate son of Louis the Sixteenth, was executed also. At this time the acclamations and applause of the more respectable citizens were heard mingling with those of the rabble round the fatal scaffold.

CHAP. IV.

1794.

FROM THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE TO THE DISSOLUTION OF THE CONVENTION.

The revolution in the hands of Robespierre had reached the lowest point to which it was destined to sink; not that the abyss was fathomed, or that there were no lower depths beneath; for there still remained the anarchists, the party of the mere rabble, unredeemed by property, respectability, or talent. Had power been grasped by these, the plunder and destruction of the

middle class by the indigent would have been effected with as little mercy as the plunder and destruction of the higher class had been completed by the middle order. But the course of the revolution was forcibly closed previous to this final act. Robespierre closed it, nor could he have done so by means less energetic than the terror.

Up to the hour of his sway the popular force had ever prevailed over that of the government, over absolute royalty under the constituent assembly, over constitutional royalty under the legislature, over legal and organised republicanism in the convention. There remained for it to overcome and abolish the last possible form of government, and establish in its place permanent insurrection, and the misrule of the indigent over all possessed of property. On this ground, Robespierre made his stand against the people, and vanquished them. At that moment the re-action took place, the recoil upward. Like a diver, who, the moment he touches the bottom, springs rapidly back towards the surface, the revolution commenced to re-ascend, traversing the same currents which it had passed in its descent, rising from Jacobinism to Girondism; and from Girondism to Royalism —at last to absolute power. The descent and ascent filled nearly about the same period, the one from 1789 to 1794; the other from 1794 to the ascendancy of Buonaparte in 1799. The people were, indeed, little contented with a course of things that was gradually consigning them to their original obscurity and want of influence. They rose, they fought, they struggled; but, once defeated, they were always defeated. At last the middle classes, the good burgesses, began to perceive that they too were about to be set aside, and that the government was tending fast to absolutism. They rose, too, in arms, fought their quarrel on the day of the sections; when the cannon of Buonaparte, routing and slaughtering them, consigned to the same ruin the power and pretensions of the middle and the lower ranks.

It is this route that we have still to trace and to de-

scribe; but as we enter on the domestic struggle of the period immediately subsequent to Robespierre's fall, we must take a view of the military fortunes of the country. The insurrection of La Vendée was crushed, though not extinguished, in the winter of 1793-4. Had England supported it with the same force and spirit with which she afterwards aided the Peninsula, she would have saved millions, and spared Europe the fame and empire of Buonaparte. An English army and a Bourbon prince would have rallied the whole of the west of France, and its probable successes would have come at the opportune time, when the republican feeling was on the ebb; when the apathy of suffering had seized on many, and when a strong party was raising its head in favour of constitutional monarchy. But Pitt, whom the Jacobins accused of being the spring and mine of every commotion, was, on the contrary, ignorant of the very names of the leaders of La Vendée. Those brave men had been universally successful, until their repulse from Nantes, the attack on which was undertaken by them for the sake of gaining a post to communicate with England. Still they braved the convention and defeated its choicest troops, until by means of the *levée en masse*, the republican forces were poured upon the devoted regions in such numbers as to overwhelm resistance. To perpetuate the conquest, habitations, forests, fields were given up to flame and devastation, and the inhabitants to the sword. The Vendéans, beaten at Chollet, fled north of the Loire, to a country yet unravaged, where they could procure subsistence: there they pursued again the mad project of conquering a sea port; they were beaten from the walls of Granville as from Nantes, though still forcing the enemy to flee from them in the open field, until disheartened, worn out with fatigue, separated from their general, La Rochejaquelein, and unable to pass the Loire, they were surrounded and almost annihilated at Savenay. Never was so much heroism expended to so little purpose. It served only to illumine the dark pages of French revolutionary history.

The campaign of the year 1794 in Flanders, though little interesting in a military point of view, offers politically a most important lesson. The French historians, royalist and revolutionary, alike accuse Great Britain of entering upon the war with selfish and perfidious motives. To believe them, the English government subsidised Europe, and exhausted the national resources, for the sake of taking the colonies and crushing the marine of France; as if her few beggarly islands and factories could be an object to the mistress of continents, or as if a single blow from a foreign arm could complete the ruin of all her maritime power and resources achieved by the revolution itself. The fact is, that France and England had frighted each other into enmity, and that all of this enmity, which did not proceed originally from fear, sprung from quixotism and wounded pride. Pitt, however, though nowise eager to commence hostilities, still, when they were declared, willed manfully to support the hazard, and fight it stubbornly out. Such were not the principles of his allies. Prussia, purely selfish from the very commencement, cared little for the cause. In the commencement of 1794 she refused to keep on foot her armies, unless England paid them. England was kind enough to do so, although the triumphs of France, as they afterwards proved, were far more threatening to Prussia than to Great Britain. Austria, our other ally, had her own Netherlands to defend, and as yet she was zealous. The English army certainly constrained her motions. The duke of York wished to be near the sea, for which reason the Austrians, in order to co-operate with him, were obliged to form their line of operations far from the point of their resources. Provisions, reinforcements, all should cross both Rhine and Meuse to reach them. Their left only approached the latter river; and by a partial victory on this point, the French could always menace the communications of their enemies, and by a trifling success oblige the whole army to retreat. Then the duke of

York would not obey an Austrian general, and the emperor himself was obliged to take the field in person, in order to obviate the impracticabilities of etiquette.

The campaign began. Along the whole line from the sea to the Meuse, there was continued and partial fighting betwixt 200,000 men on either side. The duke of York, victorious to-day, was beaten on the morrow. At Turcoing the French were successful, but not to any decisive extent. The worst consequences proceeded from the emperor's presence with the army. He then saw what the king of Prussia had seen in 1792, namely the impossibility of crushing the French republic. Francis at the same time took a disgust to his Flemish subjects, whose apathy and love of the French appeared to him equally unnatural and ungrateful. He accordingly abandoned the seat of war, leaving his general, the prince of Coburg, strongly imbued with his own feelings of despair: monarch and general both meditated retiring, and abandoning to the enemy a province which it required 200,000 men to defend. Carnot, in the mean time, from his office in the capital, saw where the fate of war lay. He directed Jourdan to march with a strong division of the army of the Moselle, — being opposed to the inactive though subsidised Prussians, it might well be spared, — to reinforce the wing opposed to the allied left on the Sambre and Meuse. Jourdan obeyed, crossed the Sambre, and laid siege to Charleroi, posting his army near Fleurus, so as to protect it. Coburg attacked Jourdan on the 16th of June, and had slightly the advantage, with which he was contented, tarrying ten days longer without attempting to follow it up. On the 26th he attacked again, and fought what is known as the battle of Fleurus, said to be the victory which decided the fate of the Low Countries. Bad as were the dispositions of the Austrian general, still the efforts of his lieutenants promised to be crowned with success, when hearing that Charleroi had surrendered, he issued orders to retreat, and gave Jourdan not only the appearance but the reality of victory. It will

be asked, that when Jourdan's force was drafted from the Moselle, why did not the Prussians detach a force also to counterbalance it? But no — they had excuses, they were occupied — they preferred to fight alone.

After the battle of Fleurus the Austrians retreated towards the Meuse, leaving the English to effect theirs as they best might, and in what direction they pleased. Antwerp, Brussels, and Liege, fell into the hands of the French. The British were indignant; they hesitated, and were disposed to withhold the rest of the subsidy so ill earned by the Prussians. But at the same time envoys hurried from London to Vienna, to keep the emperor firm to the alliance against France, and to subsidise him too for exertions in behalf of himself. Austria, however, like Prussia, looked for peace. The emperor and king had ever built hopes upon Robespierre, whose ascendancy they expected, and whose pacific inclinations they were base enough to court. Their thoughts, also, were directed elsewhere, towards Poland, whose second partition was then taking place, and whose stubborn resistance under the patriot Kosciusko, was abandoned or relaxed. Thus England was left to bear the fatal brunt. The duke of York could not obtain the aid necessary to preserve the small number of the British army from utter destruction, without taking an Austrian division into pay. Such is a sample of the boasted honour and fixity of principle to be found in absolute governments. By her conduct in this campaign, and throughout the war, which she was the first rashly to volunteer, and the first pusillanimously to abandon, Prussia fatuitously earned, as well as prepared, her future downfall. Austria, though less to blame politically, was, in her military conduct, as imbecile; abandoning in a fit of puerile despondency and despite, her possessions in the Netherlands, and her allies, the British and the Dutch. The French troops soon scoured all the left bank of the Rhine, and took Maestricht, Pichegru completing his conquest by entering Amsterdam in the month of January, 1795.

At sea, however, the English took their revenge. On the first of the same month, in which the affair of Fleurus discomfited their continental plans, their fleet met that under Villaret Joyeuse, and gained what is well known to the English reader as lord Howe's victory on the 1st of June. Thiers, the talented historian of the revolution, concludes his account of the battle by observing, that the British returned into port with their captures, "*frightened* at the victory which they had won." *

Whilst Pichegru and Jourdan, aided by Bernadotte, who distinguished himself greatly in this campaign, were chasing the Austrians, the English, and the Dutch before them, the convention continued its debates and quarrels, no longer sanguinary indeed, but still violent in the extreme. Robespierre had been overthrown by a coalition formed betwixt the Dantonists and his jealous brethren of the committees. But the enmity of these to Robespierre was merely personal. They were no less terrorists, greater terrorists, in our opinion, than even he. Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, had sought to change the man rather than the system. They were as disinclined as ever to *moderantism*, which they suspected would prove dangerous to the republic, and still more dangerous to themselves. Billaud, especially, who had been instrumental in vanquishing Robespierre, aspired to succeed him, and abated none of his dictatorial tone. Whilst thundering as usual from the tribune, a murmur dared to rise against his atrocity. "Methinks I hear a murmur," cried Billaud, interrupting his speech, and scowling round upon the assembly.

The members on the other hand, called *moderate* in the language of the day, though sufficiently sanguinary, the menaced friends of Danton, such as Tallien, Freron, Le Gendre, assumed the new name of *Thermidoriens*, as if to cut off all connection with the past. They were

* It is not a little amusing to read the French accounts of their naval defeats. In the "*Victoires, Conquêtes*," &c. the popular history of national prowess, whilst reverses on land are told with a certain degree of fairness, and with the magnanimity which valour may well afford, their defeats at sea are recounted in a high tone of vaunt, and are made to seem all but victories.

disgusted with slaughter and arbitrary rule; but still avoided to undertake any sudden reaction, lest not only the populace, but the majority of the convention itself, might esteem the revolutionary cause in danger. Billaud, Collot, and their friends, also, had rendered a service too recent and important to be forgotten. For these reasons the prisons were but gradually opened, the revolutionary tribunal abolished but by degrees. The executive government was modified, not changed. Of the twelve members of the committee of public safety, three were to be renewed each month, by which provision Tallien immediately entered, Collot and Billaud ceased to belong to it. Just vengeance, too, though slow, did not altogether sleep. The judges of the tribunal of blood, and the public accusers, were sent to the scaffold. Steps were taken to bring the proconsuls, Carrier and Lebon, to the same fate. David and his brother ruffians of the committee of general safety were put in arrest. These measures, however wise and short of just retribution, were sufficient to alarm the terrorists, and those implicated in the extreme and violent acts of the revolution. Nor were the moderate and reactionary party out of doors satisfied. So many had the deaths of fathers, mothers, relatives of all kinds, to avenge, that truce was impossible betwixt them and their enemies. The sectionary meetings were the chief scene of these plaints and recrimination. The citizens, recovered from their terror, appeared there to exclaim against those who had terrified them; whilst the rabble and its representatives clamoured, that the aristocrats were all let loose to plot once more the downfall of the republic. The press, too, recovered its freedom; and made use of its power in favour of moderation. Such journals as those of Marat and of Hebert were no longer tolerated. Humanity of taste, as well as of feeling, resumed its natural ascendancy.

There was another singular effect observable at this period: men in the maturity and advance of life had universally disgraced themselves: they had either joined

the violent, and from passion or calculation rushed into crime; or else they had shrunk in pusillanimity away, and remained suffering and hidden during the dreadful crisis. None stood upright, high in character, in their own and in others' confidence. The military profession formed a bright exception, which is one grand reason for the ascendency, not unmerited, which it speedily acquired. But all civilians were under the ban. The consequence was, that, in the capital especially, youth pushed age and manhood aside. The young alone undertook to raise the banner of moderation, to stoop no longer, as their sires had done, beneath the menaces of the terrorists, and to support by force, if requisite, the triumph of national liberty over the arbitrary and despotic principles of the thorough revolutionists. This leagued band of young men gratified at once the vanity of their age and their contempt for *sans-culottism*, by elegance of dress and of manners. They were called, in derision, by their enemies, *la jeunesse dorée*, the begilded youths.

The same epithet was applied to the saloons that now dared to open and to receive society. These no longer belonged to the ancient noblesse, whom the French had proscribed, far more on account of their social arrogance, than of their political privileges. It was the boon of *equality* far more than that of liberty the nation sought. But an aristocracy of some kind or another is an inevitable consequence of society. If that of birth be proscribed, wealth will take its place. If wealth be disallowed as a claim to distinction, talent will assume the lead; and under the name of talent so many vain and noisy pretenders take pre-eminence, that, perhaps, this last forms the most intolerable of social despotisms. Wealth, however, now had the undisputed lead, birth and talent having fallen under the axe of the terror, financiers, jobbers, contractors, Jacobins, enriched by rapine, all the cunning ones who had speculated with success in the revolution; these men now claimed the chief consideration; their wives or mistresses became the queens of the gay circles. Madame Tallien bore away the palm amongst them. She was the widow of

an *emigré*. Tallien, secretary of the commune during the massacres of September, having gone as a proconsul to Bourdeaux, which he deluged with blood, became enamoured of her. She had the merit of softening the vindictiveness of the tyrant, and recalling him to humanity. Robespierre had imprisoned her; and fears for her life had principally given Tallien the courage to declare against the terror and its chief. Tallien then married his mistress, who was known as *Notre Dame de Thermidor*. With her madame Recamier, wife of a rich banker, disputed the palm of beauty. That of wit, high intellect, and nobleness of character, fell to madame de Staël. Nor are these details unimportant to history. The resurrection of polite society, so long extinct, — the natural pre-eminence of the well-bred in such circles thus giving flagrant contradiction to the revolutionary principle, the empire recovered by sarcasm and ridicule now turned against popular excesses, — contributed to change altogether the general tone of feeling. The *persiflage* of conversation effected now in France, what the written *persiflage* of Hudibras worked in England upon the revolution, namely, shamed and killed political fanaticism. Another similarity in the fate of the two countries at these similar epochs, was the dissolution of morals consequent upon the decay of enthusiasm. Hitherto the majority of the legislature had mingled private probity with sanguinary fanaticism: now both disappeared. The object was no longer to save one's head, or decapitate one's neighbour; but to make a fortune, and secure a share of national spoil and fame. The rage for wealth succeeded in the passionate to rage for blood; the servility of selfishness succeeded in the timid to servility of personal fear. The way to despotism was prepared; it was too late to hope for aught better. The tide of liberty for nations is like that of fortune for men; if not "taken at the ebb," it leads but to anarchy and despotism.

About a month was allowed to elapse after the fall of Robespierre, ere any rupture was menaced betwixt the

parties in the convention. After that interval Lecointre, deputy for Versailles, could no longer restrain his spleen; and openly accused Billaud, Collot, and Barrère, as accomplices of the fallen tyrant. The body of the Thermidorians had, however, not as yet made up their minds for new strife. They disapproved of Lecointre's zeal; and his accusation in consequence fell to the ground. This circumstance, therefore, restored the courage of the fierce Mountainists. They bullied, clamoured, and the Jacobin club once more resounded with furious declamation. An attempt was made to assassinate Tallien; and the Thermidorians found themselves obliged to abandon their moderation. Their first attempt was against the clubs; and divers proposals were made to forbid members of the convention from belonging to them, for purifying them of the anarchists, as had been done universally with respect to the municipal councils. But the majority of the convention, of which, as yet, timidity was the chief characteristic, feared as much to appear counter-revolutionists as terrorists, and could not be moved to decision without an impulse from without. This was given them by the trial of a number of citizens of Nantes, who had been sent to the revolutionary tribunal at Paris. In their defence they revealed all the crimes of Carrier, who had decimated their city, and invented the famous *noyades*, or drownings of prisoners. These details excited the public indignation. The accusation of Carrier was loudly called for. He defended himself with energy; declaring, with some truth, that the entire convention participated in his crimes, and "that the whole assembly was culpable, even to the very bell of the president." Nevertheless, after long debates and delay, Carrier was ordered to stand his trial. This affair excited to the utmost the interest and animosity of both parties. The terrorists saw in Carrier's downfall their own ruin. The moderates demanded loudly, in his case, the verdict to which the convention had been unwilling to reduce the colleagues and betrayers of Robespierre, Billaud Varennes, no longer listened to in the conven-

tion, consoled himself in the Jacobins, and on one occasion menaced that "the lion might awaken." The lion could be no other than the terror; and this threat had the effect of awakening the very opposite feeling. A body of the *jeunesse dorée*, the youth of the capital, surrounded the Jacobin club, broke the windows, insulted and chastised divers of the female furies of the galleries, that sought to escape. The Jacobins defended their hall, and even sallied out on their besiegers. The patrol at length interfered, dispersed the youth who besieged, but at the same time cleared the hall of the Jacobins. From this little engagement it appeared that the moderate party were strongest even in the streets. This gave courage to the timid majority of the assembly. It rallied to the side of the Thermidorians; and the Jacobin club was ordered to be finally closed. This was followed up by the recall of the exiled and proscribed deputies, who returned in considerable numbers; and reinforcing the moderate side, flung at once the whole weight of power into the hands of the Thermidorians.

But few of the leading Girondists still survived, to take advantage of the decree of recall. In addition to the twenty-one tried and executed together, Salles, Guadet, and Barbaroux had been taken, and underwent the same fate at Bourdeaux as their brethren at Paris; Petion and Buzot were found dead in the forest where they had been concealed, the remains of the former partly devoured by wolves. Condorcet, the literary and philosophic head of the party, after lurking for many months in the vicinity of Paris, was discovered by chance, and swallowed poison. Most of them perished but a short month previous to the 9th Thermidor, which would have restored them to the convention and to their lost influence. Louvet, Lanjuinais and Isnard were the principal of those who returned.

In many, perhaps most, shocks and maladies incident to the human frame, the increase of pain is counteracted by the numbness of feeling, and agony is lost in insensibility. It is in the moment of recovery, of re-

turning strength, at the moment of revival from faint, that suffering is most poignant, and the weight of ill most felt. Somewhat similar to this was the state of France recovering from the terror. That dread reign had stricken all with stupor, but it banished most disorders. The country was defended by *requisitions;* money was found by the simple printing of *assignats;* whilst all commodities, limited to a maximum or fixed price, were to a certain degree attainable. Food was not plentiful, indeed; but its want did not then amount to famine. From the moment, however, that terror ceased, the farmer, the shopkeeper, felt no longer compelled by imminent death to bring forth their commodities in order to sell them at a low price; the assignats sunk almost to extinction of value; it was no longer in the power or wish of the government to keep the mob in pay, as Robespierre had continued partly to do. And hence the working classes fell back into that state of idleness and famine, which they had experienced at the commencement of the revolution. Riot appeared in the streets, the young men of the better classes often combating the rabble of the fauxbourgs. The police had no longer the guillotine at command. Political intrigues came, exciting to sedition a population prone to it from habit and distress. The dispersed Jacobins spread in every quarter their complaints; insinuated that the moderates were royalists and aristocrats in disguise; and attributed the present famine and disorder to the relaxation of the revolutionary mode of government.

The recent execution of Carrier, and the approaching trial of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, rendered it incumbent on the old Mountainists to use the utmost efforts to rouse the people. They succeeded in mustering the sections of the fauxbourg St. Antoine. And from these accordingly, in the spring of 1795, petitions began to flow in to the convention, the old prelude to disorder. The cry and pretext were also the same as in the old insurrection. Bread was their demand;—bread, and the democratic constitution of

1793. The convention repelled these covert menaces with dignity; the president Thibaudeau had the courage to tell several hundreds of turbulent petitioners to return to their labours. The abbé Sièyes awakened from his long torpor, and proposed a plan for neutralising insurrection; it organised all possible resistance, and decreed that, in case of being overpowered, the deputies were to disperse, quit Paris, and meet at Chalons.

Exertions at the same time were made to meet the wishes of the people. Boissy d' Anglas at the head of the commission for provisioning the capital, — there was no longer a mayor, Paris being wisely divided, as it still remains, into twelve municipalities, — took measures for warding off famine. As to the democratic constitution of 1793, it was found impracticable; and it was now openly avowed that a people were incapable of thus governing themselves. Each epoch had given birth to its constitution. A committee was now appointed to prepare another. On the 21st of March a new petition was prepared, and presented by all the force that the Jacobins could muster. The moderates were, however, prepared on this occasion, and the young Parisians flocked to the Tuileries and Carousel, armed with sticks, and prepared for the combat. Repulsed from the assembly, the furious petitioners insulted the youth in the garden, whom they called aristocrats and traitors. From reproaches they proceeded to blows; but fortunately there were no sharp weapons to inflict them. The fauxbourgs had been long since disarmed of their pikes, and now their rabble were beaten in a bloodless engagement, and smartly castigated by the sticks of their young enemies, who put them to flight.

This affair was but a skirmish, in which the rabble, having not put forth their strength, were beaten. The redoubtable fauxbourgs knew full well that they were more than a match for the mere youth who formed the guard of *moderatism;* but there was need of organisation, of a systematic combination, of an opportunity and pretext. While the anarchists were thus plotting, the convention pro-

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ceeded to judge Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère. They defended themselves by implicating the assembly; their colleagues, Carnot and Prieur, not included in the accusation, because known to have occupied themselves exclusively with administration, leaving the police and the supply of the guillotine to their brethren, came forward and demanded to be arraigned at the same time. This caused delay; for Carnot, looked upon as the organiser of military success, was too popular to be visited with condemnation. The trial, therefore, dragged on from day to day, interrupted by tumult and noisy petitions. At length the plotters of the fauxbourgs thought proper to act. They rose in insurrection on the 12 Germinal (the 1st of April), placed the women and children in the front of their column, and marched to the convention. The seditious movement being unexpected, there was at first no force to repel it, and the mob entered the Tuileries without opposition, forced the doors of the assembly, and rushed in amongst the members, shouting, "Bread, the liberation of the accused patriots, and the constitution of 1793!" The old members of the Mountain were delighted to see the mob once more triumphant, and loudly expressed their approbation. They then endeavoured to make a proper use of the advantage, by bringing about the appearance of order, and forcing the assembly to decree the popular demands, especially the liberation of Billaud and his colleagues, whilst at the mercy of the mob. The insurgents, however, conducted themselves with too little premeditation and order. They refused to clear the hall; they allowed the moderate deputies to retire; they roared and menaced, indeed, but the general execration against the past massacres of similar days held their hands from blood. Thus the opportunity was lost: the executive government in the committees collected a force; and the populace, which had conquered, but knew not how to make use of their conquest, retired before it, and dispersed as after discomfiture. The convention no sooner found itself restored to liberty in the evening of the

tumultuous day, than it proceeded to measures of energy. Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère, were condemned to transportation; and seven of those Mountainists who had so lately applauded the insurgents were arrested, and ordered to be sent to the castle of Ham in Picardy. The difficulty was to execute these decrees, and to despatch the condemned upon their journey, preventing rescue by the mob. Pichegru, then returned to Paris from the conquest of Holland, was intrusted with this task, and appointed to the command of the capital. It required all his energy to execute the commission. His name was most useful; young men who would otherwise have shrunk, gladly rallying to serve under him. The carriages bearing the prisoners were, as had been expected, stopped, and the gendarmerie beaten. Pichegru, however, held firm; and after a smart fire of musketry and cannon on either side, the troops of the convention were victorious, and the prisoners were taken to their place of destination. At three in the morning Pichegru appeared at the bar of the assembly, and declared his mission executed.

This defeat more exasperated than crushed the popular party. Their endeavour to liberate their friends had, on the contrary, precipitated their condemnation, and included others in the sentence. They had failed too, it appeared, not from want of force, but of system; and perhaps from having shown too much forbearance. They resolved to remedy these two defeats in the next insurrection. It broke out in about seven weeks subsequent to the preceding one, and is known as that of the 1st Prairial, coinciding with the 20th of May. The fauxbourgs rose, as usual, much better armed than before, being provided with fire-arms in lieu of sticks; the national guard of one or two of the sections joining them. This made the insurrection much more formidable. The mob at first met with no resistance, the executive committees being kept without unity or force since the 9th Thermidor, and the national guard, scattered amongst the different sections, having no com-

mander nor band of union. The palace was broken into. The women first took possession of the galleries, and stopped all deliberation with cries of "Bread." Some young men, with whips, aided by soldiers, succeeded in driving them out; but, at the same time, the doors which had been ordered to be closed, were assailed by the blows of the mob. A hurried vote now gave the command of such force as could be mustered to a general who happened to be present. Then retiring to the upper benches, the members awaited in silence the invasion of their enemies. The doors at length burst open, and gave entrance to a torrent of the populace, which had no sooner rushed in than the general just appointed entered from the opposite side with what forces he could collect, and charged. The mob were driven back, and again forced forward by those behind. The convention presented the appearance of a battery or strong hold, disputed by contending armies. Bayonets crossed and flashed, and a volley of musketry poured into it, luckily had no effect, except to shatter the walls and windows. The rabble were the stronger party; the defenders of the assembly were beaten, and compelled to retreat. It was then that Feraud, a young and energetic deputy, flung himself flat before the advancing throng, and called on them to tread down in his person the national legislature, ere they violated its hall of sitting. They passed, nevertheless, over his body, filled the room, roared and menaced, the most furious surrounding the president, Boissy d'Anglas, putting their muskets to his head, and preparing to wreak on him their resentment against the convention. Feraud, who had risen, though much bruised and hurt, now rushed to interfere and save the president. He was opposed, and a scuffle took place round the president's chair, in the midst of which a ruffian shot Feraud with his pistol. A shout applauded the deed. They seized the dead body by the hair; dragged it out; decapitated it; and some time after returned with the head, fixed on a bayonet, which they held up to Boissy. According to some accounts, the president

recoiled in horror — to others, he bowed in homage to the gory head of his courageous colleague.

Never did courage surpass that of Boissy d'Anglas on this memorable day. For nearly six hours he resisted the efforts of the mob. He had put on his hat, to show that sitting or deliberation was suspended. Neither menaces nor imprecations could make him yield, open the discussion, or put a single proposition to the vote. Thus precious time was gained. Deputies had been despatched to the several sections, to summon a sufficient force. Meanwhile, instead of counteracting this, — instead of seizing the committees, the depôts, liberating many of the most ferocious anarchists from prison; — instead of all these measures, necessary to their success, the populace were kept in a verbal contest with the president of the convention. At length, towards nine o'clock, Boissy, exhausted, not intimidated, yielded the chair to Vernier, who soon showed himself more obsequious. Silence was then made. Several of the Mountain, Romme, Duroy, and others, took the lead. The members were obliged to occupy the centre of the hall, the mob retiring to the upper benches. The former were to vote in the affirmative by lifting their hats; and according to this regulation, the Mountainists proceeded to pass the series of decrees which the populace demanded. These were, the liberation and recall of the deputies lately transported and arrested, the restoration of arms to the fauxbourgs, the arrest of all emigrés, and of the Parisian journalists, (a singular demand,) the re-establishment of the *commune* and the sections, and the suspension of the existing committees of government. In the place of the last, four members were named to form a *sovereign commission.* "Thus in a few hours," says Thibaudeau, "the work of the 9th Thermidor was undone. A little more foresight and audacity in the conspirators might have re-erected the scaffolds of the terror, and inundated France once more with blood."

The committees, in the mean time, and the members despatched to the sections, had not been idle. They

spent the afternoon in mustering forces, and enrolling the moderate. As night advanced, the least zealous of the insurgents had retired; and when the palace was invested at length by a considerable force, there were few combatants. The hall of convention was taken possession of, after a brief struggle; the insurgents driven from it, and allowed to defile off without further punishment than a few kicks from the national guard, who were victorious. The convention having recovered its liberty, instantly declared its votes during the presence of the insurrection to be null, and ordered into arrest the remainder of the Mountainists who had shown sympathy with the mob.

The redoubtable Fauxbourg St. Antoine was again defeated, but not crushed. The bands and sections again took the field in a few days, and were met in battle array by the sections favourable to the convention; but no combat ensued. Negotiation, remonstrances, were employed, and the men of the fauxbourg deprived of their leader or of all aim,—for the Mountainists had been conveyed already out of their reach,—abandoned their positions and their zeal. Their last feat was to rescue the murderer of Feraud, who had been condemned, and was proceeding to the scaffold. By this time, however, some troops of the line had been drafted to the capital. At the head of these and the national guards, general Menou, commanding under Barras, invested the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and menaced to bombard it. The female population dreaded this act of retribution. The fauxbourg submitted, in token of which its section surrendered their formidable cannon. Here terminated the influence of the lower orders; here ended the revolution, as far as they were concerned. It is worthy of remark, that their submission was far more the effect of their own apathy than of the force brought against them. This last might, indeed, have awed the most turbulent. But the greater number were weary of disorder, and all showed in the days of Prairial a forbearance, and a fear of shedding blood, certainly creditable to them. This arose from

the general execration in which the popular massacres of September and the legal ones of the terror were held. The death of Feraud was an accident. The safety experienced by the rest of the convention,—a safety that allowed them to triumph,—marks that even with the mob there are bounds to crime; and that political rage, even with them, when carried to an extreme, has a turn and a recoil.

The Thermidorians, after escaping from such imminent peril, were relentless towards those of their colleagues who had triumphed in the disorder, and who had shown alacrity to restore the terror. Tidings of a simultaneous effort of the ultra-revolutionists at Toulon increased the exasperation of the victors. All the leading Jacobins were seized, and delivered over to a military commission to be judged. Six deputies of the Mountain were condemned to death. All committed suicide; one or two failing in the attempt, could alone be delivered over to the guillotine. In the provinces, especially in the south, the moderates did not confine their vengeance to the chief criminals. They rose in many places, especially at Lyons, and massacred those who had practised or favoured terrorism. One half of France having decimated the other, the latter, victorious in turn, proceeded to take the same barbarous revenge. Thus the clambering up from the pit of the revolution was almost as fearful as the precipitous fall.

The Thermidorians were a fortunate party. They had not only beaten their enemies, the ultra-revolutionists, within and without the legislature, but they came at a time to reap all the fruits of victory, which their predecessors had sown. Nothing less than the dread penalties of the terror, and the energy of its chiefs, could have driven all the young population of France in a mass to the armies, and swept Belgium, as had been done, by an inundation of conscripts. Had Robespierre fallen six months sooner, Flanders and Holland would not have been conquered. But the impulse was given; and now all westward of the Rhine was under the sword of the

French. Holland was allowed the name of a separate state. Tuscany was, however, the first country that signed a treaty with the French republic; Prussia, the next.* The chivalrous monarch, who had first armed in the cause of royalty, first abandoned it, and wisely, if not honourably. Spain was forced to imitate the example; and the smaller German states wished for peace. Even Austria hesitated, despite her loss of the Low Countries, till encouraged by the counsels and subsidies of England.

The latter country stood alone in unmitigated hostility. Despite of a loud dissentient voice, both in parliament and the country, the king and his minister were both bent at all hazards on continuing the war. This was a resolution worthy of British courage, however little in accordance with statesman-like prudence. France presented an invulnerable aspect, so much so that her enemies knew not how to attack her. But Pitt could never stoop to leave Holland and Antwerp in the hands of the great rival of England. The French historians we have before mentioned vie with each other in representing Pitt as a monster. They laud his profound policy, his indomitable mind; but unite with this all perfidy and machiavelism. They make him in the political world precisely what Byron painted his heroes in the romantic, a union of intellect and crime. Strange to say, the French royalists have taken the same view as their brother republicans†, and both echo each other's plaints against our great minister.

In truth, Pitt was far more a Quixote than a Mephistophiles. It was his pride, his paternal as well as his country's pride, and a courageous feeling of obstinate honour, that supported him in hostility to France. Statesmanlike or cunning policy, instead of having too

* The treaty betwixt France and Prussia was signed at Bâle the 5th of April 1795. That betwixt France and Spain was signed at the same place the 14th of July in the same year.

† The French royalist writers are universally much more bitter against England than even the republicans, or than they are in favour of the revolution. The reader has but to compare Lacretelle and Thiers, in order to be convinced of this.

much, had far too little, influence on his conduct; and instead of taking the French view of the character of Pitt, in admiring the statesman while they abhor the man, we, on the contrary, bestow a fair and large tribute of respect to the man, whilst prepared to moot, if not to deny, the prudence of the statesman.

Although Austria and England, under the influence of this great man, turned away from all proffers of peace, the campaign of 1795 was, nevertheless, productive of no effect. The great effort achieved of leaving no enemy westward of the Rhine, the young French soldiers abandoned the army; and the executive government had neither energy nor immediate aim in pushing conquest farther. Pichegru, indeed, crossed the Rhine, where the royalists succeeded in corrupting and shaking him by offers similar to those which had seduced Dumouriez. The most striking military event was the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon. Having allowed La Vendée to succumb — for it too had made its peace with the republic, — the British government resolved, on the information of De Puisaye, an emigrant noble, to raise the banner of insurrection in Britany, where the Chouans, under cover of a pacification, were ready to resume their arms. As the accounts of the emigrants were, however, little to be trusted; and as to send an English force into the province would be idle, unless the French royalists themselves were able to make a respectable stand; it was resolved first to try the influence and the power of the latter, arming and equipping a little army of them, and transporting them to Britany. This was done. They were landed on a peninsula, forming one side of the bay of Quiberon. They took the fort commanding the little isthmus communicating with the main land. The Chouans, to the number of 12,000, joined them; and, for a few days, the expedition seemed to prosper. But Hoche, the republican general in Britany, had now the disciplined forces of the republic at his disposal; war was every where quelled, and not the most brilliant success of the Chouans could finally

avail. Hoche soon drove back their advanced parties, and shut up the emigrant army in the isle (as the peninsula is called) of Quiberon. The royalist party in France did its utmost to distract and weaken Puisaye, of whom they were jealous; whilst miserable dissensions betwixt the emigrant officers themselves distracted them from fit measures of defence. Routed several times, the English gun-boats still repulsed the republicans, till the latter, guided by deserters from the emigrants, surprised in the night the fort that guarded the isthmus, and in the morning the emigrant army fell into the power of Hoche. They had not time to embark, nor power to resist. Many fell, many were drowned, many slew themselves. The English admiral did all in his power to rescue and to aid the unfortunate emigrants. A great body of them, however, fell into the hands of their enemies. Sombreuil, their chief, asserted that they had capitulated. Some soldiers had indeed cried to them to surrender; but Hoche denied positively that any such offer had been made. Indeed, considering the rigid laws against emigrants, a republican general durst not have made any such concession, and would not at any rate to a thousand men. All those taken prisoners were shot. The Thermidorian government at the very time incurring the suspicion of leniency and a tendency to royalism, durst not have spared them, even if it had the inclination, which is doubtful: such are the inevitable horrors of revolution and civil war.

The convention, in the mean time, was drawing to its natural term. All France was weary of its rule; and public opinion, though extending pardon on account of its late recovery of courage and moderation, still could not forget its pusillanimity, its betrayal of the liberties and lives of the whole nation to tyrants, its crimes, the mutual slaughter of its members; its reign, in short, of three years, uniting in that small space more than three centuries of any history could present of guilt, anarchy, and suffering. In these three eventful years, the convention had isolated itself, its opinions, and its interests,

from France, which it certainly could no longer be said to represent. The higher classes, or such of them as survived, abhorred it as regicide; those of common and of middling fortune, the burgesses of towns, were averse likewise to the body which decreed the *maximum*, and deluged the land with a valueless paper money, and which still screened the terrorists. The lower orders and the speculative democrats who led them, held in equal hate the conquerors of Prairial. If the convention were dissolved, in this state of public feeling, the members could not hope for re-election. The administration of the state would pass into other hands, which might not only modify the government, but think fit to punish the Thermidorians themselves. Tallien himself was weighed down with crime; Fouché equally, Carnot too, all heroes and leaders in the convention, but without any supporters whatsoever in the nation. To save themselves, in other words, to perpetuate their power, was therefore the first consideration with the convention; and this was no easy matter to accomplish, considering that a share of liberty and of republican organisation was still necessary.

A commission of eleven had been long employed upon a new constitution. They had undertaken the task to satisfy the clamours of the democratic party, at that time uncrushed. They had been chosen, too, amongst the best informed and most honourable members of the convention, those belonging to the committees of government being excluded. A point upon which all agreed was, that two chambers were necessary. The lower chamber was to consist of 500 members, called the council of five hundred, the upper of 250, called the senate, or council of ancients. As both were to be elected by the people, and as age was the only requisite for a senator, one could prove no real counterpoise to the other. There was greater difference of opinion as to the executive. Three of the commission were monarchic, another for a single president. Two and three councils were proposed. It was finally arranged that there should be

five directors, chosen by the two councils, one of them to go out of office each year. Such was the directorial constitution, which was voted without difficulty by the convention.

It was, however, far from re-assuring the leading members, or the majority of the assembly, who could not mistake in the public the universal symptoms of their unpopularity. The form of government being now in discussion, it was of course free to all to entertain opinions thereon. Many, very many, inclined to a monarchic form of government; we have seen that one fourth of the committee for framing the constitution was of this opinion. The higher classes, of course, dared not intimate their existence, much less their sentiments; but those of the middling orders who had become reinclined to monarchy, spoke out; found themselves the majority in the sections of Paris; and looked forward to the dissolution of the convention, and the manifestation of the popular will in the new elections. This was fair and courageous. If republicanism be not a crime, neither is royalism: but the convention professed to be alarmed at these reviving sentiments, and prepared to combat them. It could not assert, after the experience of the last years, that liberty was more in danger from royalism than from republicanism; but in the place of liberty they set up a new idol, an abstract thing which they called revolution. "The cause of the revolution," cried the constitutionalists, "is in danger. What! shall we have braved the menaces of native loyalty, and the armies of foreign potentates? shall we have undergone anarchy and bloodshed, and famine, the *terror*, and all its consequences, ruin of fortune, loss of life — shall all this have been borne in vain, and so much blood idly shed to support it?" Such was their argument; a fatal one, since if all these causes had been endured for an empty shadow, this was no reason why further sacrifices were to be made. The appeal, however, touched the national vanity, and many a voice and arm were raised in behalf of the revolution, without attaching any other idea to the

word than that of a flag under which one had fought, and which was at best an empty symbol.

There remained, however, a strong party in the capital who were deaf to this cant, whose rallying point was war to the terrorists, and hatred to the convention. Many were monarchically inclined, and the ancient royalists, raising their heads, began to intrigue and make partisans. The convention made use of the pretext to pass a decree, that only one third of their number should be immediately re-elected, the remaining two thirds to subsist, one half to be renewed in eighteen months, the other at a more distant period; moreover, that the convention was itself to make choice of the two thirds destined to be of the new legislature. This was, in fact, to constitute and secure the majority. Never was a more gross and dictatorial act committed. The Parisian citizens were indignant. They united in their sections, declaimed with all the fury of Jacobins, though in a very different sense, against this new tyranny. Petitions were drawn up, and the boldest remonstrances sent to the convention. Many young men distinguished themselves by their eloquence and zeal in the sections; amongst others, Lacretelle the historian, who drew up and presented one of the most famous petitions at the bar of the assembly.

The opposition was a serious one. It was that of the middle class, the burgesses composing the national guard, according to its new organisation, which excluded the populace. The convention, however, though it could look for support to no rank of citizens, was highly popular with the army, which it had sent to victory, and which had been disciplined to fear and to obey it. The tactics of the convention, therefore, were to bring the army to its aid. A camp was formed in the plain of Sablons, near Paris. In order to give some colour to their usurpation, they ordered the new constitution and the additional decrees to be submitted to all the primary assemblies of France, and also the armies. This was no small flattery to the latter. The new constitution and

its additional decrees were voted with acclamation by the army. The sections, or primary assemblies of the capital, approved the constitution; but unanimously rejected the decrees perpetuating the two thirds of the convention. In the provinces, however, the importance of the decrees were not perceived; the opinions and enlightened views of the capital were slow in reaching them. And although it was notorious that the anti-terrorist party was even stronger in the provinces than in Paris; yet the constitution, including the decrees, was declared to have the assent of the primary assemblies almost unanimously. There must have been here collusion or artifice of some kind. The sections of Paris knew this, and demanded a scrutiny of the registers of the votes, the unexpected result of which occasioned much surprise and disappointment. But this led to no result. The directorial constitution and the decrees were declared law, and the new system of government was to commence in November.

The rage of the Parisians against the convention now knew no bounds. They met, declaimed, petitioned, and those attached to the Bourbon cause were active in stirring the flame. Unfortunately the Bourbonists did infinite harm; for absolute power, an aristocracy with feudal privileges, and all the ills of the ancient régime, were associated with the name. The convention swelled the cry against the royalists, and succeeded in alarming the terrorists, who now forgave the convention their defeat in Prairial, and came forward to defend it against the enemies of both. The blunder of the sections was, to have kept their principles secret, to have rallied under the vague banner of hatred to the convention, and not to have proclaimed aloud the means by which they purposed to reconcile monarchy with all the solid and real benefits of the revolution. From want of such manifesto, a general suspicion of favouring Bourbonism or absolute royalism fell upon them. The army and the terrorists, and the extreme revolutionists, rallied to the convention; and the sections, or Parisian citizens, were weighed down by the obloquy incident to their royalist

opinions, which did not really form one hundredth part of their general feeling.

As the convention resumed its usurpation, and even proposed to name the directory, without waiting for the new legislature, the sections proceeded to form their electoral assembly, which they might take as a general council. It had been convoked at as late a day as possible. The sections anticipated it, and named each their elector, who met at the then Théâtre Français, now the Odéon. The convention ordered a column of troops to march and disperse the meeting. It had taken place, however, and had separated ere the troops arrived. Thus menaced, the committee of government thought fit to accept the offers of the old popular leaders, the terrorists, who, smothering their griefs, offered their aid against the sections. These men were armed and mustered; but a sufficient proof how fallen was the party, was found in the fact, that their number did not exceed 1500, whilst the national guard of the sections counted 40,000 citizens.

The arming of the terrorists occasioned fresh alarms. The sections met. That of Lepelletier, forming the central and wealthy commercial quarter, declared itself in permanence and in insurrection. The example was imitated; and a civil war was declared betwixt the convention, which sought to perpetuate its dictatorial authority, and the Parisians resolved to contest it. The assembly again summoned the army from its camp to menace and disarm the section Lepelletier. General Menou accordingly led a strong force, which he posted in the rue Vivienne, and thence summoned the insurgent section. It presented itself in battle array to Menou, who begged of it to disperse. The citizens refused. The general, with a natural distaste to attack the respectable inhabitants of the metropolis, all united in one majority of opinion, was glad to enter into a compromise, and offered to withdraw his soldiers, if the section on its side would retire also. Menou contented himself with a vague promise to this effect, and retired to his camp.

while the section Lepelletier continued to occupy its hall.

The foregoing scene took place on the 12th Vendemiaire (the 5th of October); the sections were of course emboldened by their success, and made preparations for attacking the convention on the morrow. The assembly in turn took its measures, exclaimed against the weakness of Menou, and looked round for an officer to succeed him. In its distrust of all parties and classes, it was felt prudent to choose the commander out of its own members, although no distinguished officer could there be found. Barras, however, had belonged to the military profession; he had commanded with good fortune in the days of Prairial. He was accordingly appointed. But aware of his inability to meet a force of 40,000 national guards with merely 5000 soldiers, he in turn looked round for some officer more skilled and energetic than himself.

His sagacity found this officer in Bonaparte, then in Paris, and disengaged; who gladly accepted the task, having been from the commencement of his career attached to the extreme democratic party, which he admired for its energy, and pardoned for its terrorism. The plan instantly pursued by Bonaparte was, to make use of the arm familiar to him, the artillery; to stand on the defensive, occupying every avenue to the palace of the convention; and thus with concentrated forces to repel the attack of the citizens. These on their side mustered in their sections, formed in columns, and marched to overwhelm the convention and its small number of defenders. The sections, however, were without any eminent leader. Their only hope was in simultaneous and combined attacks; unless, indeed, they adopted the plan since recommended by Thiers, and followed with such success in July, 1830.*

* "There was a manœuvre much more prudent for the sections than that of exposing their force in deep columns to the fire of Bonaparte's cannon. This was, to form barricadoes in the streets, to invest the assembly and its troops in the Tuilleries, to get possession of the surrounding houses, and to open from every window and aperture a murderous fire on the supporters

The plan could not be worse organised. A great many of the sectionaries quitted their ranks for want of ammunition, which had not been provided. At length, those of the north side of the river advanced to the church of St. Roch, occupied it, and prepared to penetrate by the rue du Dauphin to the Tuilleries. Here Bonaparte in person—there was no attack elsewhere to distract him—received the assailants with a determined fire of grape, that soon routed them; he pursued them in the rue St. Honoré, which he equally swept with cannon. Those of the fugitives who did not shrink to their homes, hurried to the other side of the river, to join the sections of the fauxbourg St. Germain in their attack, which had not yet been made. When they did appear, menacing the Pont Royal, Bonaparte was here also to receive them, where his cannon, meeting with no impediment along open quays, long streets, and an unencumbered bridge, worked tenfold havoc, and not only succeeded in routing, but in disheartening, the sections. Thus fell the cause of the citizens and national guard before the will of the convention, supported by the army and a few of the democrats. The sections were disarmed, the anarchists humbled, the Bourbonists obliged to fly. The convention resolving itself, with most glaring absurdity, into an *electoral assembly*, fixed upon two thirds of its body, which were to constitute the majority of the new legislature, declared its session terminated on the 26th of October, 1795, and called this act *a dissolution*.

CHAP. V.

THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY TO THE ARMISTICE OF LEOBEN.

In order to render government possible, there must be a fixed point from which the system branches, and on

of the convention, slaying them one by one, and reducing them by famine. But the sectionaries only thought of a *coup-de-main*, and hoped by a single charge to make their way, and to force the gates of the palace."—*Thiers.*

which it depends. To make an individual person and will the centre, is the simplest mode; but this is despotism. To avoid this, the point of support must be placed not in person or persons, but in a principle, which thus becomes sovereign. To find this principle, then, has been the great effort of republicanism, whether in theory or practice. The ancients placed it in a vague word called freedom, which merely meant the negatives of certain forms and attributes of tyranny with which they were acquainted. But any one great, simple, universal principle of freedom they never discovered. The representative system supplied this want. That a nation is bound by the votes of its deputies, in allegiance, in tribute, in all provisions of legislature, is the great modern principle of freedom. But the virtue of the maxim consists in its being sovereign, in its being inviolable. If it be not so, if it can be set aside by expediency, or disregarded with impunity, the system falls to pieces, and freedom perishes, because stricken in its heart's core.

Here was the grand mistake of the French. They abolished the kingly office, and attempted a republic with merely a vague enthusiasm for abstract and undefined objects called liberty and revolution, a vague hatred of royalty and feudality; but they established no principle, no law, no one fixed opinion in common. Time had not with them hallowed the representative system, and reason could not. Hence, when they split into parties, each in its heat pursuing its interests or its chimeras, there was no sovereign principle to appeal to for decision. Moral authority was nowhere. Legality was each instant sacrificed to expediency, according to the interpretation of different parties; and these, as they divided society, became in a state of nature and of war with respect to one another. All advantages and ambuscades, and treachery and massacre, seemed allowable, provided superiority and success came of them. The end sanctified the means: and in this light Montgaillard

is not wrong in calling the men of the revolution political Jesuits.

It is manifest that, from the moment when the freedom of the convention was violated in the forced sacrifice of the king and of the Gironde, liberty became as a system impossible; for the only principle which could govern and support it was here destroyed. Subsequently, internal politics presented, as has been said, a state of war,—of savage war, in which no quarter was given, and where death always followed conquest or surrender. To the law of the representative majority succeeded that of the most cunning and most strong. As to liberty, it never existed at any one epoch of the revolution.

Nevertheless, it might have been hoped that the overthrow and punishment of the leading terrorists would produce a return to legality, to order, and to a respect of the representative system. Extreme parties were wearied, decimated, and worn out. The republic was victorious, and had no more to fear from foreign enemies. Yet victory had elevated no general of transcendent fame. Talent was rare; and no superiority of any kind offered a prospect to ambition. Now was the moment to establish liberty on a firm basis. The convention dissolved, would have been replaced by a majority of new men, unstained by the crimes of the revolution, with the page of experience opened before them, warning them alike of the excesses of royal and of popular tyrants. Something might have been hoped from such an assembly; and, at any hazard, the fortunes of the country ought now to have been left to one freely chosen.

But no: the convention, chosen by the nation, dare not trust the nation. Its majority could not hope for re-election; and the past crimes of its members thus forced it to cling to power in self-defence. No doubt there were some few of these legislators that feared the reflux of royalism. If the nation willed, what right had they to resist, however they might lament? But the republicans made a bugbear of royalism, in order to serve as a pretext for their arbitrary measures; just as royalism

makes the same use of republicanism when it has the upper hand. Offering then the pretext of this groundless fear, the old members of the convention perpetuated their power, which thus became a veritable tyranny and dictatorship. It was still more a tyranny, because supported by no party or class whatsoever. The royalists, the moderate, the extreme republicans, all disowned them. The higher classes and the middle classes they had been obliged to slaughter on the eve of usurpation; and they were very soon assailed by a conspiracy of democrats. Thus deserted by all parties, the majority of the new legislature represented but one interest,—that of themselves, the regicides,—and had but one aim —their own impunity and continuance in power. It was impossible that their authority, thus baseless, could endure: they leaned for support on the military, which became their janizaries. And the military were obedient, until there arose a general of reputation and ambition, capable of taking the lead, and of representing the military interest. As soon as such a personage appeared, the dictatorial tyranny fell before him, and their usurpation gave way to his. The party of the regicides was superseded by that of the soldiers.

On the 27th of October, 1795, the 500 self-elected conventionalists united themselves, according to their decree, to the 250 newly elected members. These last were for the most part moderate men, distinguished by their information and probity, and strangers to revolutionary excess. Their old colleagues instantly stigmatised them as royalists, ere they opened their mouths: suspicion cannot separate itself from guilt. Amongst the married members above forty years of age, a ballot took place; 250 were thus chosen to form the upper chamber, or council of ancients. The next important step was the choice of the five members of the executive directory. In this, too, the conventionalists had provided for the maintenance of their system and influence: being the majority, they had entered into a private compact to nominate none save those who had voted the

death of Louis XVI., the shibboleth of their party. Accordingly, the choice fell upon Barras, Reubel, Lareveillère Lepaux, Letourneur, and Sièyes. The last, either from dislike to his colleagues, or in pique that *his* plan of government had not been adopted, refused the office; and Carnot was chosen in his room. The newly elected deputies proposed Cambacérès, who had voted for the imprisonment, not the death, of Louis; but the majority did not consider him sufficiently staunch.

It required an inordinate measure of either courage or ambition to accept the office of government at such a moment. The legislature, and of course its executive, could reckon on the support of no party. The discomfited citizens were indignant; the patriots not reconciled. The five directors, in repairing to the palace of the Luxembourg, which had been assigned them, "found there not a single article of furniture. The porters lent them a rickety table, a sheet of paper, and an ink-bottle, to enable them to despatch the first message announcing their accession. There was not a sous in the treasury. Each night were printed the *assignats* requisite for the service of the morrow; and they were issued whilst yet moist from the presses of the republic. The greatest uncertainty prevailed as to the provisioning of the capital; and for some days the people had received but a few ounces of bread and some rice each."

For a long period there had been scarcely such a thing as revenue. Whatever was not paid in kind was paid in assignats; and these were but of nominal value, 3000 francs in them being given for a louis d'or. There were nineteen thousand millions of francs of this paper money in circulation; a quantity that the property of church and aristocracy, if quintupled, could not pay; yet a fresh issue of millions was indispensable, in order to supply the thousands requisite for current expenses. After discussing and rejecting divers plans, the revolutionary one of a forced loan was found to be the only practicable scheme, and was accordingly decreed.

Amidst such difficulties, aggravated by bad tidings

from the armies, did the executive directory commence its reign. Formed of regicides, and supported by a self-created majority of the same party, its choice amidst the opinions of the day could not be doubtful. A hatred and persecution, not only of royalism, but even of moderate republicanism, was in fact imposed on it. A law passed immediately previous to its election, not only banishing the wives of emigrants, but excluding even their relatives from all functions. It also excluded those who had favoured the insurrection of the sections, or who had shared in the similar reaction which had taken place in the south.

It was in enforcing their unjust laws that the directory and the conventionalists first found their measures opposed by the little knot of the newly-elected deputies. These men, stigmatised as royalists, and certainly beginning to despair of seeing liberty established in France under a republic, represented the wisdom, the moderate and just wishes, of the nation. Their names, Dupont de Nemours, Barbé Marbois, Matthieu Dumas, Le Brun, Portalis, Boissy d'Anglas, Lanjuinais, have since become all more or less celebrated. Thibaudeau, to whom they then looked as a leader, had been elected by thirty departments. He was a staunch republican, and the political opponent of Tallien and the Thermidorians, who now occupied the Mountain, or left side of the assembly, and who showed strong inclinations to re-adopt the old system of the terror. We have the testimony of Thibaudeau,—whose memoirs form the best record of these times, and where every page wears the character of honesty and veracity,—that the members most suspected of royalism, Boissy himself, were, on the contrary, true to the established system, and that the outcry of the conventionalists was but a pretext. These last, to mark their suspicions, and cast obloquy on their new antagonists, proposed and decreed a kind of legislative fête in honour of the 21st of January, the anniversary of the death of Louis. The members were obliged to swear hatred to royalty. Dupont, as he repeated this, added

"hatred to all kinds of tyranny," an allusion that the conventionalist majority took immediately to themselves, and forced Dupont to unsay it. The directory itself showed more generosity than the party from which it sprung. It contained two weak men, Lepaux, a Girondist, and a dreamer; and Letourneur, a cipher. Barras, took the lead, especially in domestic affairs. He was a Dantonist: in other words, a profligate republican, and, as such, averse to Carnot, who was a puritanical patriot, and one of Robespierre's terrorist committee. Barras, however, from his birth and superior knowledge of life, necessarily held the directorial court, and thus assumed the chief influence. He had served in India, where he had learned to love magnificence; and, under his direction, the Luxembourg soon presented the appearance of a palace, by the richness of its decorations, crowds of suitors in the day, and gay assemblies of both sexes at night. Luxurious pride, though too selfish to be really generous, loves at least to be magnanimous. Thus Barras now restored the daughter of Louis XVI., the orphan of the Temple, to her family. The unfortunate young prince, her brother, had died some time previous, of the effects of bad nourishment, cruelty, and confinement. The princess, since duchess of Angoulême, was exchanged for the commissaries of the convention, delivered up by Dumouriez to Austria. Amongst them was Drouet, the postmaster at Varennes, who had stopped the flight of Louis. He was so mortified at having lost, by his captivity, the pleasure of the revolution, that he instantly fell to work to recommence it, joining with the anarchists, and plotting with them the re-establishment of the terror.

Barras is looked upon as a feeble politician, yet he had the merit of perfectly understanding his position. Chief of a government based on neither popularity nor right; exposed to the attack of all parties, who would inevitably conspire, and have recourse to the old revolutionary measure of sedition; Barras re-established the old machinery of despotism,—a minister of police, with the usual con-

comitants. By these means he hoped to discover the machinations of the different parties, and anticipate their explosion by acts of vigour; and he succeeded. To this he added what was called a constitutional guard, being a faithful corps of troops at the immediate service of the directory. Thus, under the specious outside of liberty, not only tyranny, but those secondary props and pillars which support it, were carefully set up by the regicide government.

Despite its hatred and hostility to royalists and moderates, the directory was nevertheless first assailed by a democrat conspiracy. The old terrorists, elated by the support which they had afforded the convention in Vendemiaire, expected a more ample reward. Disappointed, they formed a new club, like the Jacobins of old, and installed themselves in the church of St. Geneviève, otherwise called the Panthéon. At their head was an embryo Marat, one of those logical heads that can systematise the most atrocious principles, and preach them as a kind of political religion. This man was called Babœuf, to which he prefixed the name of Gracchus. He did not insist so much as his prototype on the necessity of cutting off heads; but he went farther in another direction, declaring that the revolution wanted yet one thing to its perfection, viz. an agrarian law. All the anarchists rallied to the utterings of such flattering doctrines, — Drouet, Santerre, Rossignol, and the surviving herd of the lower revolutionists. The directors closed the club of the Pantheon. But this merely inspired the members to form a more secret and organised plan, tending to the great purpose of insurrection. Barras, however, ferreted them by agents of his new police, through all their holes and conciliabules; and as their project grew ripe, he enveloped and took the greater number in one net. Babœuf and Drouet were of the number, as well as the infamous Vadier, Amar, and Choudieu, ex-conventionalists, and members of the once celebrated committee of general safety.

Nothing could equal the insolence and confidence of

the prisoners. Babœuf, as if he were a Vendean chief, like the brave and unfortunate Charette, proposed to pacify his party at the price of his own liberation. "Do not think it beneath you," wrote he to the directory, "to treat with me on a footing of equality. I am chief of a powerful sect, that can be irritated, not destroyed, by any insults offered to me." Babœuf concluded by saying, that the democrats were the strongest, and must succeed, and that the directory would do well to adopt their side and their opinions.

Although Barras crushed this sect, still his intriguing temper had led him into communication with them, when he asserted that he himself was an honest Jacobin. In fact, he stooped to flatter the democrats, as he afterwards flattered Bonaparte, in order to stand well with the victors in case of defeat. This manœuvring excited the suspicions even of his colleagues. Whilst, at the same time, such is the fate of duplicity, Tallien and the Thermidorians dreaded that the chief director was meditating to strike them. Warrants of arrest had been issued by mistake against four conventionalist members of the five hundred. In the midst of the discussion which this produced, Tallien entered, somewhat in his cups; inebriety prompting him to vent his suspicions and the fears which never ceased to haunt his guilty mind. He exclaimed against the new police, against the supposed employment of emigrés, and spoke of a meditated reaction against the patriots. This imprudent confession of fear on the part of Tallien gave rise to the suspicion that he was connected with the anarchists.

The arrest of Babœuf took place in the spring of 1796, a year in which the thick-coming tidings of victory from the army of Italy absorbed all attention. The trial of the prisoners was deferred and forgotten. Their followers were not so oblivious, and formed divers plans for insurrection, and for liberating their chiefs. One, which they executed, was, to scatter white cockades in the streets; to pretend that a royalist conspiracy existed;

and in the midst of the tumult excited by this discovery, the anarchists were to meet, attack the prison of Babœuf, and release him. This having failed, their next attempt was to surprise the camp of Grenelle, where the army of the interior, as it was called, was stationed to support the authority of the directory. One of the regiments was supposed to be favourable to them. Collecting to the number of several hundred armed men, they made an attack upon the quarter of the camp occupied by the friendly regiment. The latter, however, surprised or wavering, gave the anarchists a rough reception, and took upwards of 100 prisoners. These were judged by a military commission, and three ex-conventionalists found amongst them were shot. The directory now pressed the trial of Babœuf. It lasted for a long time, and was remarkable for the insolence and mad audacity of the accused. Gracchus Babœuf and one of his brother scribblers were condemned to death; a judgment which they endeavoured to anticipate by suicide. Six or seven were transported, the rest acquitted.

But we must now quit the struggle of parties, to paint the rising fortunes of the warrior who was destined to swallow them up. This history has been before likened to a river: the deep majestic current of the monarchy burst its banks at the revolution, and spread over an immense extent, forming in its wide inundation a lake with islands interspersed with various channels, inlets, too intricate and vast for the eye to grasp at one view. Now, however, as the revolution draws to its close, the current narrows; and, like water at the termination of a lake, we see the large events of a nation's history contract and deepen, in order to run in the bounded channel of an individual's fortune. In other words, the history of France becomes for a long and glorious period identified with the life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We have seen this youth start to distinction at the siege of Toulon, and in the day of the sections. Ambition was from the first the impulse of his mind; for

all, who in more tranquil times sigh for greatness, in that stirring period strove for it. He essayed to attract notice by his pen: an academic essay, and a Jacobin pamphlet, did not produce the desired effects. The affair of Toulon opened his career: thence he joined the army of Italy; where, employed as an engineer, he had full opportunity of studying a field of warfare destined soon to be that of his reputation. Suspended and put into arrest after Thermidor, he was released on an energetic remonstrance, but left without employment. He betook himself to Paris, where, after some time, he was ordered to La Vendée. But it was not merely active service that could satisfy him, but an ample field; he refused to serve against the Vendeans, but remained in the capital, making his way in society, and meditating an ambitious marriage, since a campaign such as he sought was denied. The rebellion of the sections in Vendemiaire occurred; Bonaparte, through Barras, took the command against them, and was successful: in recompence he was appointed general of the army of the interior, — of that, in other words, destined to act as guards to the directory. From this command he was appointed in March, 1796, to that of the army of Italy. His marriage with the widow of general Beauharnois happening simultaneously with the appointment, gives some foundation to the rumour that the interests of her friends, combined with his own, procured for him the command of an army of activity. Josephine, much older than Napoleon, was a creole, of engaging person, and seems to have inspired him with a sincere passion.

In the commencement of the war the Netherlands had principally attracted the attention of the forces of the French. Here conquered, and being secure from hostilities on the Lower Rhine by peace with Prussia, and on the side of the Pyrenees by that with Spain, they bent their efforts first to the invasion of Germany by the Upper Rhine. The campaign of 1795 had in this quarter not been attended with success; whilst on the Mediterranean a partial victory, in which the counsels of Bonaparte had no small share, had shown Austria to be

far more vulnerable in that quarter. Whilst Moreau, a cautious rather than an active general, was sent to replace Pichegru on the Rhine, Bonaparte was despatched to the Alps, to realise and execute the projects of conquest which he had first suggested.

Political were joined with strategic motives. In Italy, the French were opposed by an alliance betwixt Austria and Piedmont, which it might be possible to break. True it was, the king of the latter country had cause of inveterate enmity against France, which had robbed him of Savoy, a large and important part of his dominions. But could we defeat the Austrians, argued the statesmen of the directory, we might recompense the king of Sardinia by giving him the Milanese in lieu of Savoy. According to this plan, Bonaparte was recommended to penetrate into the Milanese, if possible separate the allies, and exert his utmost efforts against the Austrians. These political views harmonised completely with his military plans, which were, not to brave and carry the obvious passes of the Italian Alps, blocked by fortresses and defended by well known positions, but, in the language of war, to turn them.

Bonaparte, therefore, instead of advancing with extended front to force the line of the mountains, formed his whole army, of about 40,000 men, in a long column, at the head of which he defiled along the strip of shore which extends from Nice eastward, betwixt the Alps and the Mediterranean. In this movement the Austrian general Beaulieu did not perceive the commencement of a larger plan of operations; he merely considered that Genoa was threatened; and accordingly occupied the shore near Voltri with a large force, to oppose the advance of the French. This force formed Beaulieu's left; his centre was at the other side of the chain of Alps, and the Sardinians under Colli composed the right. To fall down with concentrated force from one of the gorges of the Alps upon the midst of the French, cut them in two, drive one half into the sea, and then master the other half, was the proposal of Colli, and the wisest possible

But Beaulieu, on the contrary, divided his force, attacked the column in front to check its progress, and compress it, whilst he assailed it from the gorge of the Alps to take it in flank and cut it. Betwixt the Austrian divisions of the left and centre, destined to execute both these projects, there was none but a circuitous communication; the mountains lay between them: and the French general was thus enabled, by amusing and keeping the show of fighting one, to unite sufficient numbers to crush the other. He instantly aimed at the centre, and abandoned all idea of marching farther to Genoa.

The Alps, at that early season still covered with snow, offered few gorges where it was possible to pass them: on this Bonaparte had calculated in his adventurous march. That of Montenotte was one of these passes; but as yet uncertain of the dispositions of Beaulieu, and whether it might not behove him to continue his march towards Genoa and the pass of the Bochetta, the French general had occupied it by a detachment of nearly 1200 men. D'Argenteau, according to the orders of Beaulieu, led the Austrian centre, about 18,000 strong, to Montenotte on the 11th of April. A small body first arrived, before which Rampon retreated to a redoubt, and against which he defended it with desperate bravery. Aware, by a quick instinct, that the safety of the whole army depended on his preventing the Austrians from pursuing down the Alps simultaneously with Beaulieu's front attack, and before the French were prepared, Rampon made his men swear to perish rather than yield the redoubt. They succeeded in keeping possession of it till the night, when Bonaparte made dispositions for transporting his whole army from the shore to the summit of the Alps, leaving Beaulieu with merely the shadow of an antagonist, whilst he totally crushed D'Argenteau and the centre. The night of the 11th and morning of the 12th was rainy; mists covered the hills; and D'Argenteau was not a little surprised to see a strong division issue from them to attack him. The combat was sharp: the Austrians imagined that Rampon with some rein-

forcement was their only antagonist; but as the mist cleared, the whole French army appeared around: Massena advancing almost in their rear, and Bonaparte himself on a lofty summit directing the motions of his troops. There was no hope but in flight, which the attack soon rendered disorderly and murderous: the Austrian centre, broken and routed, abandoned its cannon and a number of prisoners, and fled to Dego.

Such a partial victory was important far less in itself than in its consequences, and these were to be snatched by an active hand. The Austrian centre, rallied at Dego, was to be annihilated, and its position occupied, ere Beaulieu could arrive to its aid; whilst the Sardinians under Colli, already advanced to Millesimo, were at the same time to be repulsed, and thus a complete disjunction effected betwixt the allied enemies. The very day of the victory of Montenotte, Bonaparte pushed on to the pursuit. Dividing his army into two, the greater portion, under Augereau, attacked the Sardinians at Millesimo on the 13th; whilst Massena approached Dego, and prepared to carry it on the morrow. At Millesimo the Sardinians were driven in at the first onset; but Provera, commanding a body of Austrians destined to be the link betwixt Colli and Argenteau, made a stubborn resistance, and at length took possession of an old castle called Cosseria, on the top of a hill, whence it was found impossible to force him. The assault was attempted, but in vain; Provera killed almost as many French in defending Cosseria as the latter had killed of Austrians at Montenotte: but his valour could not repair the original error of Beaulieu. The Sardinians, making every effort on the 14th, could not disengage Provera, who was without provisions, and surrendered at length on observing Colli obliged to retreat. On the same day the position of Argenteau at Dego, defended by the beaten troops of Montenotte, was forced, and the town taken possession of by the French. Beaulieu had not yet time to appear, when a stray body of Austrians, 6000 strong, returning from vain attempts at impracticable and now useless

movements, stumbled upon Dego, forced the French posts, and drove them out. This was disheartening to an army which had fought incessantly for three days, and was now reposing after a second victory: the greatest part, indeed, were slumbering, overpowered with fatigue and wine. Massena and Laharpe, however, succeeded in rallying a certain number to resist this new enemy; but it was not without effort and loss equal to those made in the first attacks, that the re-conquest was achieved.

These victories of a week had effected the separation of the Austrian and Sardinian armies, had cost them 10,000 men and 40 pieces of cannon, and had opened all Italy to the French, by giving them the possession of the Alps and Apennines. Bonaparte now marched to crush the Sardinian army altogether, and menace Turin, in order, according to the plans of the directory, to force that court to abandon the alliance of Austria. Turning to the left then, and leaving Beaulieu behind, the French pursued Colli to his entrenched camp at Ceva, which the latter, not thinking tenable, abandoned, and retired to Mondovi. That stubborn courage which survives defeat can never be expected from the soldiers of a petty country, deprived of all national feeling, and unsupported by the consciousness of great resources, physical and moral. There are no better troops in Europe than the Piedmontese when incorporated with those of stronger nations, but alone, that confidence which forms the mettle of the soldier was wanting. Nevertheless, the first attack of the French upon Mondovi was repulsed: Colli still held firm, in expectation that Beaulieu would exert himself, hurry to his aid, and make some attempt to repair their mutual disasters. But the Austrian already trembled for Milan; and, abandoning his ally, was meditating to provide for the safety of the latter town, not of Turin. Colli was, in fact, left to shift for himself in Piedmont, as the duke of York had been in Flanders. Nevertheless, the Sardinian general did all that a brave man and a skilful general might: vanquished at Mon-

dovi he made a gallant retreat; nor did the enemy even make an imprudent advance upon him with impunity. On one of these occasions general Stengel was killed, and his detachment routed or taken.

Nevertheless it behoved the king of Sardinia to make peace with the conqueror, whom he was unable longer to resist. Colli therefore made overtures, and Bonaparte, after some feigned hesitation, consented to treat. The French general no longer thought of offering Milan, or any recompense, for Savoy; his victories dispensed with that. Bonaparte required the surrender of all the important fortresses of the kingdom; Turin, and one or two others, alone excepted. Thus the passes of the Alps were opened to the French. Free passage was at the same time to be allowed their troops across Piedmont. In short, the monarch and his little realm, merely allowed to exist, were completely at the mercy of the conquerors. Ere the end of April all this had been effected.

"Soldiers," said Bonaparte, in a simple proclamation, where facts spoke sufficiently the language of triumph, "in fifteen days you have won six victories, taken one and twenty stand of colours, fifty-five pieces of cannon, the greater part of the fortresses and territory of Piedmont. You have made 15,000 prisoners, slain or wounded upwards of 10,000 men, and have raised yourselves to an equality with the armies of either Holland or the Rhine." After continuing in the same strain, he thus terminates:—"There are yet some of you, it is said, whose ardour flags, and who propose returning to the summits of the Apennines and Alps. No, I cannot believe this. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego and Mondovi, burn to carry yet farther the glory of the French people!"

This last rebuke was directed to the troublesome advisers by whom the general was surrounded. Soldiers as well as officers were thorough politicians, and Jacobin ideas prevailed amongst them. We have fought enough, said these men; let us reap the fruits in plunder and op-

pression. Let us revolutionise Piedmont, call forth its turbulent spirits, excite terrorists, and, making them the masters, reign through such faithful allies over the country. But Bonaparte, placed as Dumouriez had been in Belgium, did not like to see his conquest mangled and destroyed. He chose, however, a wiser plan to silence the brawlers than Dumouriez had done. Instead of squabbling with them, or wasting time and temper in recrimination, he led them against a fresh enemy; thus directing their ardour into, at least, an honourable channel. If they flagged, he treated them as cowards; if they committed excess of rapine, he like Clovis punished their political refractoriness under the plea that they infringed the laws of military discipline.

The views of Bonaparte, instead of turning back to the Alps, which he had passed, had already far outshot even Milan. The day on which the armistice was signed, he wrote to the directory: — "I shall chase Beaulieu over the Po, follow him, and occupy Lombardy; before a month I hope to be on the mountains of the Tyrol, to communicate with the army of the Rhine, and, in concert with it, carry the war into Bavaria." The directory in return, or rather Carnot, its war organ, applauded the zeal of the young general, directing him to drive the Austrians into the Tyrol; and then, in lieu of following them, to divide the army, leave half in Lombardy under Kellerman, and march with the rest southward against Rome and Naples.* The letter, at the same time, reminded Bonaparte that he was to consult the commission of the directory on all important occasions. This latter hint, as well as the proposal of dividing the army, stirred the temper of the young general. He replied sharply

* Some of the advice contained in this letter of Carnot is not a little characteristic: —

"Let the republican troops remain in the Milanese and levy contributions. You will arrive there just in harvest. Manage so that the army of Italy will not need to draw any thing from home." And again, "If the pope should make offers of peace, demand first of all that he put up public prayers for the prosperity and success of the French republic. Some of his fine monuments, his statues, pictures, medals, books, his silver madonnas, and even his church bells, may defray the expenses of our visit."

Thus we see that two kinds of spoliation attributed to Bonaparte originated in the orders of the directory.

that nothing great or decisive could be effected but by one commander, and him moreover uncontrolled. "Break the unity of military thought, and you lose Italy. Kellerman is a more experienced and a better officer than I. But together we could do nought but blunder."

In the mean time Bonaparte, having achieved the conquest of Piedmont, now entered upon that of the Milanese. The army of Beaulieu, though diminished by defeat, was still of force capable to defend a country bounded and intersected by so many rivers. Immediately betwixt the French and Milan ran both the Tesin and the Po. Bonaparte, in his negotiations with the court of Turin, had insisted on having Valenza, on which was a bridge over the Po. He had done so in order to deceive Beaulieu into the belief that he intended to pass there. The Austrian was caught in the snare; posted his army at the confluence of the two rivers, and prepared to dispute the passage. Instead, however, of their crossing both streams in following a straight line upon Milan, a circuit on the right bank of the Po would bring the French to Piacenza, farther down the stream than where the Tesin meets it. By crossing there, in lieu of at Valenza, the latter stream was altogether avoided, and Beaulieu's retreat threatened to be cut off. Bonaparte, to effect this, undertook a forced march of thirty-six hours to Piacenza, which he reached on the 7th of May. With the aid of what boats he could seize, a bridge was thrown over the Po, and the army passed on the 9th. It did not hesitate to attack the nearest Austrian division, which was routed, and fled to Pizzighitone on the Adda. No river or line of defence now intervened betwixt the French and Milan. Beaulieu, anticipated and foiled in his project of defending the bridge of Valenza on the Po, hurried to a place himself behind the Adda, the next river eastward of Milan. The French general instantly resolved to force this line of defence ere the Austrians had time to strengthen it. Until this was achieved he deferred taking possession of Milan. Pizzighitone, the nearest town that contained a bridge over the Adda, was

too well garrisoned and defended. Bonaparte pressed on to the next bridge, tracing upwards the course of the river. This was at Lodi.

Beaulieu had made good his retreat thus far. Half of his army, however, he had been obliged to send by a circuitous direction, in order to throw a garrison into the castle of Milan. This half the French general hoped to intercept, if he could succeed in routing the remainder, about 12,000 men, which Beaulieu kept with himself at Lodi. To drive the advanced guard of this body from Lodi and beyond the Adda, was an easy task. But to dispossess them of the bridge was an attempt so rash, that the Austrians considered it impossible. Otherwise they would have destroyed the bridge, or at least an arch of it. But it was now too late for this, as the French cannon were instantly ordered to play upon it. Beaulieu, on his side of the bridge, raked it with thirty cannon. On either side the shower of grape-shot was dreadful; but the French were covered by the walls and houses of Lodi, whilst the Austrians were exposed. Their general, in consequence, drew them out of reach of shot; thus trusting the defence of the bridge to the formidable battery alone. Seeing this, Bonaparte formed his stoutest grenadiers in column, and prepared to cross, whilst the cavalry menaced to pass by a ford at no great distance. At a word the column rushed on the bridge. Its front was shattered, almost ere it was formed, by the shower of shot. It even hesitated, till the generals placed themselves at its head, and cheered it on; whilst the light troops, dropping down the wooden buttresses of the bridge, passed underneath to distract the enemy. The first fire of the battery was the chief obstacle; that withstood, the French rushed on the Austrian guns, and bayoneted the cannoneers. The cavalry followed, and had time to form and charge ere the main line of the tardy Austrians could come up. These withstood the assault but for a few minutes. They gave way and fled, leaving behind their artillery, colours, and some thousand prisoners. Thus was completed the rout of Beaulieu, the

shattered remains of whose army retired towards the Tyrol and the provinces of Venice.

The victory of Lodi was won on the 10th of May. On the 15th, Bonaparte made his triumphant entry into Milan, where a large portion of republicans and personal admirers welcomed the hero. Uncertain, however, yet, as to the political fate of the country, and already less a Jacobin from the eminence he had obtained, he kept a prudent reserve, and showed not the same haste to revolutionise that he had shown to conquer. He, however, levied a large contribution, not only upon Milan, but upon Parma and Modena, as the price of an armistice; part of his terms with the latter town being the surrender of its richest works of art, destined to adorn the museum of the Louvre.

Seven or eight days appeared to Bonaparte a sufficient period of repose for himself and his army after their fatigues and combats. Milan, too, where money, good cheer, and admiration awaited them, might prove enervating to their valour. On the 24th, therefore, he resumed his march eastward, and reached Lodi, when tidings of a general revolt, which had awaited but the signal of his departure, reached him. He instantly hurried back to Milan; there the insurrection had been put down. At Pavia, on the contrary, it had been successful. With not more than 1000 men, the general marched against a city of 30,000 inhabitants, where, moreover, the insurgents had got possession of the citadel, and disarmed the French garrison. With the artillery, his sovereign arm against the populace, Bonaparte battered down the gates, entered, and swept the streets with grape-shot, rendering himself master of Pavia. He rewarded his successful band by several hours of pillage, which the soldiers effectually employed, principally in the goldsmiths' shops and the great pawnbroking establishment. The officers left in command of the garrison, who had delivered the citadel, he condemned to be shot; and thus having done summary justice by the insurrection, the general rejoined his army.

He now entered the Venetian states, little respecting the neutrality of that government. As the Austrians had traversed them, Bonaparte resolved to take the same liberty, without however, if possible, exciting the enmity of Venice, which he by turns menaced and cajoled. Beaulieu, reinforced, had retired behind the Mincio, a river which runs from the lake of Garda to Mantua, and determined to defend its passage. He had taken possession of Peschiera, a fortress on the river, where it issues from the lake, despite the Venetians, and posting his troops along the stream, his centre at Borghetto, he awaited the French. But the confidence of the Austrians was gone; the hardiest enterprise was no longer rash, when undertaken by the French against them. After some manœuvring, Bonaparte, on the 30th of May, attacked Borghetto, where there was a bridge over the Mincio. Beaulieu took care to destroy an arch; but, in despite of this, the French crossed chin deep in the river, beat their enemies on the opposite side, and re-established the bridge. Hitherto Bonaparte had never brought his cavalry into action. Useless in the mountains, this force became of prime necessity in the plains. Want of habit of fighting, and the starved condition of the horses, were obstacles. On approaching Borghetto, Bonaparte assigned to it the task of attacking; and to make sure of its staunchness, surrounded it with the rest of the army. Murat and Bessières were the officers whom he employed to train and lead the cavalry, which soon equalled the infantry in courage and effectiveness. A surprise occurring soon after, in which Bonaparte was well nigh captured, gave him occasion to form a corps of picked men to act as guards to his person. He thought proper, however, as yet, to call them *guides*.

The Austrians now abandoned Peschiera, and retired into the gorges of the Tyrol, Mantua being the only town of Italy where the imperial eagle still floated. It was an almost impregnable place, completely surrounded by a marsh or lake, traversable merely by raised roads or causeways. Famine, however, might reduce it,

and Bonaparte formed the siege. To take up a position, so as to protect this siege, was the next important point; for the Austrians merely waited for reinforcements to re-issue from the Tyrol, and again strike a blow for Lombardy. The Adige formed the best line of defence, being deep, rapid, and of short course. Verona and Legnago were its keys and bridges. Venice was most reluctant to yield them; but by half menace, half cajolery, Bonaparte obtained possession, and garrisoned them.

Thus, in the commencement of June was the third act of the military drama of 1796 completed. He first annihilated Piedmont, and in the next he grasped the Milanese. In that just concluded, he set foot upon the Adige, and bade defiance to the last efforts of Austria. Pausing there, Bonaparte, forbidden by the directory to engage his army in the Tyrol, marched with a strong division across the Po, to terrify southern Italy into submission. Naples, though lately profuse in vaunts and menaces, now trembled. Rome followed the example, and purchased the mercy of Bonaparte at the price of some millions of ready money, an enormous quantity of provisions, and her best works of art.

While all these glorious feats had been achieved with an army of 40,000 men, Moreau and Jourdan, on the Rhine, had 150,000 at their disposal; and the Austrians, under the archduke Charles, no less. Moreau was an able general; but he had not reached that grand unity of plan which inspired Bonaparte. He was also under the control of Carnot, an able minister, but one who pedantically endeavoured to regulate from his cabinet the march of armies in the field. In war, as in medicine and other arts, there is always some new nostrum considered sovereign for the time. Carnot's maxim was to turn and force the wings of an enemy's army; which to do more effectually on the Rhine, he divided the French force, giving one half to Moreau, the other to Jourdan, keeping them far apart. It was committing the same blunder, though on a much larger scale, as that

which had proved fatal to Beaulieu. The archduke Charles, however, was prudent as Moreau himself, and failed to take any advantage of the separation of his foes, until necessity inspired him with boldness and invention. In June, the Austrian court drafted 30,000 men from the army of the Rhine, under Wurmser, in order to rally the relics of Beaulieu's troops, and defend, or rather regain, Italy. Weakened by this, the archduke thought fit to retreat. An advantage won by Moreau, who followed and pressed him, precipitated his retreat to the Danube. Here, however, in the strong defiles that guard the dominions of Austria, the archduke made a stand, and, not imitating, but rivalling the new tactics of Bonaparte, he concentrated his force, bore it rapidly upon Jourdan, whom he thus overwhelmed and defeated. Moreau, deprived of the support of his colleague, was obliged to retreat on his side through the Black Forest; a manœuvre which he effected with such skill, firmness, and trifling loss, as to earn fame equal to that which a victory would have given. To the archduke Charles truly belonged the glory of the campaign in Germany.

Whilst 150,000 French thus manœuvred to and fro betwixt the Rhine and the Danube to very little purpose, 40,000 under Bonaparte were deciding the fate of Europe. Wurmser rallied the scattered and disheartened bands of Beaulieu. His fresh troops, with the relics of the Italian army, formed an army of more than 60,000 men; and with these the Austrians issued from the Tyrol. Wurmser seemed full of confidence; so much so, that whilst he advanced in person southward down the Adige, occupying both banks to drive the French before him and relieve Mantua, he despatched 20,000 men under Quasdanowitch to march round the Lago di Garda, and cut off the retreat of the French.

General Bonaparte, engaged in pressing the siege of Mantua, was here for the first time caught slumbering on his past good fortune. He was tied, in fact, to the conquest of Mantua, which he could not bring himself to

abandon: and hence the Austrians were allowed to burst upon him. His projected line of defence on the Adige was useless; for Wurmser's chief force came down in the pass betwixt it and the lake. Here Massena was driven from his positions: Quasdanowitch did as much by Guyeux on the other side of the lake. Tidings of both reverses reached Bonaparte on the 30th of July, and shook him for the time. He was not accustomed to defensive warfare; his spirit and genius were only called forth when he attacked. His first impulse was to call a council of war; an unusual act of condescension. All counselled retreat save Augereau; and his appeared but blind ardour. In his meditations of the night, Bonaparte's imagination kindled with a plan of assuming the offensive, and of rapidly attacking each division of the enemy separately. On the morrow all was active. The besieging army was instantly ordered to abandon Mantua, destroy its artillery, and rally with all the scattered corps to the southern extremity of the lake westward of the Mincio.

When this was effected, Bonaparte marched to repulse Quasdanowitch, impending from the western shore of the Lago di Garda. Fortunately Wurmser allowed him time for this operation, by an idle march which he made to provision Mantua. Whilst the Austrian general was thus enjoying the sight of cannon destroyed, and other signs of a siege abandoned, the French were driving back Quasdanowitch, routing one of his corps, and intimidating the rest to inaction and retreat. Bonaparte then hurried back — he scarcely quitted horseback for many days — to face the Austrians advancing from the Adige. They came to join bands with Quasdanowitch, and drove Massena at first from Lonato. Bonaparte in person arrived from his expedition to support Massena along the road from Brescia. As he halted in their presence, the Austrians advanced their wings to envelope him, as well as with their right to reach as near as possible to Quasdanowitch. The French general allowed them to extend, till, seizing the moment, he rushed with

his whole force upon their centre, broke through it, scattered one half, and intercepted the other, which, pursued with unrelenting activity by Junot, laid down its arms at last. Such was the combat of Lonato, fought on the 3d of August.

Lonato is a short distance southward of Desenzano, which forms the point of the lake. Still farther south, in a direct line, is Castiglione, where certain heights formed a favourable position of defence. Thither then Bonaparte transferred his quarters to resist Wurmser; who, returning from Mantua, had rallied the divisions beaten at Lonato, and prepared to take his revenge. Both generals spent the 4th in mustering and preparing to try the fortunes of a battle on the following day at Castiglione. Bonaparte had ridden to Lonato to hasten the march of his rear, when a straggling body of Austrians, beaten on the 3d, and wandering ever since in search of the main army, presented itself, and commanded the French general to surrender. Bonaparte had but 1000 men. Assuming a bold countenance, however, he received the officer sent to summon him, in the midst of a numerous staff, and, feigning anger at the demand, replied, "Return, and tell your officer that you have found here the commander-in-chief of the French, who gives him eight minutes to surrender. He is surrounded by our division, and has nothing to hope." The astonished Austrian delivered the message, and corroborated the assertion that Bonaparte himself was there. The commander accordingly abandoned all thoughts of resistance, and, with upwards of 3000 men, surrendered to a body not one third its number.

On the next day, the 5th, was fought the battle of Castiglione. Bonaparte, to render it decisive, had despatched orders to the corps of Serrurier, which had been engaged in the siege of Mantua, and which in its retreat from thence had not yet joined the main army, to take a circuitous route, so as to reach the left of the Austrians at a certain hour. It was in these calculations of time that Bonaparte excelled. Now the cannon of Serrurier

was heard simultaneously with those of the French right wing, which advanced to the attack. The left held back, bringing the line into a semicircular form, which was also assumed by the Austrians as they pressed on. The latter, however, forming the outer circle, tended to spread as they advanced; the French concentrated as they retired. The Austrian line became soon still more weakened on the right by the necessity of drafting some of the detachments to oppose Serrurier's corps. The French suddenly ceased to retire, and began to attack. The Austrian right was driven in, at the same time that their left was thrown into disorder by Serrurier; and Wurmser, narrowly escaping capture himself, was obliged to give orders for retreat.

Thus did the fatuity of the Austrian general, in parcelling out his noble army, deliver it up to be beaten in detail by Bonaparte. Wurmser now saw himself worsted; but he resolved at least to avoid the fate of Beaulieu, and to preserve his force from total discomfiture. He therefore retreated into the Tyrol in as good order as was possible with troops who had lost all confidence, and who began to believe, with some reason, the French invincible. Whilst the conquerors reposed for the remainder of August, resuming the siege of Mantua, the court of Vienna reinforced Wurmser, the cabinet acting on the same false plan as its generals, in making petty consecutive and divided efforts, instead of a grand and overwhelming one. In the beginning of September, Wurmser was again about to assume the offensive. Leaving Davidowitch in the gorges of the Tyrol, either to defend them or to advance down the Adige, according to the force opposed to him, the Austrian general descended the valley of the Brenta, taking a circuitous route towards Verona and Mantua. If he divided his force this time, it was so widely, that Bonaparte would be obliged, he thought, to imitate his example. The French commander left Wurmser to pursue his distant route, attacked Davidowitch, defeated him at Roveredo, and annihilated his division in the defile of Colliano.

He then, instead of returning by Verona and the Adige, to face Wurmser, marched straight after him down the Brenta, not only to attack but to cut off from him all retreat. This was hazardous; for Wurmser might in the mean time fling himself on Verona, where there was little to oppose him: but Bonaparte depended on his celerity; he hurried on, without provision, without horses, himself sharing the rations of the soldier, and thus reached the rear of Wurmser at Bassano. The Austrian was obliged to recall his troops, and a battle took place which proved the last blow to this new army and general. The latter, cut off from home, fled south to Vicenza, from thence to Legnago, where he forced the passage of the Adige. The French in vain endeavoured to intercept equally his retreat to Mantua. In this they failed, and Wurmser succeeded in throwing himself into that fortress with 15,000 troops, the relics of his army.

To form the siege anew was all that was left to Bonaparte. Had the army of the Rhine been equally victorious, he might have passed the Tyrol to act in concert with it; but Jourdan was then beaten, and Moreau in retreat. The army of Italy was too weak to make such an attempt by itself. A respite, therefore, was allowed to general and soldiers. The former spent it in reorganising the friendly countries of Italy. How these were to be treated, what steps were to be taken, what hopes held forth, was an early and important point of consideration. With respect to Piedmont, we have seen that the love of propagating and extending revolution had been sacrificed to expediency. Milan demanded equal reserve; it being yet uncertain whether it was to be ceded back to Austria, or given to Piedmont as the price of a firm alliance with France. The same motives did not apply to the countries south of the Po. Modena and Reggio (the town which Bonaparte declared most ripe for liberty) rose and expelled their sovereign, uniting with Ferrara and Bologna. They formed under French protection the Cispadane republic, and Bonaparte's cor-

respondence tells the care he took that aristocratic influence should not be altogether crushed and excluded. This indicates the change that had already taken place in his political sentiments. A conqueror, and by necessity an administrator, placed so as no longer to look from below but from above on the mechanism of social organisation, he regarded the Italian aristocracy without the envy of the Jacobin, and acknowledged the justice as well as the advantage of supporting rather than overthrowing its existence. Josephine, his spouse, had, at the same time, joined him in Italy, and was received with almost regal honours in each city. Her circle at Milan might have been called a court, from its brilliancy; and exactions, it is said, were not spared to support her magnificence. All this had a very anti-republican effect on the young commander.

The year 1796, however, left him leisure for nought but glory. Personal ambition had not time to blend with it, and conquest had not yet sounded the hour when the generous fame of this warrior was to be sullied by political machiavelism. The indefatigable Austria had again composed an army. Russia undertaking to provide for the tranquillity of Gallicia, the imperial forces engaged in occupying the Polish provinces, were sent to the Adriatic, and the marshal Alvinzi was appointed to the command of the new army, rallying the remains of Wurmser's and Beaulieu's routed divisions. A large body of this army, led by Davidowitch, was to descend from the Tyrol, between the lake of Garda and the Adige, Wurmser's first route, while the main force advanced straight over the Brenta towards the Adige. Unwilling again to raise the siege of Mantua, Bonaparte had few and inferior forces to oppose both the menaced points. Vaubois, however, was ordered to resist Davidowitch, whilst the French commander-in-chief marched against Alvinzi for the purpose of giving him a severe check, and then rushing with his wonted celerity to crush Davidowitch altogether in concert with Vaubois. He in consequence attacked Alvinzi the 6th of Novem-

ber on the Brenta, and had the advantage, but it was trifling. Immediately after, a despatch arrived, that Vaubois had been driven back from the gorges of the Tyrol, and that he might not be able long to defend the position of Rivoli, the only obstacle betwixt Davidowitch and Verona. This was dangerous. Unable to master the army before him, he was menaced with another in his rear. Bonaparte instantly retreated to the latter town, left his army there, and hurried in person to Rivoli, where he excited by his presence the courage of the soldiers, and rebuked two regiments who had fled in the last affair. He ordered it to be inscribed upon their colours, that they no longer formed part of the army of Italy.

He then hastened back to Verona, within a few leagues of which the Austrians had penetrated, Alvinzi taking a skilful and strong position on the heights of Caldiero. Napoleon had neglected to stop his retreat there, and occupy them; but, in truth, he was unwilling to expose his army to the Austrian attack, he himself being absent. At daybreak, on the 12th of November, the French attacked Alvinzi with their wonted ardour, and endeavoured to drive him from Caldiero; the attempt was vain; they were worsted; and attributing their defeat to the rain and sleet, they were obliged to retire to Verona. Here for a day's space Bonaparte was stricken with despondency: he was, indeed, in a critical situation; the fruit of all his victories about to be ravished from him, through the fault, as he felt, of the directory, who refused him reinforcements, whilst the Austrian army had been re-completed four times. He had asked but two regiments, and even they had not appeared. He vented his rage in a despatch, in which he despaired, he said, to prevent Alvinzi from relieving Mantua.

It was always in one of his dark fits of despite rather than despondency that the bright idea of retrieval and of re-seizing victory was struck forth, like lightning from the cloud of night. Bonaparte conceived a plan; his troops were ordered under arms at nightfall on the

14th; it was not for attack, however: they were ordered to evacuate Verona on the side remote from the enemy, leaving merely a force to guard the walls. Having issued from the town, they marched all night southwards along the Adige till they reached Ronco, where, to their astonishment, a bridge was instantly thrown over the river, and the army soon found itself on the same side as the Austrians, and in their rear. Around Ronco extends a marsh impenetrable to troops, except by two causeways which diverge from it, one to Verona by the side of the Adige, another to the Austrian rear at Villa Nova, by the side of a rivulet called the Alpone. If the movement of Bonaparte escaped the attention of Alvinzi, the French might fall unexpectedly on the Austrian rear, and rout it; if it were, on the contrary, perceived, his small army, not exceeding 13,000 men according to his own account, which at Caldiero had found itself unequal to cope with its enemies in the open field, could here be assailed but by the two causeways, where, as in a defile, courage must prevail over number: moreover, he was between Alvinzi and Mantua. The Austrian, as it proved, was not to be taken by surprise; his hussars swept along the causeways: moreover, it had been overlooked by Bonaparte that the causeway leading to the Austrian rear crossed the Alpone by a bridge at Arcola, a village but a short distance from Ronco. The Austrians had possession of this bridge, and guarded it with cannon: to carry it was indispensably requisite to the projects of the French. Augereau led his brigades to the attack; but the Croatian soldiers and their two guns were more formidable than the legions and the parks that defended Lodi. Augereau was beaten back; the Austrians now came up in force, issued from the bridge of Arcola, and attacked their enemies on both causeways: but the best grenadiers here carried the day, and the Austrians were beaten back. Augereau made another attempt upon the bridge in vain. Bonaparte himself then came up, threw himself among the soldiers, seized a flag, and bore it at their head upon the little bridge; but the fire was now more dreadful,

and more than one gallant officer fell in covering the adventurous general with his body. Every effort was fruitless: the column was driven back by the shower of grape, and Bonaparte himself, borne with the flying throng far back off the causeway, sunk knee-deep in the marsh, and only escaped being taken. The cry of his danger brought back the French like a tide against the bridge, that held like a rock, and dashed back its invaders. The Croats behaved most gallantly. Had Davidowitch and his Tyrolese done as much at Rivoli on the same day, the French would have been driven behind the Mincio.

All hope of surprising Alvinzi was now lost; but that general, instead of directing his efforts against Verona, persisted imprudently in following Bonaparte into the marshes of Ronco and Arcola. The second day was occupied in attempts of this kind, which the French, secure on the narrow causeway of opposing man to man, and making their cannon enfilade the long columns of the advancing enemy, always succeeded in repelling. The second day was, therefore, one of continued failures and losses to Alvinzi; and these were so great, that on the third day Bonaparte found himself strong enough to leave both marsh and causeway, and advance into the firm plain. The bridge of Arcola was no longer important, a bridge having been thrown over the Adige below Alpone. On the 17th then, the third day of Arcola, was fought the decisive battle in the plain beyond the village. Bonaparte turned and surprised the enemy's left, not only by a strong division from Legnago, but by a small body of his guides, who, with trumpets sounding and arms clashing, menaced a formidable attack. Yet it cannot be said that on this third day manœuvres did much; the French showed in fact more mettle and obstinacy than the Austrians, and beat them from the field. Alvinzi lost 18,000 men, abandoned the field, and, like his predecessor, regained the Austrian Alps.

Bonaparte had thus decidedly defeated five successive armies, driven Beaulieu from Piedmont, beaten him at

Montenotte, Millesimo, and Mondovi; again surprised him at the passage of the Po, and at Lodi decided the fate of the Milanese. Wurmser then took the command, was beaten at Lonato and Castiglione, and left the rest of northern Italy at the mercy of the French: reinforced, he made another invasion; his lieutenant beaten at Roveredo, himself worsted on the Brenta, he took refuge in Mantua. Then came Alvinzi with a fresh army; it perished on the causeways and in the fields of Arcola. Will the reader not start with surprise to learn, that Alvinzi rallied another army; that the best born youths of Vienna flocked to fill its ranks, bearing standards worked by the hands of the empress, and uniting all the strength that enthusiasm and activity could furnish? This new army was divided, as usual, into two: one, under Alvinzi, was to descend the old route from the Tyrol, betwixt the Adige and the lake, the other by a circuit down the Brenta to relieve Mantua. The pope had this time promised to take up arms, and to send an army to co-operate with those of the emperor. The only difference betwixt the present plan of Alvinzi and the last was, that then his chief force took the circuit against Verona, whereas now his chief force came from the Tyrol. Bonaparte only hesitated until he could be certain of this, and then he concentrated the mass of his army on the plain of Rivoli. Here Alvinzi attacked him on the 14th of January, 1797. The lofty plain of Rivoli, high above the Adige, is a kind of intermediate step betwixt the river and the alpine Montebaldo. The Austrian infantry had clambered the latter, and menaced his left; whilst the artillery was obliged to wind up a steep and narrow path from the river ere it could attack. The position was strong; but Alvinzi determined to remedy this by attacking on all sides, even in the rear. His advance from the mountain against the French right was at first successful, and was for a long time menacing; but redoubled efforts repulsed it, whilst the same valour and apt manœuvres on the right succeeded in overthrowing the division that marched up the narrow path. The Austrians, everywhere beaten, were unable to gain foot-

ing on the heights, and were scattered, routed, and destroyed.

Let us here pause, to observe, that one general opinion regards German courage as phlegmatic, but durable and obstinate; whilst that of the French is considered impetuous in onset, but apt to evaporate. These battles seem to afford contrary conclusions: the Germans began spiritedly and triumphantly, and flagged as the struggle lasted; whilst the French seemed to increase in ardour and obstinacy. The days of Arcola and Castiglione, even more than Rivoli, bear witness to this.

The other division of the Austrian army under Provera fought its way to the very walls of Mantua, but was not allowed to penetrate. Wurmser in vain endeavoured to join and rescue the important succours by a sortie. He was beaten back, and Provera defeated and obliged to lay down his arms. There was no hope that Austria could hold ground in Italy. The veteran Wurmser, reduced for many weeks to eat horse-flesh, saw the inutility of holding out; and Mantua was accordingly surrendered by him in February. Thus terminated the first campaign of Bonaparte; the most brilliant in modern history, considering the armies and the empire conquered, and the unequal numbers with which this was achieved. Soldiers and general covered themselves with glory, especially the latter, to whose military genius (skill is no longer the word), indomitable courage, and inexhaustible resources of mind, supplying the want of all others, complete success was due. Nor could it be said that the enemy was despicable; the Austrians could neither be compared to the rude Gauls of Cæsar's time, nor to the effeminate Persians of Alexander's. To the last they displayed the honourable courage of the soldier, and were, in their late attempts especially, gallantly led and ably commanded. That such a career of victory should have marked out the winner to deserve a crown is not wonderful.

Not tarrying even to receive the sword of Wurmser, Bonaparte had joined the legions marching to chastise

Rome for its late demonstration. At Imola, the papal force, exhorted by priests, made a respectable stand, but was of course routed; when imperial Austria was driven from the field, the pontiff could hope nought, save from submission. Bonaparte proved generous. Despite the exhortations of the directory to crush the high priest of superstition, the French commander granted terms to the pope at Tolentino; deprived him, indeed, of the legations and Ancona; took from him a contribution, and more works of art; but still allowed him an ample political existence. Bonaparte, untainted by the bigotry of Jacobinism, which his high renown had set him far above, refused to gratify the directory at the price of exciting a religious war. He even showed tolerance to the French emigrant priests, and ordered the Italian convents to nourish them.

Although defeated in Italy, where her eagles met the standards of Bonaparte, Austria was still triumphant over the French in Germany, and had driven them back over the Rhine. Some fresh success, a decisive advance, was requisite, in order to humble the imperial court, and reduce it to sue for peace. Neither the directory nor Bonaparte had yet extended their ambition to universal conquest. They had no longer any rancour against the humbled Austria. Their political hatred was now concentrated against England,—a hatred born of national rivalry, and of the inability to strike a blow, or inflict a wound. Already the directory had succeeded in inducing Spain to form an offensive alliance with her. With the fleet of that country, of her own, and of Holland united, France hoped to dispute the empire of the sea. In this she but sacrificed the colonies and mariners of those unfortunate countries. England most dreaded the defection of Austria. Her defeat being foreseen, lord Malmesbury was nevertheless despatched to Paris to propose a negotiation, by which France was to recover her colonies in return for Flanders being again ceded to Austria. The attempt was vain, except as a manifestation of a wish for peace; for Austria prized Flanders as

the most troublesome of its possessions, and most difficult to defend. The directory, aware that another victory would place Austria at its feet, and calculating on this victory from the elation of the Italian army, and the despondency of its foe, would hearken to no overture from Great Britain. Bernadotte was despatched with 30,000 troops of the army of the Rhine to reinforce Bonaparte; whilst Hoche, returned from his baffled expedition against Ireland, superseded Pichegru on the Lower Rhine.

Ere leaving Italy behind, to pass the Alps of Tyrol and Friuli, it was requisite to be assured of the neutrality of Venice. This neutrality it promised, but found difficult to keep. The principles of the French were ever more hostile to aristocracy than to royalty; and though Bonaparte had tempered these in the republics of his institution, still the Cispadane and the embryo one of Milan teemed, as usual, with Jacobins and preachers of revolution. The Venetian cities of the mainland, ruled by the severe government of the state, from which even their nobles were excluded, adopted these new maxims of liberty. Those, especially, that adjoined the Milanese, meditated an insurrection. The Venetians raised troops of Sclavonians, and of the peasant population, who were bigots, and as disinclined to the French as the townsmen were favourable to them. Thus two extreme parties were armed against each other. The government, in its defence, employed one whose zeal it was unable to temper, or prevent from confounding the French with their proselytes and admirers.

The French army marched ere the insurrection burst forth. The object of these was to appear spontaneous, and not to trouble their allies with acting either as defenders or police. Bonaparte crossed the Alps early in March. The archduke Charles was now his opponent; but, as usual, the promised reinforcements had not arrived in time. The principal stand made by the Austrians was on the banks of the Tagliamento. The French forced the passage after a sharp action, drove back their

enemies, occupied town after town, and, in little more than a fortnight's space, arrived within four and twenty leagues of Vienna. But to advance upon that capital, without the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine, would not have been wise. Their advance had been promised, and did actually take place in some time; but a despatch from the directory had informed Bonaparte not to expect their support. Jealousy of his glory, or perhaps the dissensions then breaking forth in the directory itself, occasioned this: and the French general, accordingly, wrote to the archduke Charles, proposing peace. After some delay, the Austrian court replied by sending negotiators, who signed a preliminary treaty, or armistice, at Leoben, on the 18th of April.

Meantime, the insurrection in the Venetian towns of Brescia and Bergamo had broken out. The senate despatched troops to quell it, and proceeded to arm the peasants of the mountains, who were as anti-revolutionist as the Tyrolese. The French commander opposed this measure, as dangerous to himself. Venice asked him whether the friendly disposition of the French might be relied on. He replied by advising the senate to modify its aristocratic constitution, and satisfy, in some measure, the popular party. This was in fact the only expedient that remained to pacify the troubles, and save the state; for, in an open quarrel, the French could neither act nor be considered as neutral. The aristocratic party would not bend. It roused, in its turn, insurrections of the mountaineers and agricultural peasants to oppose those of the townsfolk; and they, feeling themselves warranted by the governing authority, proceeded to all kinds of atrocity. The French were not spared. All those found at Verona were massacred, even to the sick in the hospital; and throughout the states the same example was followed.

Bonaparte, who at Leoben had, previous to this, meditated and proposed the dismemberment of the Venetian territory, was relieved from having to bear the blame of an unwarranted spoliation, by the pretext thus afforded

him. He instantly grasped at it, and declared that "the hour of Venice was come." He declared war against the unfortunate city, and brought cannon to the edge of the lagoons. The panic-struck senate, and the pusillanimous doge, terrified by his menaces, passed a decree, dissolving their ancient constitution, and establishing a kind of municipal democracy in its stead. This was mere anarchy, and produced tumult, with menaces of a general plunder, which the French were of course called in to quell. Thus fell Venice in dotage, after an existence of more than a thousand years.

CHAP. VI.

1797—1799.

FROM THE FIRST CESSATION OF WAR WITH AUSTRIA AT LEOBEN TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CONSULATE.

WHILST the army of Italy was immortalising itself by humbling the first power of the continent, the five directors of France could not vindicate for themselves the least share of its fame. They continued to hold their footing, indeed, as sovereigns, on the narrow pedestal of their immediate party, the conventionalists and regicides. They relied on the army, too, as auxiliaries; but they soon found that public opinion was irrevocably averse to their persons and their maxims; and that, with liberty of election still left to the country, they could never be friends with or stand before its representation.

The newly chosen third of the legislative body, all allowed to be re-elected, had, from the first, formed an opposition, together with the most respectable of the conventionalists; and it was evident, when the eighteen months, the interval fixed by the constitution for the re-election of another third, should elapse, a majority would be found against the old conventionalists. This

was insufferable in their eyes; and they used every means to provide against it. Their principal weapon was the declaration that their opponents were royalists at heart, and consequently traitors to the constitution, and that they themselves were the only genuine republicans.

No doubt the thorough royalists, the partisans of the house of Bourbon, did rally to this new opposition, did mingle covertly with its councils, and give some truth to the inculpation. It was unwise of the republican opposition not to repudiate them, at least as yet. "Had I been consulted," said madame de Staël, "I never would have counselled the establishment of a republic in France. At the same time, when it was established, I certainly would not have counselled its overthrow." To this opinion an impartial mind may rally: and it was, in a great measure, that of the party at first in opposition to the directory; but when the second third of the legislative council was re-elected, and thereby a fresh infusion of anti-conventionalists admitted to power, then indeed a royalist party began decidedly to form and to show itself. Thus, in 1797, there were three distinct shades of political opinions, — the conventionalists or regicides, the constitutional republicans, and the royalists. The latter composed a very small minority, that looked up to Pichegru as its head; but as it voted and acted with the constitutionalists in opposition to the directory, the parties became mingled in a great measure, and compounded. They came to form a club, called that of Clichy, in which the plan of parliamentary conduct was discussed and arranged; and, as is generally the case, the extreme opinions soon gave a colour to the entire association.

"In civil dissensions, men always come to adopt the opinions of which they are accused." Thus the conventionalists accusing all their enemies, that is, the majority of the nation, of being royalist, the latter accepted the reproach; and public opinion, in despite and despair at seeing the name of republic monopolised by a faction,

did turn towards monarchy. This, however, was but a tendency, a prospect, a last resource, kept in reserve, to be produced as soon as the republican form had demonstrated its impracticability. The conventional or directorial party, instead of displaying moderation and forbearance in the commencement, irritated their opponents by their injustice and suspicion, forced them to swear hatred to tyranny, and kept in force the laws of proscription against even the relatives of emigrants, which included all the respectable class of the kingdom, and against those who had opposed the perpetuation of regicide authority in Vendemiaire. In return, the opposition aimed at relaxing the laws against emigrants; in restoring to the peasantry their worship, their priesthood, and their church bells; in repealing the most violent of the revolutionary laws; and healing, in fact, the wounds of the country. The directorial party called this counter-revolution and royalism.

When the second third of the legislative body was re-elected, the conventionalists became the minority. And here instantly appeared the mortal defect of the system. The legislature held one opinion, the executive another; and the constitution had provided no means for restoring harmony. A monarch, in his supreme indifference for aught but the good and wishes of his people, may change his opinion with his ministry; but five Jacobins clothed with authority could not in this play the king. Force could alone decide the quarrel, by compelling the weakest to yield. This is what the French called a republic; — such was their third or fourth attempt at organising freedom. Their manifest failure, already flagrant, was full excuse enough for the more ardent republicans to turn in despair towards monarchy, as the only means of preserving a vestige of liberty.

Anarchy, in fact, became once more probable. The only two principles conservative of order are — loyalty to a monarch, or respect towards the representative majority. It should seem that age was required to hallow the latter, as well as the former: for the French never

showed the least respect for a system, the form of which indeed they borrowed from us, but left the spirit behind. In every successive phase and scene of the revolution, the same fact recurs of a rational majority overpowered by a factious minority, allied with some band of assassins or soldiers. Now, it may be safely asserted, that when this once takes place, it will be repeated, until the auxiliary force is strong and wise and systematic enough to keep the ascendancy that it was momentarily called to exercise. The mob could never organise itself for this purpose. No sooner, however, was the army called in to do the old work of the mob, than it did it at once and for ever.

The election of the second third of the legislature took place in the early part of 1797. Up to this period, the directors, masters of the majority, and united among each other, held the reins of state with some vigour. A royalist conspiracy had been discovered, and the punishment of its chiefs served to counterbalance that of Babœuf and the democrats, and to give an appearance of impartiality to the government. Now began the struggle betwixt the executive and the legislative majority. Three of the directors — Barras, Reubel, and Lepaux, — were cordially united in upholding the interest of what they called the "revolution," by which they meant the permanence of the conventionalists and of the old revolutionary laws. Carnot differed from them in being attached solely to liberty and the republic, and in not insisting on the predominance of any faction, and in the necessity of stooping to the constitutional majority in all short of royalism. Carnot undoubtedly took the honest view of the question; and, despite his old career with the terrorists, he was looked up to by the constitutional party. Letourneur followed Carnot's opinions. The period had now arrived for one of the directors to go out. The lot unfortunately fell, or was made to fall, on Letourneur; and thus, although Barthelemy was elected by the councils to replace him, Barras, Reubel, and Lepaux still had the majority in the executive.

Barras presented the singular union of a furious Jacobin with the manners and despotic habits of an ancient noble. He resembled his friend Danton, coated with court varnish. Reubel was a pragmatic lawyer, endued with the obstinacy of dulness; Lepaux a visionary, who aspired to form a sect called the Theophilanthropists. This scheme of becoming a prophet gave a certain vigour to a mind naturally puerile, and led Lepaux from the moderation natural to him (for he had been a Girondist) to adopt extreme Jacobinism. He could not pardon the constitutionalists their tolerance of priests and temples. Such was the mean trio, with their meaner motives, destined to tread out the last shadow of liberty in France, to shut the door in the face of returning royalty, which could alone ally with free representation, and to prepare the way for military despotism.

The session, which commenced in April, 1797, after the election of the second third of the legislature, was marked by mistrust and odium towards the directory, which was not only mortified in its political views by the return of the emigrants, the re-establishment of priests, and by the severe animadversion passed upon the conduct of its emissaries in the colonies; but was also shorn of power, and controlled in the management of the revenue. The opposition, obedient to the club of Clichy, in many instances lost sight of both prudence and moderation; many members displaying, too soon and too openly, the wish to undo the whole work of the revolution. This alarmed the vanity as well as the interests of the nation, and served to rally the democratic party out of doors to the directory. One motive of the Clichians was especially ill advised; it was that of accusing the generals of the armies of Italy and the Rhine —Bonaparte and Hoche—of divers arbitrary and illegal acts; the levying and disposing of funds; but more especially the destruction by Bonaparte of the old republics of Venice and Genoa. The gravity of this latter accusation almost excused its temerity; but its unfortunate effect was to outrage the armies, and to attach

their fidelity to the directorial cause. Bonaparte had the means in his hands of taking instant vengeance. He had seized on the papers of the count d'Atraigues, containing strong traces, if not proofs, of Pichegru's being in correspondence with the Bourbons. Pichegru was the president of the five hundred, and one of the leaders of the club of Clichy. Bonaparte thus supplied the directory with a pretext for the blow they meditated. Hoche shared in the sentiment of his brother general; and, under pretence of drafting troops to Britany for his Irish expedition, he brought divisions of his army to menace the capital and support the directory.

"The government," says Thibaudeau, "had two ways of crushing the royalists,—either by violence and the interference of the armies, or by uniting itself with the constitutionalists. The first destroyed the republic, and rendered liberty impossible; the latter might have saved both." Divers attempts were made to reconcile the directory—that is, Barras, Reubel, and Lepaux,—with the constitutionalists; for Carnot, though not their personal friend, agreed with their maxims. Madame de Staël exercised her influence to bring about this reconciliation, of which a change of ministry was to be the seal. The constitutionalists, however, refused to swear fealty to regicide supremacy, or to regard the revolution as represented exclusively by its most sanguinary faction. Barras and his friends preferred the army, as a more obsequious ally; and, although they must have known that this would prove the death-blow even to the semblance of liberty that yet remained, they said, Perish liberty, rather than that we should not reign out our day! Madame de Staël, whilst pleading for the constitutionalists, pleaded also for her private friend, M. de Talleyrand, whom she recommended as foreign minister. The directory granted this last request; Talleyrand was appointed as one of a ministry by no means in harmony with the majority of the legislature.

All legal means of deciding the differences were thus set aside, and amicable terms rejected. The troops of

Hoche gathered round the capital, and even approached within the distance of twelve leagues prescribed by law. The constitutionalist deputies remonstrated: the royalists were half indignant, half frightened. Another combat or civil war became inevitable in the metropolis; and each party mustered its forces. The legislative majority principally relied on the national guard, suppressed and mutilated after the affair of Vendemiaire, but which they hoped to reorganise in a short time. The immediate guard of the assemblies was another force, small indeed, but sufficient to rally the honest and moderate citizens, as well as the antijacobin youths of Paris, provided the latter had yet recovered courage from their defeat on the day of the sections. The directory, on the other hand, relied on the army,—upon Hoche and upon Bonaparte; for as to the populace, this class at length became disgusted, and reckless of political events, since they had found defeat possible, and victory of small advantage. In the language of the day, *le peuple avait donné son démission*, the mob had sent in its resignation.

Both Bonaparte and Hoche answered characteristically the call of the directory. Hoche implicated himself, and pledged his wife's fortune, to support what he considered to be the republican cause. Bonaparte incited his army to assemble, to deliberate; and drew up the most furious and jacobinical petitions. With these he forwarded his lieutenant Augereau, to serve the directory in a *coup de main*; thus superseding Hoche, whilst the money promised by Bonaparte never arrived. Already the ambition of this man, born of victory, and nurtured to some growth by the great legislative duties which the reorganisation of conquered Italy imposed upon him, began to show itself in jealousy of all other power. He was willing to aid the directory to crush their opponents, who were his enemies, but neither to make them independent nor himself their slave.

The directory and the legislative majority were now in the respective positions in which the revolution and

its contempt for liberty and the representative system had placed all its parties; that is, in a state of savage hostility; not open civil war, but that of tigers or of Indians, which consisted in lying in wait, and springing unawares on the foe. The best planner of an ambuscade, the readiest to attack, carries away the victory: and as that party which has legal vantage ground recurs last to violence, it is sure to be anticipated and vanquished by its opponent, obliged to supply by activity its want of justice.

The meditated blow, the *coup d'état*, was inevitable, and easy to foresee. The most energetic Clichians proposed to prevent it by a counter-project of violence: they proposed to accuse, to attack the directory; but were not listened to. The constitutionalists would not hear of violence; and even Pichegru, a clumsy and unenergetic conspirator, despaired of the means. They were in the position of the Girondists before the 31st of May, conscious of impending danger, but unable to shun or to prevent it.

On the 16th Fructidor (the 4th September) the blow was struck. Under pretence of a review, troops were brought to the capital, and placed at the disposal of Augereau, who at midnight on the 15th surrounded the Tuilleries, where the councils sat. The peculiar guard of the legislature, or rather its commander, Ramel, made a show of resistance; but his soldiers, at the voice of Augereau and the sight of his force, grounded their arms; and that general took possession of the palace. Several members of the five hundred were found in the committee-room, and instantly arrested. The rest of the opposition deputies, as they came in the morning to their hall of sitting, met with the same reception. The directors, Carnot and Barthelemy, were included by their colleagues in the proscriptions; but Carnot made his escape through the gardens of the Luxembourg: Barthelemy alone was taken. "It cost but a single cannon shot, and that charged merely with powder, to annihilate the republic, which from this fatal night ceased to exist."

The minority of the two councils now assembled, approved, of course, of the violence offered to the constitution, both in the persons of deputies and directors; and by a decree declared the elections of one half the departments of France annulled. Seventy of the most distinguished deputies were condemned to transportation; a sentence which, considering the climate of Cayenne, and the ill usage experienced on their voyage, was almost tantamount to death. Nor did the successful dictators make the least difference betwixt royalists and constitutionalists. Barbe-Marbois, Portalis, Troncon-Ducoudray, Carnot, Pastoret, were condemned to the same penalty as Pichegru or Delarue. The prisoners were conveyed to the Temple, where they occupied the apartments of the unfortunate Louis and his queen. The circumstance must have smitten the hearts of those amongst them who, like Bourdon, had been in the convention, and had voted the deaths of their sovereigns.

The new dictators were not content with decimating the legislature; they formed another list of proscription, composed of the editors and writers in forty-eight journals, — a list that contained many even now eminent in their professions. La Harpe and the abbé Sicard were included in it, as well as Fievé, Michaud, and the Bertins. They were condemned to transportation. Thus were the representatives of the nation and of the public opinion both sacrificed to the regicide faction, who declared, in the language of Robespierre and Marat, that it was done for the sake of liberty and for the safety of the revolution!

The old terrorists' laws were now again put in action; those against emigrants and their relatives were enforced; and the unfortunate priests, who had flocked home on the permission of the late legislature, were now transported to Cayenne for having trusted to it. The *rump* of the convention (for the remaining members of the council corresponded precisely to this term) now endowed the directors with despotic power, gave them liberty to stop all journals and suppress all political societies. In

many cases their mandate was a judgment that superseded the necessity of trial. But indeed, after having seized and condemned the majority of the legislature, all sanction was needless for a supreme authority already usurped. In all their acts the directory now showed themselves worthy of their origin and of the means by which they were upheld. By a stroke of the pen they cancelled two thirds of the national debt. Their statesman, Sièyes, proposed to complete the work of the revolution, by a law of exile against all who were noble, even against females nobly born, except they espoused a plebeian. Barras, however, resisted this, which struck at himself. Their foreign policy was equally frantic. They broke off the conference at Lille, in which lord Malmesbury, on the part of England, offered every fair condition of peace, and endeavoured to act the same part by the negotiation with Austria; but Bonaparte, the Thalaba destined to oppose the "Domdaniel caverns" of the Luxembourg, was here, and marred their project.

This personage held something like a monarch's court in Italy, awaiting till the tardy diplomacy of Austria could make up its mind to accept peace at a disadvantage. At the different stages of victory he had parcelled out Italy, according to the probabilities of the hour, into Cispadane, Transpadane, Emilian, and other republics; but time rendered his projects, like his ambition, more vast; whilst the subjugation of Venice changed altogether the views which had dictated the preliminaries of Leoben. By these, Austria, in recompence for the Netherlands, was to receive the Venetian provinces to the Oglio, including Mantua. Venice, neutral, was only to be robbed; but Venice, now in distress, was not only to be robbed, but murdered. Bonaparte proposed to make the Adige the boundary of Austria, giving her, in lieu of Mantua, Venice itself; thus sacrificing, with the apathy of a barbarian, the oldest republic in Europe, the only link of the kind left betwixt classic and modern times. But what was base in Bonaparte to sacrifice, was still more base of Austria to accept — Austria, in whose behalf the hapless

Venice had armed. It showed that in diplomacy the monarchy of old lineage and the upstart republic were equally selfish and machiavelian. Westward of the Adige, Bonaparte amalgamated his Transpadane and Cispadane republics into one, which he called the Cisalpine. To complete its territory, he took the Valteline from the Grisons; whilst, to give this French colony (for it was no other) a friendly sea-port, he revolutionised Genoa, which he made the capital of a Ligurian republic. The directory insisted on the Cisalpine being organised in imitation of the French; which was completely effected, Bonaparte naming the five directors; who thus based their rights, as did Barras and Lepaux, not on the people, but on the soldiery. It must, however, be confessed, that the general in all things sought to correct the narrow prejudices of the regicides. He was tolerant to priests and nobles, and chid the Genoese for proposing to imitate the bigotry of the French revolutionary laws. His opinion of Jacobinism in the directory is sufficiently evinced by his impatience at finding his friend and secretary sign his surname Fauvelet, in lieu of his territorial title, De Bourrienne. A decree had so ordered it. "Sign as usual," ordered Bonaparte, "and never mind the lawyers."

He was strangely impeded in completing the negotiations for peace begun at Leoben. Austria hoped to profit by the royalist reaction which the *coup d'état* of Fructidor marred—one reason of the general's supporting the directory; but that body threw equal obstacles in his way, and bade him demand the Isonzo as a limit, in lieu of the Adige. He determined to disobey; and when Cobentzel, the Austrian plenipotentiary, hesitated and finessed, Bonaparte rose in impatience, dashed to the ground a splendid piece of china, declaring that thus would he shatter the imperial monarchy. A threat of resuming hostilities followed up this emphatic piece of rudeness; and Cobentzel, yielding to the proposals of the French negotiator, instantly signed the treaty of Campo Formio, in October, 1797.

Now followed the return of general Bonaparte to the capital, and his triumphal welcome. The directory received him with all the gorgeousness of republican ceremony, clothed in tunic and toga, with the altar of the country at their feet. Barras bade the warrior not repose, but undertake the conquest of England, — "a mission somewhat difficult," adds Madame de Staël. Talleyrand lauded the young general as a contemner of luxury and of low ambition, and as an admirer of Ossian, because his poetry detached the soul from earth. This bold irony from the mouth of the political Mephistopheles seemed but sober prose amidst the excited language of the day. But Bonaparte resolved to act up to this character. To be a lover of poesy, as Talleyrand had hinted, he did not indeed affect, — that would be giving a weak side to ridicule; but he professed to be an admirer of science, and an associate of those learned in such pursuits. He loved, indeed, what was positive and useful. His mathematical education made him more at ease on these subjects. A taste for them came to supersede and blend with that for Ossian, and had considerable influence in leading him to adopt that project of conquering Egypt, the next and not the least gigantic of his adventurous career.

The winter which terminated 1797 and began 1798 was spent by the general at Paris, with the exception of some journeys to the coast to superintend the expedition against England. He had now full opportunity of observing the state of Parisian society and politics. He could not but have been smitten with the ambition of reigning. Those in power were mere usurpers, base, dissolute, undignified, selfish, and incapable. To put himself in the place of the "lawyers," as he called the directory, was certainly no crime, could he achieve it: it was displacing merely one dictatorial power by another, the regicides by the military faction, and to the state's advantage; for his rule, he well knew, would be far more vigorous, and yet less bigoted and despotic, than that of Barras and Lepaux, with their proscriptions and revolutionary laws. He might not,

indeed, as yet aspire to be emperor; but to be chief director, or consul,—any name which would give supreme power the form of liberty,—was the ambition of every upstart in that day, and why not his? But there existed still a strong jealousy of the soldiers and their leaders; whilst in the army itself the principles of republicanism subsisted still more fresh and revered than in the nation. Bonaparte saw this state of things: he saw, indeed, the absurdity of the Jacobins, and their directorial constitution; but he felt that the time was not yet come when he could replace them. "The pear was not ripe," to use his own phrase. What was left?—To cultivate the fame which was to be his title to power, and to detach himself from the directory, whose blunders, when thus left alone, he foresaw, and reckoned due advantage from them.

An army to effect the conquest of England was offered him by the government: he accepted the command; but no sooner turned his strength to the enterprise than he found it impracticable. That was a voyage to shipwreck, not illustrate, his fame. "To gain a battle on British ground he thought possible; but to maintain his ground there was hopeless." But England's dominion was wide; though invulnerable at home, a fatal blow might be directed against her abroad. He had read of the revolutions of commercial superiority, which had ever remained to the nation possessed of the nearest and readiest mode of communication with the East. In the ancient world, Egypt and the Levant had been this channel, which the Venetians had once exclusively held. The Portuguese had ousted them from this, by voyaging round the Cape; the Dutch and English had succeeded them. To restore the commerce of the East into its old channel was Bonaparte's thought. Another great man, Albuquerque, had regarded the possibility of this, but in a hostile light; and in order to preserve to Portugal its supremacy, he proposed to turn the course of the Nile into the Red Sea, and by so doing annihilate Egypt. Bonaparte now contemplated the seizure and conquest of that country, through which either commerce might be commanded from the

East, on war carried thither by some modern Sesostris. The latter character flattered his imagination. It was not Condé, nor Turenne, nor even Cromwell, that he yet sought to emulate; it was rather Tamerlane or Genghiz Khan. A couple of years had elapsed, and his Egyptian project had evaporated in disappointment, ere his ambition condescended to be European, and to take a modern hero, Frederic of Prussia, for his model.

An expedition to Egypt was now, therefore, resolved on. The idea pleased the directory also, who were thus rid of a troublesome rival; and the same reason suited the more profound calculations of Bonaparte. But funds were absolutely wanting. The campaign of the preceding spring had fallen short of full success, because Moreau could not procure some thousand pounds to purchase a bridge of boats. There was now an equal dearth in the treasury. With that defiance of all principle or political honesty which characterises this epoch, they looked round for some weak ally or neutral to plunder. Free Switzerland offered itself: Berne had a treasure: Berne, to be sure, was free: so had been Venice, and Venice was sacrificed. Indeed, it appeared as if the French revolutionists, in despite of their inability to organise or preserve liberty themselves, were determined that their neighbours should be reduced to the same lack of freedom and state of misery as France. A wolf's quarrel was accordingly sought with Berne; and a French army passed the Alps into Switzerland, on the footpad errand of pointing its cannon at Berne, and demanding the public purse of the citizens. The robbers succeeded: Barras filled his purse, and Bonaparte his military chest, from the Swiss coffers; and the expedition against Egypt, thus provided, sailed in the month of May from Toulon.

This enterprise, a kind of episode in French history, like the war of La Vendée, is so well known to the English reader from other sources, that here it will be briefly stated. The fleet reached Malta, one object of its conquest, on the 10th of June. The knights made no resistance; and those who were French betrayed their

trust. Having taken possession of the isle, Bonaparte continued his course for Alexandria, escaping, by wonderful good fortune, the English fleet that under Nelson was crossing and recrossing the Mediterranean in pursuit. A sail that appeared in the offing on the 1st of July, the day of the French landing, alarmed the general not a little. "What, Fortune!" cried he, "can you abandon me? I ask but five days." The sail proved not to be a foe. Alexandria was taken without trouble; and, soon after, the French commenced their march up the Nile to Cairo. The only enemies with whom they had to contend were the Mamelukes, a kind of military aristocracy, brave, but small in numbers, superbly armed and mounted, but unsupported by either infantry or artillery. To conquer them was easy; but the scene of the battle, which took place within view of the pyramids, the antiquity and importance of the country conquered, threw mental magnitude around these achievements. The Mamelukes were routed, and Cairo won; but, at the very time, Nelson attacked the French fleet anchored in the bay of Aboukir; and the victory of the Nile, which annihilated it, dimmed all the glories and advantages of that of the pyramids. For the rest of this year Bonaparte exchanged the duties of the general for those of the legislator, in which he equally excelled. He set about organising his government, and, in order to captivate his new subjects, assumed all the attitudes of oriental heroism and grandeur. He was scrupulous in the distribution of justice, — resistless; the Arabs called him the Sultan of Fire. But he sought to obtain a still stronger hold on their imagination, by passing for a prophet, or heaven-sent conqueror. A similar idea had inspired Robespierre in France*: that of Bonaparte proved as unsuccessful, and only served to mark his extravagant ambition, as well as that want or defiance of all principle which characterised his nation and age.

It was impossible that a person so clear-sighted as

* Madame de Staël called Napoleon a Robespierre on horseback. Never was truth more full and poignant: the utterance of it was more galling than all the despot's decrees of exile in return.

Bonaparte did not perceive the precarious state of the French government, of internal order, and even of peace, though so lately concluded. All was chaos, which one powerful voice could alone clear up. His was not likely to be heard till more wanted; and he accordingly quitted the scene and the quarter of the globe altogether, shutting himself from all share in coming misfortune. He brought with him his best troops, the lieutenants he most relied on, and his fame. He left the directory, deprived of their aids, to hold the helm of state, and show their awkwardness and imbecility. Even before the expedition sailed from Toulon, a quarrel took place at Vienna betwixt Bernadotte, the French ambassador, and the imperial court. Bonaparte affected to treat it lightly, and set sail.

The directory had soon an hundred difficulties to struggle with. Sustained by no prestige, possessing no high character even for talent, and despised by the very soldiery through whose arms it had been lately triumphant, the dictators were obliged to renew the appearance of a free government. Under this appearance, indeed, they might have reigned tranquilly, had they a party or a class to depend upon, out of which they might have formed a majority. They had crushed and exiled the royalists and constitutionalists: there remained but the democrats, and on these, accordingly, the new elections fell. The returned deputies formed instantly an opposition, which the directory had but its old mode of answering, viz. annulling the election. This it did not scruple to put in practice, admitting into the legislature merely those candidates that pleased them, and who universally had had the fewest votes. Such was the representative system of the directory, lauded as free by the French historians, and idolised by Thiers as honestly republican and thoroughly revolutionary. Surely in a country where such doctrines as these may not only be upheld, but welcomed with favour, any and every system of political freedom is impossible.

Whilst tyranny was thus unblushingly setting aside as

idle even the affectation of principle in domestic government, it may be supposed, that its conduct towards those subject countries, honoured with the title of allies, was not very scrupulous. The directorial form had been forced upon Holland and upon the Cisalpine republic: to render it practicable, the same violent interference,—expulsion of some members, introductions of others into government and legislature,—was necessary. The military chiefs would effect a revolution of this kind one day; an envoy from Paris would accomplish another the next, to be remodified again by the general. The system was a political chaos, differing from despotism only in the number of despots; for tribute was to be paid not alone to king Barras, and to king Barras's proconsuls, but to the generals and their staffs, who, moreover, received forty per cent. upon all contracts. Such was the revolutionary system; which, as a boon, the French had lately extended, spilling the blood of the brave, too, in forcing its acceptation on the Swiss and the Romans; for the pope had been dethroned in February, 1798, and the eternal city occupied by Berthier.

Where were these encroachments to end? Austria naturally asked. Since Switzerland had been grasped by the French, the empire was deprived of all frontier capable of defence; and the peace of Campo Formio had thus been more fatal to her than war. France refused her all explanation; whilst the expostulations of Great Britain did not allow the court of Vienna to remain insensible to danger. The victory of the Nile sealing the absence of Bonaparte and of the old army of Italy, roused the spirit of Europe. Prussia, indeed, whose resistance was desired, refused to stir; but Paul, emperor of Russia, was at length excited to become the champion of monarchic Europe, and to head a new coalition against France.

The winter of 1798-9 was spent in preparations; but the court of Naples, elated by the victory and presence of Nelson, could not restrain its enthusiasm until spring, and commenced war by advancing upon Rome

in the month of December. The French, few in number, under Championnet, retreated to the mountains behind Soracte. Mack, the Austrian general, commanding the Neapolitans, followed them, and was soon defeated by a soldier of the school of Bonaparte. The Neapolitan army evacuated not only Rome, but fled, without making a stand, back to their own capital. Capua, a town most capable of resistance, and defended by a rapid stream, surrendered without firing a shot; and the royal family abandoned Naples. The lazzaroni, unsupported, and uncommanded, held out for several days against the French, and would certainly have succeeded in repelling them altogether, had a prince or general of spirit and authority remained amongst them: but the pusillanimity of the Bourbon race was every where alike unredeemed by a single trait of firmness or valour.

Naples now became the Parthenopean republic; while, to complete the conquest of Italy, the king of Piedmont, the earliest ally of the French republic, was hurled from his throne. The directory despatched an officer to take possession of Turin, and to garrison it. "France," says Thiers, "had the same right to overthrow the court of Piedmont, as the garrison of a fortress have to destroy the buildings that obstruct its defence." In virtue of this martial law, the king was forced to abdicate, and was exiled to Sardinia.

In merited retribution, this violence and grasping ambition on the part of France turned out to weaken her power. She had occupied and revolutionised provinces and kingdoms; but had not given them that freedom and independence which enables a land to acquire national feeling, and to defend itself. The very revenues of each country were swallowed up by the rival spoliations of general and proconsul. A provincial force could not where be raised or depended on. The army, the diminished army of France alone, was thus scattered over an immense frontier, extending from the north of Holland to the south of Italy, with Switzerland, no longer neutral, in the midst, whose mountains it became now ne-

cessary to defend. Bonaparte was absent from the camp; and Moreau was in disgrace, as moderate and monarchically inclined; whilst the talents and vigour of Carnot no longer guided the operations of the Parisian war-office. Nevertheless, the directory esteemed themselves, as of old, invincible, and meditated nothing less than a march upon Vienna, although a few thousand troops were all that they could collect upon the Rhine. It was now, by their order, that the famous project of the *conscription* was presented to the legislature, and passed into a law; so careful were these predecessors of Bonaparte in providing the ample materials of military despotism. The convention had set the example by its *requisitions*, and its *levée en masse*; but these were temporary expedients to meet a pressing danger. The conscription now voted placed all Frenchmen, from the age of twenty to twenty-five, at the disposal of the minister of war. The government instantly put the law in force, to recruit the armies. Jourdan, Bernadotte, Massena, and Scherer were appointed to commands: the latter, whom Bonaparte had superseded as drunken and incapable in 1796, was now re-appointed, whilst Moreau was placed in a subordinate station. But such was the will of Barras.

The new coalition sent an army into the field numbering 300,000 men. The fresh troops of the emperor of Russia made one fourth of this complement, and were commanded by Suwarrow, the conqueror of Praga, the suburb of Warsaw. The Russian general was destined to act in Italy, as a theatre where the courage of the Austrians might be damped by the memory of recent disasters. Hitherto the neutrality of Switzerland had obliged the tide of war to respect and roll on either side of her rocky barrier. But the French had now usurped the country; and as, by a pedantic rule in the military theory of the day, since disproved, the power that possessed the mountains and the sources of rivers could easily master the plain at their feet, and the streams traversing them, the prime object of the bel-

ligerents was to dispute with each other the higher Alps. With this view, Austria collected two armies in the eastern frontier of Switzerland, in the Tyrol, and amongst the Grisons, who had called for their aid; whilst the archduke Charles, with another in Bavaria, menaced at once the upper Rhine and the Swiss frontier on the north. To oppose these armies, Massena, early in March, invaded the Grison country, and drove the Austrians from the valley of the Rhine, which he occupied from the lake of Constance to St. Gothard. Jourdan, at the same time, advanced against the archduke Charles, and posted his army betwixt the lake of Constance and the Danube.

Here the first blow was struck. The archduke was more than a match for his old antagonist. He attacked the French, in a weak point of their line, forced it, and compelled Jourdan to retreat. The latter sought to take his revenge at Stochach. His chief attempt was directed against the archduke's right, and Soult succeeded at first in driving it before him; but, reinforced, it stood its ground. Prince Charles, himself, charged at the head of his cavalry, and after a stubborn contest the French gave way, and suffered a defeat. The army of Jourdan, in consequence, retired behind the Rhine. In Italy, at the same time, Scherer experienced like success. If the directory had sought out a commander to act as a foil to Bonaparte on the theatre of that general's exploits, it could not have chosen otherwise. Scherer, instead of passing the Adige, manœuvred with vague intention; was beaten by Kray; and driven back, in a short month's time, to the Oglio and the Adda; where, conscious of his incapacity, he yielded up the command to Moreau. But it was too late for this able general to retrieve the campaign. Suwarrow had arrived with his Russians. He forced the passage of the Adda, defeated the French, and, surrounding one of their divisions, compelled it to surrender. Moreau, however, manœuvred, and took post in the Apennines, to await the coming of Macdonald, who had evacuated Naples and Rome, and was advancing to

the aid of his comrades in northern Italy. Betwixt these two generals a plan was formed: Moreau, deceiving Suwarrow, was to cross the Apennines, and descend into the plain near Piacenza; Macdonald, from the south of Genoa, was also to cross the mountains in the same direction, and to form a junction with Moreau, when the combined army hoped to fall on the rear of the Austrians, surprise their scattered corps, and destroy one after the other. The junction never took place; whether owing to Moreau's tardiness, or to Macdonald's rash haste and impetuosity, has not clearly been decided. The latter, issuing alone from the mountains, routed the first Austrian corps with which he came in contact. But Suwarrow, who had divined Moreau's intentions, had retrograded to oppose them; and Macdonald found himself on the banks of the Trebbia, in presence of an overwhelming force of Austrians and Russians. Retreat would have been prudent; but Macdonald stood his ground, and gave battle to Suwarrow. It was renewed for three successive days,—the 17th, 18th, and 19th of June; and even the night brought no cessation to the carnage. The Polish legion, under Dombrowski, was here destroyed almost to a man. The French were defeated with great loss, not a general officer escaping without a wound.

Disasters came thick on every side. In Germany and Italy the French had been routed. Even in Switzerland Massena had abandoned the line of the Rhine, and had retreated to that of the Lint and the Limmat, streams in continuation of the lake of Zurich. An English and Russian army had made good a descent upon Holland. La Vendée and the Chouans showed symptoms of another insurrection. On the directory fell the blame of these evil fortunes. Every class joined in execrating it: the royalists in silent indignation. The military attributed to the *lawyers*, as they called the directors, the weakness and disorganisation of the armies. The patriots declared, with truth, that the government was as imbecile and powerless abroad, as it was violent and

tyrannical at home. To submit to dictatorial rule, and yet not find in it energy sufficient to repulse the foreign enemy, was disgraceful and insufferable. If the directory in Fructidor had triumphed over a parliamentary opposition, it was by the aid of the army which it had sent to victory, and in the midst of their triumph and successes, which naturally strengthen governments; but now, when every day brought tidings of defeat, and when the soldiery were as indignant as the people against the directory, a *coup d'état*, or stroke of violence, became no longer possible for them to effect. The period arrived for new elections. They were universally democratic; but the directory dared no longer to cancel them, and adjudge the right of sitting as deputies to their own defeated candidates. A powerful majority declared against them in the council of ancients and of the five hundred, no longer constitutional and royalist, as in Fructidor, but constitutional and democratic. The lot for quitting the directory falling on Reubel, the noted Sièyes was chosen in his place. Successive attacks now took place against the old members and spirit of the government; Barras, however, being excepted,—that flexible politician having made his peace with the opposition. The directory was deprived of its dictatorial power,—of its right of suppressing journals; and public opinion, thus regaining its organ, became trebly powerful. The majority of the legislature determined to force the three directors hostile to it to give in their resignations. A commission was appointed, a report demanded of the state of the nation, and menaces of proceeding to extremes went as far as parliamentary vigour would admit. The old directors, supported by Lareveillère, remained obstinate. They invoked the constitution, and their inviolability thereby decreed; but the answer was prompt and apt. They had violated the constitution to support themselves in Fructidor. On similar grounds of expediency, it might be violated to their prejudice: they were forced to resign. Ducos, Moulins, and Gohier were appointed in their place. The two last were demo-

crats attached to the dictatorial system, but became ciphers; since Ducos, united with Sièyes and Barras, formed a majority inspired by moderate but vague views, determined, indeed, to carry on as yet the government on the present system, but despairing of that system, which experiment had so fully proved incapable of establishing either freedom and order in peace, or success in war.

A new administration always endeavours to signalise itself by vigour; and the present, possessed of the legislative majority, were not checked by the extravagance of the measures which they proposed. A forced loan, an extension of the conscription law, filled at once the armies and the coffers of the state, whilst the law of hostages, rendering all the nobles of a province answerable for its tranquillity, compelled them to exert themselves to put down insurrection. Barras redoubled his zeal in his peculiar department, the police; he appointed his creature, Fouché, to preside over it. To the discernment of Barras, France owes the advancement of Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and Fouché: the three names tell sufficiently his discernment.

The young Joubert, in whom the directory hoped to raise a rival to Bonaparte, was now commissioned to take the command in Italy against Suwarrow. Like the general whom he sought to emulate, his marriage was simultaneous with and accessary to his appointment. "To conquer or perish," was his parting promise to his young bride. He crossed the Alps with reinforcements, rallying the remains of Moreau's and Macdonald's force. But he was still far inferior in number to Suwarrow; to whom Mantua, and all the fortresses of southern Italy, had already surrendered. Joubert, however, bent more on acting a heroic part than anxious to defend his country, gave the Russian general battle at Novi. It was fought on the 15th of August with obstinacy and slaughter, but with little skill on either side. Suwarrow, with superior forces, attacked on every point. Joubert advanced to the front, to support and

encourage his men, when a ball struck him to the heart. His dying word bade his soldiers advance, but in vain. Moreau again resumed the command, and only succeeded in bringing off a defeated and shattered army. Thus Italy was lost in the campaign of a few months.

It was a few days after the battle of Novi that Bonaparte left Egypt to return to France. In the spring the Turks had menaced him with two armies,—one from Syria. This, with his usual promptitude, he marched in February to anticipate, crossing the Desert, and penetrating without opposition into Syria. Jaffa he took by storm. A part of the garrison had retreated into large habitations, and prepared for an obstinate defence. The general's aide-de-camp promised them quarter, upon which they laid down their arms. The countenance of Bonaparte fell, on beholding this long train of prisoners. "What should I do with them?" exclaimed he in anger to the aide-de-camp. He had not provisions for his own troops. To retain prisoners was impossible. To set them free was to place so many enemies on his flank. Yet this last should have been nobly resolved on. Bonaparte hesitated. But on the third day the prisoners were marched out, to the number of several thousands, to the beach, and shot in cold blood, some few escaping who swam out to sea. The soldiers made signs of reconciliation to these wretched men, induced them to approach the shore, and there mercilessly shot and slew them. This last act strikes us as one of the greatest blots on the character of French soldiers. The general might plead necessity. But here the soldier, of his free will and caprice, emulated all the atrocity of the Parisian Septembrisers.

Immediately after this, the French were checked before the walls of Acre. They formed in vain the siege. The ferocious Djezzar commanded within, and sir Sidney Smith aided him with cannon, and at need with sailors to work them. The Turkish army in the meantime advanced, surprised and surrounded Kleber at Mount Tabor; but that general kept them at bay, till

Bonaparte came to his rescue, surrounded the Moslems in turn, routed and slaughtered them. Acre, despite this victory, was impregnable; after repeated efforts, and the loss of the bravest officers, the French were obliged to retreat. In passing by Jaffa*, another instance occurred of Bonaparte's placing himself above the common principles of morality. He proposed to administer strong doses of opium to those incurably afflicted with the plague. A system of mercy daily applied to animals he thought might be extended to human life. The surgeons recoiled at a theory of mercy that might be taken for murder. In this instance, as in the more guilty ones of Jaffa and the duc d'Enghien, the influence of the revolution is seen. Bonaparte was not naturally either a monster, or even a cruel man. But he had started to manhood at a time when the universal mind of France presented a *tabula rasa* of all principle, moral and religious. The great doctrine of expediency had been preached and hallowed by the revolution, the energy of which was then, and is still, largely admired, and the grand successes of which, as well as its many lutary consequences, were considered to hallow, if not .ts crimes, at least to excuse the principle which generated them.

Returning to Egypt, Bonaparte had to contend with the insurrection of the Arabs, and the discontented projects of his own troops. In July a Turkish army landed at Aboukir: the general hastened to attack it. The Moslems showed their wonted valour, repulsed his first effort, till, assaulted again whilst busied in decapitating the slain, they were driven back in disorder. Murat with his cavalry penetrated amongst them, sabred multitudes, and drove the rest into the bay of Aboukir. The sea was strewn with turbans. Having thus wiped off the disgrace of Acre, Bonaparte, whose object was not to vegetate in Egypt, prepared to leave his army

* Bonaparte's touching the plague sores of the sick at this place should be remembered, not only as an act of heroism, but as evincing his soldier-like belief in predestination, the only and the singular principle of his creed.

secretly, and repair to France. From gazettes furnished him by the English admiral he learned the victories of Suwarrow and the archduke Charles, the disgrace and anarchy of France. The field was opened to him as a restorer. Feelings of indignant patriotism inspired him, no doubt; but those of selfish ambition mingled with them. "The pear was now ripe:" in short, usurpation was no longer an impossibility. He ordered two frigates to be prepared, and in one of them he embarked, on the 23d of August, taking a farewell of his army merely through the medium of a proclamation, leaving to Kleber the command, with Menou as his lieutenant. With him he brought his most trusty generals, the necessary instruments of his fortune. Having narrowly escaped the British cruisers, he landed near Frejus on the 9th of October.

But ere following the pursuit of fortune in his bold and successful stroke for sovereignty, we must recount the last military events of the republic, those which took place in Holland and Switzerland. An English and Dutch army, under the duke of York, had disembarked at the Helder, the narrow point on which the peninsula of Holland terminates. The archduke Charles, in his Memoirs, has amply shown the hopeless nature of these expeditions, commenced from a single point, with no retreat or support secured, but such as shipping can afford. However victorious in many encounters, the duke of York was unable to force the position defended by Brune, was obliged to retreat, and evacuate the country. The British, however, gained an important object, the capture of the whole Dutch fleet in the Texel.

In Switzerland, Massena behind the Limmat, the lake of Zurich, and the Lint, was pressed and held in check by the archduke Charles. But this very prince hesitated to attack so active an opponent without the opportunity of advantage. The council at Vienna, impatient, deemed that the impetuous Russians would act with more vigour, and drive Massena from the Alps, as they had expelled Scherer, Macdonald, and Joubert from Italy. Suwarrow

and his Russians were ordered accordingly to march into Switzerland; whilst Korsakow, another Russian general, with an army of his nation, took the post of the archduke Charles upon the Limmat. Nothing is more dangerous than the change of troops before an active enemy: it was the opportunity that the great Frederick loved so much to take advantage of; and Massena now followed his example. Mustering nearly 40,000 men, whilst Korsakow as yet numbered but 25,000, the French general crossed the Limmat, and anticipated the Russians' design of assuming the offensive. With this view, Korsakow had concentrated his troops in Zurich. Massena attacked the town on both sides, and a desperate engagement took place in the suburbs and streets, murderous for the inhabitants as for the combatants: the famous Lavater was one of the victims. A great body of the Russians forced their way through the French; but more than one half of the army of Korsakow was either taken or slain. Soult, on the Lint, was only less decisively successful, because less obstinately opposed. These actions took place towards the close of September, whilst Suwarrow was forcing the passage of Mount St. Gothard. He hoped to come on the flank of the French, whilst they were pressed in front; but when Suwarrow arrived in the valley, his allies were repulsed, and he himself in imminent jeopardy. Accustomed to victory, he was now compelled to retreat, even ere he could fight,—and such a retreat!—for which shepherds' tracks over the highest ranges of Alps offered the only passage. Massena had scarcely need of firing a gun. The march and its privations diminished the army of Suwarrow as much as the battle of Zurich had lessened that of Korsakow. Often the Russian soldiers refused to advance through these stupendous and frigid regions; the general would then cause a pit to be dug, fling himself into it, and desire his army to march over his body, and desert in these solitudes the commander that had so often led them to victory. Nor were the French idle: at the Devil's Bridge, which they broke,—at Kloenthal, and in many

a perilous defile, Massena's lieutenants attacked and slaughtered the discomfited Russians, who lost two thirds of their numbers on their route from St. Gothard to the Grisons. The reconqueror of Italy, Suwarrow, was indignant with the Austrians, who had laid a trap, he asserted, for his fair fame. He considered himself betrayed, broke his sword in resentment, and resigned all command in disgust, vowing never more to serve with the imperialists.

While Massena was thus rescuing the republic from peril, and Bonaparte crossing the sea to its support, as he asserted, the new directory was essaying to govern the state. Parties had changed, and fallen into such a state of confusion, that it is very diffiult to mark their opinions and divisions. The old directory, a pure regicide clan, had been ousted from their dictatorship by a majority of the legislature; but this very majority consisted of two parties, the moderates and the democrats: the latter attached to the present constitution, the former adhering to it for the moment, but convinced that it had failed as an experiment, and required modification. These opinions within the legislature were exaggerated by their respective partisans without. The anarchists, or extreme democrats, met again in club in the very hall of the old convention, and menaced a renewal of the Jacobins. The moderates among the people had an equal dread of the terrorists and contempt for the directory. Baffled themselves in their open and insurrectionary attempt to put down both, they were ready to applaud the bold personage that would effect this revolution.

The legislative councils were somewhat at variance: the moderates were the stronger in the ancients, the democrats in the five hundred. In the directory, Sièyes and Ducos were of the former interest, Gohier and Moulins of the latter; they paralysed each other: it was evident that five was a number too great to form an executive. Barras, however, joined for the time with Sièyes and Ducos; and these, aided by the majority

of the ancients, shut up the club of the *Manège* or new Jacobins, and deferred at least the revival of anarchy.

Amidst this last agony of the republican form of government, Bonaparte reached the shores of Provence. The inhabitants, dreading invasion, received the hero as their deliverer: they rushed on board his vessel to welcome him; and thus forced him to dispense with the laws of quarantine. His hurried journey to Paris allowed him opportunity to behold to what a wretched state the dictatorial régime had reduced France. Not to speak of their defeats, the loss of Italy, and all the advantages of Campo Formio, the provinces were in the most disorganised state, the roads were infested with robbers; by the law of hostages, all who were even nobly related were obliged to hide in terror, or else join insurgent bands. The rich were vexed with the same exactions that the panic and menaced invasion of the early part of the revolution had excused. Whatever difference there might be in the sentiments of the capital, those of the provinces were unanimous in hailing any government that might supersede the directory.

Every statesman of experience or enlightened views had already admitted the necessity of a change: many had looked towards monarchy. Barras treated with the Bourbons; Sièyes had said repeatedly, that the chief thing wanting was a *head:* he is even accused of having meditated to give the chief rule to the duke of Brunswick or a foreign prince: but all the band of *mediocrity illustrated* would not hear of any such proposal. They were sincrely and interestedly democrats. The system which took a dull lawyer from the bar, and placed him on the throne, suited them perfectly. Gohier, one of these men, could not but think the directorial constitution an admirable species of government.

On his arrival, Bonaparte repaired to the Luxembourg. The directory praised, and chid, and showed great fear of him. He shut himself up in his modest mansion of the rue Chantereine in vain. He was the loadstone which drew to it all authority and ambition.

Ministers, generals, deputies,—those in place to preserve it, those out of place to gain it,—all flocked to general Bonaparte. All parties made overtures to him,—the very democrats who sought in him an instrument. The moderates sought the same, but were likely to be more grateful. Not to have picked up the fragments of sovereign power that thus crumbled and fell before him, would have been the act not of disinterestedness but absurdity. The country had shown itself incapable of establishing, of tolerating, or of being ruled by, a free government. To bestow upon it one of unity and vigour was, in the present state of things, an act of necessity; it might have been one of patriotism. Ambition mingled with both in the mind of Bonaparte.

He took several days to fix and mature his purposes. The democrats and moderates struggled to possess him. His past acts in the revolution inclined him to the former. His brother Lucien was chosen, out of compliment to him, president of the five hundred, where they prevailed. Through this party, then, Bonaparte proposed to become director in the place of Sièyes; but when he sounded Gohier and Moulins as to this his really not arrogant pretension, those pragmatic blockheads objected on the ground of the law which forbade a director to be under forty. He hinted the facility of getting a dispensation voted. They persisted, not seeing the inevitable consequences of their obstinacy. Bonaparte instantly joined the moderates and Sièyes, and planned with them a change not only in the members but in the form of government. The moderates, however, and Sièyes himself, entered into this not with the view of abolishing the republic, and establishing a despotism under Bonaparte, but merely for the sake of new-modelling the constitution. To effect this, it was necessary to commence with a *coup d'état* or revolution, and to follow it up by a monstrous dictatorship. Both these had occurred, and followed each other in and after the 18th Fructidor. Why might not the same extreme measures be employed now? Barras and Reubel had,

however, then but the conditional support of the army. Bonaparte, on the contrary, was the very representative and hero of the military interest.

The chief exertions of the latter were employed to make sure of the military. On the inferior officers he might reckon; but three of the generals were too republican, or too high in rank, to stoop to a comrade. These were, Bernadotte, Augereau, and Moreau. Augereau, however, was a hot-headed blunderer: Moreau, an irresolute man, discontented with the directory, allowed himself to be neutralised, if not won; and even Bernadotte, the most stubborn, however stoutly he argued against Bonaparte, was stilled, or awed, or duped, by his address.

The 18th Brumaire (9th of November) was the day fixed for the revolution. Bonaparte had summoned all the generals and officers in Paris to an early breakfast. It was a kind of levee; regiments were to be reviewed, &c. The three directors, Barras, Moulins, and Gohier, were kept ignorant of the plot,—an important point, as the three inhabiting the same palace, that of the Luxembourg, formed a majority, and might act. The first step, however, had all the forms of legality. The council of ancients in the interest of Sièyes met at six in the morning, and passed the premeditated decree removing the sittings of the legislative body to St. Cloud, and charging general Bonaparte with the command of the troops in the capital, in order to protect and see to their defence.

This decree was brought to Bonaparte in the midst of his levee. He showed it to the officers around, and addressed them. He seized the rough Lefebvre, presented him with a sabre, and won upon him by a few magic words. A decree of the legislative assembly was sufficient to tie down Moreau to obedience. Bernadotte alone demurred, and departed, but not till he had given a promise not to raise agitations, harangue the soldiers, or in short act, unless legally summoned; and the latter was impossible. Thus sure of the military, Bonaparte rode to the Tuilleries, reviewed his troops, and watched

the least disturbance. Talleyrand had been sent to induce Barras to resign, whilst the latter had sent his secretary, Bottot, to the Tuilleries to collect tidings. Bottot was brought to Bonaparte, who expecting a remonstrance from the directorial emissary, apostrophised him thus, as if he were addressing the directory itself:—

"What have ye done with the France which I left so brilliant? I left you peace, and I find war,—victories, and I find reverses; I left you the millions of Italy, and I find but spoliation and misery. Where are the hundred thousand soldiers, my companions in glory? —They are dead!"

This was spoken to excite the officers around, in fear that he should be obliged to march upon the Luxembourg, which he was prepared to do: but the obsequiousness of Barras rendered this unnecessary. Talleyrand, Bonaparte's envoy to him, promised the veteran director oblivion for the past, wealth and impunity for the future. Barras signed his resignation, and left the capital for his country-house, escorted by dragoons. As to the imbecile Moulins and Gohier, Bonaparte ordered them to be guarded in the Luxembourg, and, as if to implicate or make a lukewarm friend, he charged Moreau with this office.

As Sièyes and Ducos had also resigned, the directory was now virtually dissolved. It remained to replace it as legally as might be done with a new executive. On the morrow, the 19th Brumaire, the members of the two councils met at St. Cloud. Bonaparte had occupied the road and the environs of the château with troops: but his project was still far from accomplished. The democrat majority of the five hundred were indignant, and prepared for extremities. The moderate majority of the ancients wavered, and began to be afraid of their own act, and the intentions of Bonaparte. When they met there was the greatest agitation. The first act of the five hundred was to force its members to swear fidelity to the constitution,—a mock oath for the fellow-

plotters of Bonaparte. The general, informed of this dangerous spirit of opposition, resolved to face and put it down if possible by his presence. Surrounded by his staff, he entered first the council of ancients, and addressed their president; but in manner and with language so confused, as to make his partisans despair of their hero. "Representatives," said he, "you are on a volcano. I was tranquil yesterday, when your decree was brought me, and I have flown with my comrades to your aid. On this account I am now recompensed with calumnies. I am called a Cromwell and a Cæsar. If such were my character or my intention, I had no need of coming here." He then mentioned the resignation of the directors, the distress of the country, the agitated state of the council of five hundred, on which he said there was no dependence. He besought the ancients to save the revolution, liberty, and equality. "And the constitution!" exclaimed a member.

"The constitution!" repeated Bonaparte, pausing, and collecting vigour: "I tell you, you have no constitution. You violated it in Fructidor, in Floréal, and Prairial, when you seized and condemned by force half the national representatives, — when you annulled the popular elections, — when you forced three directors to resign. The constitution, forsooth! — a name at once invoked and violated by every faction. What force can it possess, when it has ceased to command even respect. The government, if you would have such a thing, must be refixed on a new base."

Having thus proved the justice and necessity of the revolution, he proceeded to promise it success, and reassure the timidity of the ancients. He pointed to the glittering bayonets of his soldiers, and added, that "he was accompanied by the God of fortune and of war."

The ancients applauded this speech; and, satisfied with the effect produced, Bonaparte hurried to the other wing of the chateau, where, in the Orangery, the five hundred were kindling in zeal. Here he thought fit to leave his staff behind, and advanced into the hall; the

grenadiers who followed him remaining at the door. Had this assembly calmly heard him, and then voted him traitor or outlaw, his career might have closed; for Jourdan and Augereau were both without, and might have withheld the soldiers. But the choleric deputies sprang from their seats at the sight of Bonaparte, surrounded and apostrophised him; collared, hustled him, tore his coat, and brandished knives even. The grenadiers ran to his rescue, seized, and bore him out of the throng. "Let us outlaw him! A vote of outlawry!" was the instant cry of the assembly: "let him be treated as Robespierre was!" Lucien Bonaparte, who fortunately happened to be president, refused, however to put this decree to the vote. He resisted, gained time, and at length, divesting himself of his toga, was borne out by grenadiers whom Napoleon had sent to his rescue. Lucien here showed far more presence of mind than his brother. He sprung on horseback, harangued the troops, told them that the majority of the five hundred were held in terror by a few democrats, armed with poniards, who menaced them, and who attempted to assassinate their general. This declaration of the president was imposing; and the troops answered with acclamations to Bonaparte's demand of "Might he count on them?" A company of grenadiers was instantly ordered to clear the Orangery. They advanced from one end to the other with bayonets fixed, the deputies escaping by the windows, and through the woods; leaving, not unsuitably, their Roman togas in fragments upon every bush.

On the evening of this day the council of ancients and about fifty members of the scattered five hundred passed a decree abolishing the directory, establishing in its place three consuls, as a provisional government, which, in concert with two committees chosen from each council, and destined to replace it, was authorised to prepare a new constitution.

CHAP. VII.

1799—1804.

THE CONSULATE.

The revolution now closed its agitated career almost in the point from whence it had set out, — in despotism. To judge, let us retrace its course. Under Louis XVI. the monarchy had reached the last stage of imbecility. The unprivileged classes, the great mass of the nation, had long arrived at the maximum of population and wealth that the oppressive régime permitted. About one third of the lands of the kingdom possessed by them were burdened with the whole weight of the taxes. Commercial industry was confined, as in Turkey, to mere frugality. The labourers, like the Irish of our day, barely fed in times of plenty and of employment, were reduced to starve in others, and crowded into towns to beg, where, losing the simplicity of rustic habits, they became the demoralised race that the revolution found them. The condition of the higher ranks was not better. The more frivolous portion enjoyed the congenial atmosphere of the court; but the proud, the talented, the intellectual noble spurned the system that shut him out from all honourable employment or ambition. To be fed and pampered in idleness was the noble's lot. Perchance he might be a warrior, but to be a statesman or philanthropist was denied. The nobility, in consequence, turned to dissipation, as well as to the cultivation of mind in the only path allowed, that of wit and letters: the latter was their business, the former their amusement. We have seen the spirit that came of it, — a blighting, a sarcastic, demoralising view of life, of humanity, and all its finer attributes. Religion, chastity, public virtue, fell before its breath. Men of letters sprung from the middle ranks were

adopted into this high society; and they became expounders and apostles of this epicurean school of modern and polite times. Their writings communicated it to the middle class; from them its worst particles dropped lower down, and diffused the infection even among the rabble. The principal truth to remark is, that this began with the noblesse. Affluence, idleness, and intellect, always beget epicureanism.

This opinion and view of things obtained universal hold of society. And even those upright and enlightened minds that protested against its extreme conclusions, were forced to admit the absurdities and defects which their brethren pointed out as but samples of a corrupt whole. Thus the legists, who held firm to the truths of religion and the principles of monarchy, led the way in resisting both royalty and priesthood in what they considered usurpation, bigotry, and injustice. Before this array of public opinion, Louis XVI., pressed at the same time by the pecuniary necessities of his government, prepared to bow. He appealed first to the noblesse; but, unaccustomed to public affairs, without a political education, they would not yield their privileges, and could neither afford aid nor counsel. The king was driven to have recourse to the commons. To his call, re-echoed through a press for the first time left free, the nation started up zealous, delighted, well-intentioned; but, as was inevitable to a mass starting from oppression, ignorance, and nonentity, it was also suspicious, inflammable, and blind. Then the conservative principles of monarchy were all shaken; loyalty and religion had ceased to influence; whilst the conservative principle of free governments, respect for a representative body, had not yet taken root.

Louis and his ministers, with the best intentions, made now the grossest blunders. Neither monarch nor assembly saw three days before them. The most essential regulations were left to be decided by chance or force. The ignorance and incapacity "that despotism had begotten" precipitated the fall of even legitimate monarchy,

which now sunk below the point where it could breathe or exist. A death quarrel betwixt the revolution on one side, the king and privileged classes on the other, became inevitable. It was carried on secretly by the latter; and the mob, to oppose them, were called into insurrection. Their atrocities and crimes produced disgust, and the first class of revolutionists, the lettered and liberal, recoiled towards monarchy. They wanted energy and union; they were disdained by the courtiers, to whom they sought to rally. The popular leaders triumphed, and the liberal aristocracy and their allies were obliged to follow the courtiers and absolutists into exile.

At this period one gross fault rendered all sensible projects idle. This was the idea that Louis XVI. could reign without any of the attributes of royalty. The leaders of the revolution wanting the good sense and justice to leave him these, it was a fatal relic of respect for him, that still kept him at the head of the government. Had he been dethroned a year sooner, a republic might have been possible; and a republic is better than anarchy. The delay, the passions and factions excited by the monarch's name, and by his constitutional resistance, produced a state of excitement too great for freedom to live in. His presence kept the sore of revolution open, which else might have been healed. And when at last dethroned, parties had become too exasperated in the combat, to think of aught else than security and vengeance. Freedom was lost sight of. In the quarrel which ensued, the national representation was violated; and from that hour the whole aim of the revolution was lost. The representative system is like chastity; once injured, it can never hope to be respected. Insurrection follows insurrection, *coup d'état* succeeds *coup d'état*. The reign of force commences when the reign of law is overthrown. Aught like a constitution becomes impracticable, because its only possible sanction has been destroyed. And the nation, in search of order or established government, can recur to the principles of monarchy alone. There are but the two sources, the

two principles. Neglect the one if you will; but in that case cling to the other. If both be spurned by a people, terror and despotism alone can govern that people. The French found this eminently true; for, from the 31st of May, 1793, in which the Girondists were expelled, and the inviolability of the national representatives infringed, there was only a continued alternation of dictatorships and anarchy, until Bonaparte closed it by the final establishment of his own power.

The French historians most attached to the revolution—Thiers is of the number—display unbounded admiration for the directory. They call its system republican, and affect to deplore in its fall the decline of freedom. The directory appears to us the most contemptible and arbitrary of all the successive governments of the revolution. It began in the usurpation of a faction, which it was obliged to support by acts of violence, for which it could not offer in excuse either the passions that actuated or the public danger that menaced the convention. It was the directory that first called in the army, and made the troops the janissaries of power. It first attributed to the executive full power over the press, and even over personal liberty. It passed the conscription into a decree. It had its forced laws, its terrorist laws. It was faction in all save energy and honesty. From its commencement to its close, Barras, that living sink of all vice and all crime, was its presiding spirit and fit representative. He organised the police, and found a chief in Fouché. It merely remained for Bonaparte to put himself in the place of these dissolute or imbecile directors, and moderate, not increase, the rigour of the laws by which they governed. The French may flatter themselves by pretending that they possessed freedom under the directory, and by charging Bonaparte with having made them slaves. But history contradicts them; the slaves were made to his hand.

Freedom, in fact, was not only extinct, and its revival hopeless, from the reasons above stated; the generation capable of sustaining it was worn out. There

were not men, scarcely one man, of honesty and talents, whereof to make a minister, much less a supreme governor. "*Cela s'appelle des hommes d'état,*" said Bonaparte, alluding to Gohier. It was the misfortune of the revolution, that at its commencement, when talents and integrity abounded, experience, so necessary to give them effect, was wanting; and at its close, when the fruit of experience was plentifully gathered from an unparalleled series of political phenomena, neither talent nor integrity remained to profit by it. Here that higher class which had been proscribed were wanted. Whatever difference of opinion may subsist respecting the aristocracy of birth and property, there can be none as regards the aristocracy of talent and intellectual acquirement. These at least are necessary to command, in any station, that respect which forms the bulwark of all political authority. A system of sansculottism and terrorism had in France levelled all. It had swept away the better-born, sent all the talents of the bar to the scaffold, and driven the rising generation to the camp and the battle field; and there now really did not remain in civil society respectability sufficient to form a legislature or a government. The revolution, like Saturn, had devoured its children. Its Jupiter alone escaped in Bonaparte.

Whatever may have been the crimes and faults of this great man, we cannot consider usurpation as one. It was necessary—it was inevitable. When in ten years a nation, having conquered its foes, cannot organise liberty,—when it has let pass every opportunity for this, and thrown away all its means, despotism must close, at least, over that generation. The overwhelming tide of tyrannic power must pass over the vain labour, the passions, the factions of the time, levelling them all, and reducing them to merited oblivion; whilst to a forlorn race is reserved the opportunity for re-attempting that great task, which the energy of evil passions may be requisite to commence, but which virtue and moderation, and a respect for laws human and divine, can alone worthily or lastingly complete.

Bonaparte, with his two partisans of the late directory, Sièyes and Ducos, were the provisional consuls charged with preparing the new constitution. Their first step was to instal themselves in the palace of the Luxembourg. Here, at their first council, Sièyes disclosed the famed plan of government, which had been so long concocting in silence, and which he now fully hoped to see realised. He systematically acknowledged two principles of authority, the popular and the sovereign. The former he constituted by causing the nation to divide itself into two classes,—the communal, or lower; the departmental, or higher: the people choosing their own notables, as it were, and re-electing them every two years. Out of this departmental list, a few more select lists, emanating from it, came the council of state, the legislative body, and the tribunate. The sovereign source of authority, with Sièyes, was his grand elector, whose office was solely to select a set of ministers, and a council of state, with whom he was never to interfere. The council of state was thus the government. The tribunate, being the first notables of the people, was to take care of their rights, discuss measures and laws. But neither council nor tribunate could give validity to a measure or a law. These were to be presented to the legislative body, which was to pass or reject them without discussion, and more as a judicial court than as an assembly. To prevent the tribunate from participating too fully in the effervescence and polemics of the people, its members were appointed for life. This last provision rendered the plan of Sièyes a mockery of popular government; whilst his grand elector, menaced with absorption if he misbehaved, was too much a parody of the monarchical form.

Sièyes destined the palace of Versailles, and a large revenue, to his grand elector, and thought thus to tempt Bonaparte. "What man of spirit," replied the latter, "would consent to fatten like a pig, without respectability or power, in such a position?" Bonaparte returned the compliment. He gave Sièyes a large sum of money, a splendid mansion and domain at Ver-

sailles, and sent him to fatten there like his own grand elector, arranging the constitution more to his mind. He began not at the base of the pyramid, but the apex. He established in the first place of power a first consul, possessed of the full executive power, with two others, merely allowed to deliberate and advise. The first consul appointed a senate, the senate a tribunate, the members of both for life, and all with handsome pensions. A more open and audacious scheme of despotism could not have been framed by the sultan. Yet Bonaparte sent it for acceptation to the primary assemblies of France — the several votes of which, during the revolution, certainly do not furnish very strong arguments in favour of universal suffrage. The democratic constitution of 1793, the more recent constitution of the directory, had been similarly submitted, and had each received the adhesion of upwards of millions of votes. Now Bonaparte's dictatorship acquired nearly four millions of votes; so extensive was his popularity, so profound the disgust of a republic. The consular constitution was promulgated in the last days of 1799, and Bonaparte soon after left the too modest Luxembourg for the Tuilleries.

Whilst yet only provisional consul, Bonaparte had not been idle. The law of hostages and that of the forced loan had been repealed. A hasty list of proscriptions drawn up against the most turbulent Jacobins was no sooner published than withdrawn. In the choice of ministers, talents were advanced, and tolerance shown to all opinions. Talleyrand, one of the liberal and old noblesse, was again reinstated as minister for foreign affairs. Fouché kept the police. "Fouché was a terrorist," objected Sièyes. "We commence a new epoch," replied Bonaparte: "let us forget the crimes of the past, and remember merely the benefits." The choice of the two assistant consuls, Cambacérès and Le Brun, was approved of as moderate and wise.

Upon his first assuming the office of chief magistrate of the state, Bonaparte sunk his military propensities

and character. He entered with novel delight upon the task of legislating and administering; in which those who knew him esteem his talents to have been all as eminent as in the field of battle or the campaign. His vanity, too, of which he had no inordinate measure, just as much as may be allowed to mingle with greatness, was pleased with the pomp of his station, and which he began to arrange early after the old regal standard. He liked to act king; and he took no small pleasure in announcing his accession to the generals and envoys of the republic, as well as to foreign states.

His letter to the monarch of Great Britain must be considered in this light. It was an announcement of his sovereignty; being perfectly aware that at that epoch England would not seek peace on the terms that the first consul could grant. Lord Grenville's reply, though of befitting spirit, was too verbose for pride, too vague for argument. It was really unfortunate for Austria that she did not follow the advice of the archduke Charles, in making peace now in the hour of success. Her yielding would have obliged England to have put an end to the war, and a treaty then would have been more favourable to the allies than that of Amiens proved. Engaged in the paths of peace, Bonaparte might not have found his new despotism so tranquilly submitted to; and even he might have passed, like Barras, had not the victory of Marengo placed the crown upon his head. Austria, however, did not condescend to these considerations. Her imperial pride, sustained by British money, had resolved upon another campaign, in which the fierce soldiers of Suwarrow were to be ill replaced by German contingents from Bavaria and other petty princes. The archduke Charles protested, he saw no wisdom in this zeal; and he was removed in consequence from command.

Previous to taking the field, Bonaparte determined to root out even the semblance of civil war. He summoned the Vendean and Chouan chiefs to Paris with fair promise of accommodation. They had hopes, such as many entertained, of his acting Monk, and restoring

the Bourbons, — an idea far from his intentions. Most of them submitted. The fiercest, Georges Cadoudal, Bonaparte sought to awe or win in a personal interview. But the Breton, true to the stubbornness of his provincial character, only conceived a more deadly enmity towards the new dictator.

"A new dynasty," say the French orators of the day, "must be baptised in blood." Bonaparte felt so. He had need of a crowning victory, not only for his country's but his own sake, and he was determined that it should be full and glorious, opened by a gigantic march which was calculated as much to strike imaginations at home as to distress the Austrian. The first consul had despatched Moreau to the Rhine. For his own purposes, an army, called that of reserve, was collected at Dijon, and organised by Berthier. His object was to recover Italy, which the Austrians now occupied to the foot of the Alps, with the exception of Genoa, where Massena still held out, though pressed hard by famine, by the Austrians on land, and by an English fleet. Melas, commander of the imperial armies, had his quarters at Alexandria; his troops and views all directed towards the Savoy Alps in pursuit of Suchet, who was retreating over those mountains. Of meeting with the French general in any other direction he did not dream, and the name properly given to the army assembled at Dijon, that of reserve, indicated no bolder intention than that of defending the course of the Rhine.

The real views of Bonaparte were indeed too bold to have entered into the Austrian general's conception. They were, to traverse Switzerland with his army, by Geneva, its lake, and the valley of the Rhône, to Martigny; from thence to cross mount St. Bernard, and descend into the plains of Lombardy in the rear of Melas. The communications of the Austrian would thus be cut off, all his plans deranged, his troops obliged to countermarch and take new positions; whilst a defeat would be total ruin. To keep up the dread of his name

by surprise was another object with Bonaparte, who knew the value of being original in war.

On the 6th of May the first consul left Paris. The army of Dijon, reinforced from the Rhine, and amounting to about 40,000 men, marched into Switzerland. Mount St. Bernard was crossed on the 20th, its passage by the gallant hosts forming one of the most picturesque feats in the annals of modern warfare. Mules and foot passengers alone traverse this Alpine road. The French placed their cannon in the hollowed trunks of trees, the men dragging them up the steep ascent. In May the winter is still unmitigated in these regions. The rigour of a northern clime, snow, and ice, and the *torment* of the whirlwind, increased the dangers of the way. A large sum had been transmitted to the monks of the convent on the summit to provide refreshments for the troops as they passed. But the consciousness of achieving the feat of Hannibal's army bore up both general and soldier; the division which crossed the Simplon had perhaps more difficulties to encounter, passing deep fissures one by one, or clinging to a single cord. In issuing from mount St. Bernard, down into the valley of Aosta, the way is stopped by the little fort of Bard, under which the road runs. The troops might avoid it by clambering round the hills; for the artillery this was impossible. It was summoned, cannonaded, — in vain. The little street, however, being strewn with straw and branches of trees, the cannon were dragged past in the course of a dark night. Had the fort opened its fire on this night, and delayed the army longer, all the advantages of the bold march and meditated surprise would have been lost. Bonaparte followed the course of the Dora and the Po, entered Milan and Pavia, and seized all the letters and communications passing betwixt Melas and Vienna.

The Austrian general had already retrograded; he could not credit the report of Bonaparte's being in Italy. He sent a trusty messenger to learn; and the messenger for a thousand louis betrayed to the French

a complete account of the force and positions of their enemy. What above all astonished Melas was to hear the French cannon: how had *they* passed the Alps? Bonaparte's arrival at Milan, itself a triumph, and felt as such by his army, took place on the 2d of June. Moncey was to join him with reinforcements from the army of Switzerland. He in the mean time despatched his lieutenants to seize the towns on the Po, which was effected. Murat in taking Piacenza intercepted a courier who bore tidings of the fall of Genoa. This misfortune left Bonaparte no object save that of marching upon Melas, and defeating him in battle. The Austrian general concentrated his force at Alexandria; whilst Ott, his lieutenant, after having reduced Genoa, marched to surprise the advanced posts of the French as they passed the Po. He was met by Lannes at Montebello, and a severe engagement ensued, the forerunner of the great one. Ott and O'Reilly were completely beaten by Lannes, and driven back upon Melas, with the loss of 5000 men. It was in memory of this action that Lannes afterwards bore the title of duc de Montebello.

The French army now advanced to Stadella, taking up an advantageous position in case of attack. It remained several days in these quarters, to allow Suchet time to close on Melas from the rear, and Massena, with the liberated garrison of Genoa, to join from the south. The Austrians showed no sign of movement, and Bonaparte found that Melas might escape him by marching either north towards Turin, or south towards Genoa. Rather than allow this, he advanced into the plains of Marengo; thereby giving great advantage to his enemies, who were on the other side of the Bormida, at liberty to attack at their choice or defend the course of the stream. So little activity did Melas show, that Bonaparte's anxiety was increased lest he might escape to Genoa, and shut himself up there; where, with the English, masters of the sea, he might hold out an almost unlimited time. With this fear he detached Desaix, just arrived from Egypt, on his left, to provide against and prevent any

such movement of Melas,—a precaution that was near proving fatal to the French; for the Austrian at the same moment had decided in a council of war that the only secure mode of reaching Genoa was to give battle to the French.

The morning of the 14th, destined by Melas for the attack, found the French not drawn up in line to receive them, but *échellonè*, or thrown back, in separate divisions, with considerable intervals betwixt them, extending from Marengo, the village next the Bormida and the Austrians and occupied by the French advanced guards, to their head quarters at San Giuliano. The Austrians crossed the river by three divisions and three bridges. One cause of the security of Bonaparte was the assurance that the principal of these bridges had been broken. The Austrians' attack convinced him of the contrary; its first effort was against the French at Marengo. Instead of marching boldly to the charge, the imperialists deployed, planted batteries, and waited to effect by their fire what an assault might have accomplished. This afforded time to the French, and allowed Bonaparte to recall Desaix. The right and left of the Austrians had scarcely an enemy to contend with. Chiefly composed of cavalry, they swept all obstacles before them, and turning towards the centre at Marengo, completely expelled the enemy from that village. At mid-day the plain of Marengo presented the spectacle of the French half in retreat; whole columns of wounded and stragglers dragging to the rear, and throwing into confusion the ranks that still held firm. Seeing himself victorious at Marengo, general Melas retired to Alexandria to write his despatches. He had already drafted from the field a considerable body of cavalry, which he deemed necessary to send in another direction against Suchet. Bonaparte at the same time was preparing to make a stand at San Giuliano, and avenge the defeat of the morning, by fighting a fresh battle in the evening. Desaix joined him, and applauded his resolve. The artillery was placed in one tremendous battery,

commanding the high road, along which the Austrians advanced in column, less to dispute than to seize a victory already won. The imperialists were as imprudently confident as the French had been in the morning, and came as little prepared or marshalled for a fierce strife. Bonaparte rode along his newly formed line. "Soldiers, we have retreated enough for to-day," said he, "you know it is my custom to sleep upon the field of battle."

In the absence of Melas, Zach commanded the imperialists. He approached San Giuliano, when the battery unmasked, opened its fire; at the same time Desaix led on his fresh division of infantry to the attack, on one side; whilst Kellerman, on the other, with a brigade of horse, watched the appearance of breach or confusion in the line; and finding it, charged, cut through the column; recharged and traversed it several times. The head of the column was thus enveloped, and, with Zach himself, laid down its arms. The rest was routed and fled, communicating its panic to the fresh corps in the rear, which, had they come up in time, might have repeated at San Giuliano the success of Marengo. Now all was lost. The imperialists fled pell-mell across the wide plain of Marengo to the bridges, pursued by their so lately routed but now victorious foes. Thus, the battle of Marengo, "so far lost at mid-day," says Savary, "that a charge of cavalry would for ever have decided it, was restored, and gained by six o'clock in the evening." The brave Desaix in the moment of his advance received a musket ball in his heart. The charge of young Kellerman* was the decisive movement. The partisans of Bonaparte assert that the order issued from him. Kellerman himself protested it was his own unsupported act; and a strong feeling of jealousy existed, in consequence, betwixt him and the first consul. "That charge of yours was opportune," observed Bonaparte after the battle, in rather a lukewarm tone of praise. "Opportune indeed," replied the fiery little Kellerman, "it has put the crown upon your head."

* The present duc de Valmy.

The consequences of this campaign of a few days were as important as those of the long struggle of 1796. An armistice was agreed on, the terms of which were, that the Austrians should retire behind the Mincio; thus abandoning all the conquests of Suwarrow: besides, Genoa no sooner was retaken than resurrendered. France reaped, at a blow, her old superiority in the field; and Bonaparte was marked anew by the hand of destiny as the candidate for the vacant throne. His return to Paris was one continued triumph. The whole population lined the roads: the beauties of Lyons and Dijon crowded round him, at the risk of being trodden down by his steed. Paris was in equal tumult of admiration and joy. A short time subsequent to his return occurred the 14th of July, the anniversary of the federation, of the birth of freedom and the revolution. He feared not to celebrate it in the Champ de Mars. Here, where the deputies from all France had met to swear their solemn vows to liberty on the altar of the country, a military dictator now rode amidst his guard, bearing the Austrian colours taken at Marengo. The acclamations, the enthusiasm, at either epoch was the same; the object alone was different. It had been then an abstract name: it was now a substantial idol, a hero, calculated to take strong hold on the affections of the people, who, with their wonted obliquity of vision, still saw in him the representative of what they called liberty and the revolution.

The convention with Melas was considered preparatory to a treaty. Bonaparte offered to Austria the terms of Campo Formio; but the court of Vienna, which unfortunately was gifted with that vigour in despair which was ever wanting to her in prosperity, pleaded her engagements with Great Britain as precluding her from treating, except in conjunction with this latter country. The French had an apt rejoinder:—"Let there be an armistice, then, by sea, as well as by land." But this would have given too great an advantage to the French. Egypt would have been succoured,

and the whole system of naval war deranged. England would not listen to the proposal; and Austria, with a heroism worthy of better fortune, persisted in renewing hostilities. Italy, as a field, had been unfavourable to her. She turned her hope to Germany, appointed the archduke John to the command, and allowed the armistice to expire. Moreau was on the banks of the Iser, the Austrians on those of the Inn,—a good line of defence, which they unfortunately quitted, and marched to the attack of the French through wretched roads, rendered worse by November weather. A gleam of success, Ney being driven back at the first rencounter, emboldened the archduke. Moreau was with the greater part of his army at Hohenlinden, behind the forest of Ebersberg. The archduke ordered his army to advance in separate columns through the paths of this wood, and the defiles leading to it. His centre, under Kollowrath, took the chief road, and was met, as it issued from the forest, by the divisions of Ney and Grouchy; whilst another division of the French attacked its rear at the other side of the forest. The result was the total defeat of the centre, its surrender to the number of 8000 men, and the consequent rout of the rest of the army. Had the archduke Charles commanded, a defeat caused by such a blunder had been impossible; but this prince was in disgrace for having counselled peace.

The loss of the battle of Hohenlinden obliged Austria to treat. Cobentzel, her plenipotentiary, came over to Paris for that purpose. The negotiations were, however, carried on at Luneville, Joseph Bonaparte acting as the envoy of his brother. Here a treaty was concluded, little differing from that of Campo Formio, except that Tuscany was now taken from an Austrian duke, and given to a Spanish prince, who assumed the title of king of Etruria. Italy resumed its republican forms and divisions of governments, under French influence and protection; the Rhine being still the boundary of France on the side of Germany. Southern Italy was treated with still more leniency by Bonaparte than

it had been by the directory. To be sure, the emperor of Russia interfered in behalf of the royal family of that kingdom; and forbearance was well expended in purchasing the friendship of that prince. But Rome was equally well treated. The new pope, Pius VII., was respected, and allowed to retain the reins of the pontifical government; the first consul already meditating to form, with the instinct of the future sovereign, an alliance betwixt church and state.

Whilst the new century opened under such prosperous auspices for the French, fortune had never seemed more menacing to Great Britain. In Austria she lost her last continental ally. Portugal had been invaded, and compelled to renounce her friendship with England. Paul, emperor of Russia, having passed suddenly from enmity to admiration of France, concluded a treaty with Buonaparte; and, in conjunction with the Baltic powers, now became a party to the armed neutrality, to resist England's right of search upon the seas. On her own element, however, that country was mistress still. Her fleet, under sir Peter Parker, or rather under his lieutenant, Nelson, entered the Sound, and destroyed the Danish navy in the harbour of Copenhagen. The death of Paul at the same time deprived her of a formidable enemy; and marred, for the time, the plan of the French ruler for excluding her from the ports of Europe. Prussia, the selfish Prussia, which had taken the opportunity to invade Hanover, was compelled to evacuate it. Malta fell into the power of England: Egypt was menaced: and the rival powers sinking into the attitude of languid and inactive defiance proper to two exhausted combatants, agreed to allow each other a breathing time of truce at least; although the causes of quarrel and enmity were too profound to be removed, except by the absolute prostration of one or the other.

Whilst England in 1801 was bent on her Egyptian expedition, the first consul was employed in organising and consolidating his government. Amidst the first joy of his return, an attempt had been made to assassin-

ate him at the opera. Soon after, on Christmas eve, 1800, while proceeding in his carriage through the narrow street of St. Nicaise, a tremendous explosion took place just after he passed. The glass of the carriage windows was broken; the very houses of the street shattered; and some eighty persons killed or severely injured. This is what is known by the name of the *infernal machine*. Of those in the carriage, Bonaparte alone had presence of mind. Flinging himself forward, he called to the coachman with an oath to drive rapidly. There was no need of such exhortation. When he entered the theatre the first consul was calm. His escape seemed to enhance his popularity. The first suspicion of Bonaparte fell on the anarchists, the dregs of the Jacobins. He caused a number of them to be seized; and exclaimed against the negligence of Fouché, naturally supposed to befriend them. The latter, however, proved to the satisfaction of his master that the royalists were the inventors of the infernal machine. These were also seized and punished: but the pretext against the Jacobins was too opportune to be thrown away; and they still remained under the inspection of the police. Bonaparte dreaded the Jacobins far more than the royalists. "Emigration and Vendéeism are but eruptions of the skin," said he: "terrorism is an internal malady."

The attempt of the infernal machine enabled the first consul to establish special military commissions for trying similar offences. It was on this occasion that the opposition first revealed itself in the tribunate and legislative body. Though chosen by the senate, itself appointed by the first consul, the members of these assemblies were still the children of the revolution, averse to arbitrary power established by law, however they might excuse and admire its action from expediency; and inspired with a far greater hatred to aristocracy than to tyranny. Thus the first consul obtained with far more ease their consent to his unlimited authority over personal freedom, and even over the press, than their

acquiescence in allowing the emigrants to return, in re-establishing religion, and in other acts of justice and expediency.

Bonaparte, however, pursued his plan of re-organising the monarchy, with its higher ranks, its hierarchy, and all the necessary machinery for holding together and moving the body politic. His first enterprise was to re-establish the catholic religion, as not only tolerated but instituted by the state. He had spared the pope with this view; and the year 1801 was spent in negotiating a *concordat* or agreement with Rome. No doubt policy was in this affair the motive of Bonaparte; but it was an instinctive feeling of religion, and a thorough knowledge of the necessity and imperishability of the principle, that was the foundation even of this policy. His counsellors opposed the idea with all the prejudice of incredulity. "Hearken," said Bonaparte to one of them during a promenade at Malmaison: "I was here last Sunday, walking in this solitude amidst the silence of nature. The sound of the church bells of Ruel suddenly struck upon my ears. I was moved, and said, If I am thus affected, what must be the influence of those ideas upon the simple and credulous mass! The people must have a religion; and that religion must be in the hands of the government." After divers commonplace assertions, the counsellor, waving the broad question of religion or no religion, objected at least to catholicism. "It is intolerant; its clergy are counter-revolutionary; the spirit of the present time is entirely opposed to it. And, after all, we, in our thoughts and principles, are nearer to the true spirit of the gospel than the catholics, who affect to reverence it." Here Bonaparte urged, that by his leaning to protestantism, one half of France might embrace it, but the other half would remain catholic; and weakness, not strength, would be gained to both nation and government. "Let them call me papist if they will. I am no such thing. I was a Mahometan in Egypt, and I will be catholic here, for the good of the people."

Bonaparte succeeded in gaining from the pope a *concordat*, by which, in return for a decree declaring the catholic religion that "of the great majority of the French," and undertaking to give salaries to the clergy, the pontiff agreed to consecrate such bishops as the French government should nominate; to give up all claim to the old church lands; and to order a form of prayer for the consuls, to whom the new bishops were to swear allegiance. The court of Rome thus showed itself obsequious, secularising bishop Talleyrand at the same time, by Bonaparte's desire. But it was from the nation, at least from the eminent personages, that resistance was to be expected. The theophilanthropists raised the no popery cry. The soldiers were indignant. It was on Easter Sunday, 1802, that a *Te Deum* was celebrated at Notre Dame by cardinal Caprava, in commemoration of the re-establishment of the church. The first consul attended, surrounded by his officers. On his return he asked several what they thought of the ceremony. "A pretty *capucinade*," replied Delman; "there was merely wanting the million of men, who have perished in overthrowing all you have built up." The first consul soon after observed to Rapp, his aide-de-camp, who was a protestant, "You will go to mass now?" "Not I." "Why not?" "These things may do very well for *you*. They don't concern me, unless you should take these people for *aides-de-camp* or cooks." *

Whilst the French, triumphant over the continental powers, were obliged to rest on their arms, regarding England with inactive enmity, the latter country had resolved manfully to put forth its strength, and send an army to Egypt. Malta was already in their power. The French force in Egypt, though formidable, was little

* Rapp and Savary were aides-de-camp to Desaix, adopted by Bonaparte on the field of Marengo. The latter soon made progress by his suppleness: the former was a blunt Alsacian, and became neither duke nor marshal. He once ushered a dark-looking Corsican to the presence of Bonaparte, and took care to hold the door open whilst the interview lasted. When questioned by Bonaparte, why he did this? "Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans." The blunt remark caused much amusement.

anxious to defend the country, and looked rather to the hopes of escape. Kleber, who had been left with the command, had, in 1800, proposed to evacuate Egypt; and sir Sidney Smith, the admiral commanding in the Mediterranean, had concluded an agreement with him to this effect. But the Austrians at that time still held out, and the British government could not allow the veteran army of Egypt to reinforce the army opposed to her. The capitulation entered into betwixt Kleber and sir Sidney was accordingly refused to be ratified, and war continued in Africa. A Turkish army advanced from Syria, which was met and defeated by Kleber in the plains of Heliopolis. That rude but talented leader soon after fell a victim to an Arab assassin in his quarters at Cairo; and the command devolved upon Menou, who had espoused a Turkish woman, adopted the Mahometan religion and dress, and prefixed Abdallah to his name.

The honour of the expedition to Egypt belongs, according to sir Walter Scott, exclusively to lord Melville, who promoted it despite the irresolution of Pitt and the reluctance of George III. The free constitution of England, and its representative system of government, proved, indeed, sadly destitute of vigour, compared with that which the tyranny of the committee of public safety, and subsequently of Bonaparte, gave to France. Even now this expedition, entered into with but half a will on the part of the government, was inferior to the French force in Egypt. "We were incontestably superior," says Savary, "in cavalry and artillery." Yet with an inferior army general Abercrombie was to force a landing, to take and garrison Alexandria, and then march to Cairo. Fortunately for the British, Menou wanted generalship and activity. His force was disseminated, and the British landed without opposition on the very beach which had proved fatal to the Turkish expedition. This was early in March, 1801. The garrison of Alexandria attacked the British, but were beaten back. Menou in the mean time arrived from Cairo, and mustered hastily his troops. With these he gave battle to the

enemy on the 21st, near Alexandria. He was defeated, driven within the walls, and soon besieged. Abercrombie had fallen in the action, as well as Lanuze on the part of the French. General Hutchinson succeeded the former; and conducted the rest of the campaign, according to French testimony, with great ability. General Belliarde was compelled to surrender in Cairo, Menou himself in Alexandria; on honourable conditions, however, — those of being transported to France. Thus terminated Bonaparte's brilliant scheme for revolutionising the East.

The re-conquest of Egypt left the rival nations no means or possibility of wounding each other. French vessels had been swept from the sea; the English flag had often in vain strove to wave upon the continent. A truce *de facto* was established, and both governments could not but feel ashamed of remaining at war, yet be unable to strike a blow. Bonaparte, indeed, to amuse the French, caused a flotilla to be prepared at Boulogne, and affected to make preparations for a descent upon England. But he too well knew the risk of such an undertaking, to enter upon it seriously. England was, nevertheless, alarmed; and Nelson made an attack on the boats at Boulogne, which caused serious loss, and brought no consequence to either side. Even before Egypt was evacuated by the French, negotiations had been entered into. Pitt had abandoned the helm of state to Addington. Lord Hawkesbury, the British foreign minister, was a nobleman of moderate views, uninspired by that inveterate spirit of either hostility or admiration towards France, into which extremes their rivalry had driven the two great orators of the British senate. Bonaparte, yet unfixed in power, was still in the first good humour of grandeur and success, and had not yet reached the insolence of uninterrupted fortune. Betwixt him and the British government was concluded the peace of Amiens, in the month of March, 1802. The preliminaries had, however, been signed in the month of October preceding. It was certainly to the disad-

vantage of the British, who yielded Trinidad, and the Cape of Good Hope, and Malta. For what return? Merely the evacuation of southern Italy by the French. But the preliminaries had been signed previous to the English plenipotentiaries receiving tidings of the evacuation of Egypt, and this evacuation the French voluntarily stipulated. They knew of Menou's surrender, and thus gave but that which was already won.

In addition to our being outwitted, the feebleness of our negotiations proceeded, no doubt, in a great measure, from the feebleness of a ministry based upon no great party in the state. The voice of the British people was for peace, now especially that their pride was satisfied by the victories of Egypt. And this, too, had its influence upon Addington. If ever the existence of a weak administration is an evil, it is in the case of negotiating with an enemy. It forms one of the inevitable defects of freedom, and was never more fully exemplified than in this peace. Hesitating and irresolute, the British ministry could not determine to yield, nor yet refuse, the Cape of Good Hope, and especially Malta,—the key of Egypt and the Mediterranean, without a recompence. But the old opposition clamoured as to the folly of war. The new were decided to cavil, and accuse the treaty, whether it was good or bad. The people had set their full thoughts on peace, and were not to be baulked; and Lord Hawkesbury consented to these cessions, with a kind of half resolve. The French accuse Britain of treachery and insincerity, because these stipulations were never performed. The cause lay in the timidity, the incertitude, the weakness, of the British minister; who had been overreached, and who could not muster confidence enough to break off the bargain until after it was signed and sealed.

The truce of Amiens being concluded,—it had none of the characters of peace,—Bonaparte pursued his projects for the internal organisation of his sovereignty. A church had been reared up. The next desideratum was an aristocracy. The ancient noblesse were allowed

to return; but, stripped of the greater part of their properties, and disinclined to the revolution and its representatives, very few abandoned the cause of legitimacy to court Bonaparte. Even had they done so, it was necessary to counterbalance them by electing to the same rank, those who had risen to pre-eminence during the last ten years. But these, warriors and civilians, were shocked as yet at the least approach to aristocracy. This was even greater heresy in their eyes than to have gone to church and ordained public worship. Bonaparte, obliged to abandon the idea for a time, formed a scheme equally calculated to attach to him numbers of the French. This was the legion of honour, by which red ribands, with pensions and other privileges attached to them, were bestowed at the will of the first consul. There was an instant outcry in the council and the mock legislative against the project. "It destroys equality; it contradicts the principles of the revolution. The legion of honour contains all the elements of hereditary noblesse, privileges, powers, honours, titles, and pensions. It is sowing the seeds of an aristocracy." Bonaparte combated their objections with his own eminent good sense, and mocked the pedantic allusions of his counsellors to classic times. "You cite the Roman republicans against me; the Romans, amongst whom distinctions were perhaps more marked than amongst any people. See the consequence when the noble class of patricians was destroyed in Rome; the republic, at the mercy of the rabble and its leaders, ran straight through anarchy and proscription to despotism." How perfectly applicable was this to France! These were not the only prejudices that Bonaparte had to refute and repress. Matthieu Dumas wished to confine the decoration of the legion of honour to the military alone. The first consul would not admit of this exclusiveness, and persisted in honouring equally military and civilian merit.

While he thus carefully erected the buttresses and supports of monarchical power, it may be supposed that he did not neglect the edifice itself; in other words, to

re-establish in his person a permanent sovereignty. In this, too, he laboured by degrees. It was at first hoped that he would be contented with the second place, and restore the crown to the Bourbons. Louis XVIII. twice addressed him in a tone at once dignified and conciliating. Josephine exhorted him to act the part of Monk, either from that sense of loyalty and disinterestedness natural to the female mind, or from a presentiment that in the soarings of ambition she might one day be left behind, and sacrificed by her aspiring husband. Bonaparte's only thought was to wear the crown that he had won; and, in truth, there were more difficulties in the way of restoring the Bourbons than of founding a new dynasty himself. He began by feeling the pulse of the public in a pamphlet, written by his brother Lucien, and corrected by himself. It failed, was ridiculed, and censured; and the first consul, throwing the blame on Lucien, deprived him of the office of home minister, and sent him envoy to Spain. About the epoch of the peace of Amiens, however, Bonaparte remodelled his tribunate, his mock chamber of the commons, excluding the most froward patriots, after which *epuration* his several projects passed into law. In May, 1802, Napoleon Bonaparte was decreed, in recompense for the eminent services rendered to his country, first consul for ten years, in addition to the ten already allotted; and in a short interval this was re-amended into a vote declaring him consul for life. It is but a repetition of a former remark to observe, that this granting away of the liberty of the country to a dictator met with far less opposition in the council than the institution of the legion of honour. From the history of the revolution, Chateaubriand has full reason to assert, that it is not freedom which the French prize, but equality and military glory.

The progress of Bonaparte's influence over neighbouring states was as great as his rise at home. The Cisalpine republic had been remodelled to suit his views; and in January its legislature elected the powerful first consul of France for their president. The Batavian, the

Ligurian republics, were obliged to submit to similar modifications. Piedmont was formally annexed to France, and divided into departments. Thus the stipulations of the treaty of Lunéville, guaranteeing independence to the republics of Italy and Holland, became totally void. England began to show alarm and distrust; for both of which there was ample reason, although scarcely more than existed at the epoch of the treaty. When she remonstrated, Bonaparte replied, "You must have seen or foreseen all this. The Cisalpine chose me its president in January, two months before the signature at Amiens. And why should ye English complain of the infraction of the treaty of Luneville, when Austria, with whom it was concluded, holds her peace?" Why did not the British ministry include in the treaty of Amiens the condition, that the articles of that of Luneville should be observed? Or why have made peace at all, seeing that Bonaparte would inevitably act by the Helvetic republics as he had done already by the Cisalpine? To avoid the expense of war, is the only reply. But that expense was no wise avoided by a hollow peace; "a peace to try France," as Lord Castlereagh called it.

Miserable, indeed, is the special pleading on both sides to throw, each upon its adversary, the blame of the war. Both were right, and both were wrong. England, in her native might and pride, could never sit still and look on whilst France assumed to herself such predominant power in Europe. Nor could France, or its ruler, refrain from wielding that influence which conquest had given her. But France was wrong in affecting a moderation which she had no idea of observing; and England equally absurd, to affect to give a moment's credit to it, — above all, to stipulate actual concession to it. At Amiens, and before the treaty, the British ministry seemed to be either willing dupes or blind ones. Their object in peace, the same as that of Bonaparte, to display to Europe and their own people, each how ready they were to make peace, and thus to throw the blame of the inevitable and speedy rupture

upon its foe. In this aim we do think the English negotiators played the less clever game. And the ministry, though rationally justified in their mistrusts, in their withholding Malta and the Cape, on the grounds that France had increased its territories and encroachments in Europe, were still left without any precise plea, and were obliged to support their cause with vague recrimination. The French kept the letter of the treaty; the English broke it. And yet the former were the true aggressors and encroachers. Such were the blunders of British diplomacy.

No sooner did Bonaparte announce his determination of interfering with the Helvetian republics, than the English ministry sent an agent thither with promises of support to the independent party, hesitated to surrender Malta, and sent counter orders that the Cape of Good Hope was not to be delivered up to the Batavian republic. In the mean time other than these great interests of territory sowed divisions betwixt the first consul and Great Britain. At all times sensitive to public opinion, so sensitive that even an imprudent reflection was enough to alienate him from a tried friend, a witticism sufficient to bring down an order of exile, he was particularly susceptible at the present moment, when employed in rearing the fabric of his power, to which his character was his only title. The freedom of the English press, its unsparing attacks upon him, re-echoed by the papers of the French royalists in England, was a kind of war more dangerous and galling to him than any other. Before it, indeed, no tyrant can stand. Bonaparte felt as much alarm from it as did England originally from the levelling principles of the revolution. He made vain demands that this should be checked, and was modest enough to propose that the press of England should be gagged, as well as that of France, in order to give security to his personal ambition. Nevertheless, on this point the ministry gratified him, as far as might be done in a constitutional way, sending one of these libels before a jury. As might be expected, this

made matters ten times worse, sending Pelletier's libel to fame through the trump of Mackintosh's eloquence. Another demand, that the Bourbons and their partisans should be expelled from England, met with a firm and generous denial. With the English press Bonaparte condescended to enter into a personal quarrel: just as he himself had charged the cannon against Toulon, so now he employed his time in penning articles for the Moniteur, his official paper, full of acrimony and insult. The unfortunate results of a sovereign so demeaning himself are evident. Bonaparte could never distinguish the difference betwixt a nation's government and its press; so that, in answering squibs fired off by an individual editor, the first consul charged the great gun of state, and risked, or at any rate precipitated, a war betwixt millions of men, in endeavouring to apply a salve upon his own miserable vanity. Then appeared the imprudent vaunting report of Sebastiani, who had been charged with a mission in the Levant; its information, that 6000 French soldiers could reconquer Egypt; and the challenge, that "England alone dare not make war with France."

These paper paragraphs certainly could not be serious grounds of war; although the English government, by its imbecile arrangement and acceptation of the treaty of Amiens, was obliged to recur to such pretexts, to collect and group them,— thus making up by a mass of petty grievances for the want of one large and specific plea. The first consul now demanded why Malta had not been evacuated according to stipulation. The English replied by a claim to keep Malta on the ground that Bonaparte had increased his European territory, and that he threatened Egypt. The last was idle: the first objection "was not in the bond." Bonaparte, whose very throne was then being erected on the basis of national glory, could not yield Malta. To demand it of him was, in fact, to declare war. And the minister asserted with only becoming spirit, "England shall have the treaty of Amiens, and nothing more than the treaty

of Amiens." War was inevitable, as indeed it had been from the first. England could not submit, at the risk of her existence. In this, at least, her ministry and Pitt were right, however imbecile and blundering the former had proved in these negotiations, which placed the letter of treaties against Britain, whilst their spirit, as well as their sense of security and justice, told loudly in her favour.

On these terms of mutual mistrust both countries thought fit to make preparations for war. Bonaparte assembled troops in the forts of Holland and North France, and despatched envoys to Prussia and to Austria. England was no less active. An interview between the first consul and lord Whitworth, the British ambassador, was not productive of any amicable result, although Bonaparte spoke there with great frankness. "Why should I wish for war?" said he: "a descent upon England is the only mode I have of combating her; and this, if compelled to, I am resolved to undertake. But how suppose, that, arrived at my present height of power, I should wish to risk my life and reputation, unless constrained thereto by necessity, in an expedition, in which most probably myself and the greater part of my army would go to the bottom of the sea? For there are a hundred chances to one against me." From recent memoirs, indeed, we learn that Bonaparte was unwilling to recommence war, at least so soon, inevitable as he saw it. But England was peremptory. She was tricked and annoyed in a thousand ways. And a warlike message from the king to his parliament in March, 1803, was the preluding blast to war. Bonaparte answered by one of his diplomatic notes. He was now betwixt two unpleasant feelings. It was important for him to throw the blame of the breach upon England, in order to content his people and conciliate the yet existing powers of Europe; and nevertheless his pride was galled to find England assume the lofty, intractable, defiant language, so indicative of superiority and strength. His quick resentment

prompted him to break through the laws of courtly decorum, and to vent his spleen upon the representative of Great Britain. During a public levee he abruptly addressed lord Whitworth, "You are decided on war, it seems — you wish it. After fifteen years' combat, we must yet recommence for fifteen years to come. You force me to it." He then turned to the ambassadors of Spain and Russia: — "The English will have war. They are the first to draw the sword: I will be the last to put it in the scabbard. They do not respect treaties, and we must henceforth cover them with a black crape. You may destroy France, but you shall not intimidate her." — "We do not wish to do either one or the other," replied lord Whitworth calmly. — "Respect treaties. Woe to those who break through them: they shall be responsible to Europe for the consequences." This burst of anger is said by some to have been calculated. Why might it not be natural and deep-felt? Previous to the treaty of Amiens, Bonaparte had borne England a national hate; since then it had grown into a personal one,— an antipathy founded on all causes of enmity, great and little — on pride and pique, as well as upon interest and patriotism.

Lord Whitworth was now ordered by his government to demand the occupation of Malta during ten years by British troops, whilst the French were to evacuate Holland. This was called an ultimatum, and but a week's interval allowed for reply. Yet even here the French assumed not that peremptory tone. Talleyrand was averse to war; that able statesman is said to have foreseen the pernicious consequences even of fresh victories. But the English minister, conscious that he resisted usurpation, and an indefinite system of encroachment, held firm, gave very wretched and shuffling reasons for a mistrust well-founded in itself, and covered the blunders of his diplomacy with sullen pride and defiance. Orders had been already issued for seizing the ships of France and of her subject states, — a measure much in the spirit of that usurpation which one might have censured with-

out imitating; and the French consul retaliated by retaining all the British subjects whom curiosity or business had brought at that unlucky moment to French shores. Thus recommenced betwixt the nations a quarrel unrivalled for the inveteracy of its spirit and the variety of its fortunes. "The rupture was to the first consul," says Bignon, "the decisive point of his destiny. Henceforth he saw England rise before him like a cape of storms, which he was for ever forbidden to pass."

The only military enterprise set on foot during the year's peace, if we except the occupation of Switzerland, was the expedition to St. Domingo. The principles of the revolution, passed into decrees by the national assemblies, had been productive of the most fearful mischief in St. Domingo, where Robespierre's energetic wish, of "Let the colonies perish rather than one principle be disturbed," received ample fulfilment. Whites and mulattoes had commenced a civil war, and the negroes had also asserted their rights. The latter, being most numerous, gained the ascendency, headed by a chief of inflexible character, and of such high talents, both for warring and ruling, as to merit the name of the black Bonaparte. Toussaint-Louverture, such was his name, had established his rule in St. Domingo. It was as beneficent and vigorous as that of the first consul in Europe; but the latter was determined to recover the island; and a fine army, composed of the conquerors of Hohenlinden, were sent out to subdue it under general Leclerc, who had married Pauline, Bonaparte's sister. The expedition reached its destiny. The blacks, after burning their capital, and making a stubborn resistance, were subdued, and the chiefs compelled to submit. Most of them accepted command under the French, except Toussaint, who scorned the offer, and merely demanded to return to his farm. Here, however, he was closely watched; and in the effervescence of a population ill subdued, suspicions, true or false, could not fail to attach to the old leader. Toussaint-Louverture was seized, sent on board a ship, and conveyed to France, where he

lingered many years at the chateau of Joux, in the Jura. This treachery, if it was such, proved bootless. The yellow fever decimated the French, and soon reduced this flourishing army to a few thousand men. Leclerc himself fell a victim; and the breaking out of the war decided the ultimate loss, to France, of this her most important colony.

The first steps of Bonaparte, on the renewal of the war with England, was to order his armies to march north and south; that of Holland to occupy Hanover; that of Lombardy to invade Naples, and garrison Tarentum. He could combat his maritime foe only by establishing his power in sea-ports, and in rendering every shore hostile to her, who rendered every wave hostile to him. To plant himself, therefore, like a huge colossus bestriding Europe, one foot in the Mediterranean, the other in the Baltic, was the attitude of menace assumed by the first consul against England. Towards the latter end of May, 1803, general Mortier marched with an army from Holland against Hanover. The troops of the electorate were not capable of making a serious resistance. They retreated before the foe, at length capitulated, and were broken, Mortier taking peaceable possession of the country. These conquests of the French necessarily excited disquiet and mistrust on the part of the great powers of the north. Russia, which had taken the Sicilian court under its protection, was offended by the re-occupation of the kingdom of Naples, and still more seriously displeased to see the French flag waving upon the fortresses of the Baltic. That power had sought in vain to cover Hanover by a neutrality which was to extend to the north of Germany. Her remonstrances were not listened to. Prussia, as may be well supposed, had cause to be still more alarmed by the presence of such a formidable neighbour. The French, not contented with Hanover, already menaced to occupy Hamburgh and Bremen. The necessity of opposing England was still the pretext. But the possession of Hamburgh, commanding the mouth of the Elbe,

would enable the French to give law to the north of Germany. Not only was Prussia herself weakened by this, but her only title to respect and influence being founded upon her claims to protect the liberties and independence of surrounding states, she was here stricken painfully by a blow vainly aimed at England. Thus, by delivering up Hanover without a blow, the English ministry, if they acted on calculation, fulfilled all the ends of wise policy, avenged themselves of Prussia for its selfish and pusillanimous neutrality, and placed the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburgh in the necessity of either humbling their sovereign dignity before Bonaparte, or of flinging themselves into the alliance of Great Britain. To counteract this, the scheme of Bonaparte was, by menace or bribe, to compel Russia to join cordially with him in a kind of submissive alliance. "The germ," says Bignon, French ambassador to Prussia, and well acquainted with the projects of his master,—"the germ of what was subsequently called the continental system existed in the mind of the first consul, and this system reposed upon the support of Prussia. One of the objects of the usurpation of Hanover was to make that court feel the inconveniences of a state of indecision towards France, and the advantages of a close alliance with her. To render Prussia powerful, in order that, by its union with France, it might awe the continent to quiet, was the aim of Bonaparte. If it be asked why, towards the close of his reign, Napoleon showed himself merciless towards Prussia, the reason is, that Prussia was the power which wished him most ill, in forcing him to combat and destroy her, instead of extending and strengthening her monarchy, in order that she and France united might keep Austria and Russia immovable, and at the same time give that development and efficacy to the continental system, which would force England to peace."

Nothing can be more clear than this language of the French diplomatist: Prussia was to be fattened and enriched, provided she acted a part subservient to France.

Hanover was the bribe offered to her, and there was considerable hesitation in refusing it. All the old ministers of Prussia were disposed to accept the electorate and the French alliance: Hardenberg alone was of the contrary opinion. But the influence which decided the monarch of Prussia to reject the insidious and disgraceful proposals of Bonaparte was that of Alexander, emperor of Russia, a sovereign whose high personal feelings of pride and independence raised him already in the east of Europe as the competitor of the tyrant of the west. Alexander visited Berlin: his opinion, his arguments, had weight, and overcame all the representations of Duroc and the other French envoys. The queen and court, at first drawn into admiration of French heroism, were recalled to feelings of national spirit by the voice and example of Alexander; and the king, instead of aiming at rounding his territory at the cost of England and the gift of France, was inspired with the nobler aim of securing the independence of Germany.

Singular, indeed, it was, that every act of Bonaparte now told in favour of England, or of its ministry, which, had he rested tranquil, could certainly not have continued a war without feasible object or possible success. The occupation of Hanover and the southern peninsula of Italy roused Europe. And now a French army collected along its northern coast, and destined to invade England, had the effect of rousing all the energies of that country, silencing the remonstrance of the partisans of the peace, and rousing the proud spirit of the British to that pitch of inveteracy against the foe, that war, to the last shilling and the last drop of blood, became the sole and all-pervading thought of the country. A field of battle was denied to Bonaparte: but his activity was turned to military organisation; and he now formed the armies, and prepared the resources, destined to achieve conquests hereafter with such brilliant success. Alexandria was fortified at an enormous expense. The first consul looked upon it as the bulwark of Italy.

From Otranto and Tarentum to the Texel every coast and sea-port saw fortifications rise around it; and the English fleet, blocking each harbour and menacing every shore, might observe with pride the gigantic attempt of her foe to surround Europe, as it were, with a wall of defence against her. As to the colonies or foreign possessions of France, the remaining ones now fell; and Louisiana, wrested from the weak hands of Spain by a surreptitious treaty, was now sold for a sum of money to the United States, to preserve the province from England, and as the only mode left of deriving advantage from it.

The army and flotilla collected for the invasion of England was the chief object and topic of the year 1803. The former was swelled by contingents of Dutch, Swiss, and Italians. Soult, Davoust, and Ney, had each commands. His more ancient and celebrated generals Bonaparte had dispersed: he disliked their familiarity, their old footing of equality with him, and dreaded their interference with his ambitious designs. Thus Moreau was destined to some inferior command; Lannes, after a scene of altercation, in which he had used the most gross language towards Bonaparte, was despatched to Lisbon to cool his zeal and mend his fortune, both of which the gallant and rough soldier fulfilled; Murat was sent to Naples, as Leclerc had been to St. Domingo, for the same purpose. Spain, reluctant to incur the hostility of England by furnishing open aid to France, proposed a pecuniary subsidy in lieu. This Beurnonville negotiated.

Public attention, however, was now turned from military projects and events to domestic ones, by the discovery of a conspiracy against the first consul. The hopes of the royalists upon his first accession to power have been noticed, as well as the zeal which Josephine employed in endeavouring to turn her husband to favour the restoration. Two letters of Louis XVIII. demanded of him this act of disinterestedness, which Bonaparte

calmly but firmly declined. His subsequent measures for strengthening and perpetuating his own power, soon convinced the partisans of the house of Bourbon that no hopes were to be entertained of his co-operation, and accordingly their views were elsewhere directed. The consulship for life had been voted. Several distinguished men had protested against the decree, unless accompanied with guarantees of freedom. Lafayette conveyed his protest in a letter; Camille Jordan published his in favour of the liberty of the press; Madame de Staël courageously opened her saloon to this enlightened opposition, but a decree of exile banished her from Paris. Some of these friends of liberty then turned their views towards Louis XVIII. and entered into a correspondence with him, wherein that prince promised, in case of restoration, to respect the principles of liberty, and to grant a charter similar to that decreed in 1814. Royer Collard was one of these. The leanings and opinions, however, of retired and speculative men, were not energetic enough to inspire or conduct a project of conspiracy: powerful events, alone, could give them the opportunity of realising their wishes.

The Bourbons reckoned in their cause more zealous and active partisans, men eager to strike a blow, to force and anticipate events, rather than to wait for their tardy or improbable development. General Pichegru was one of these: he had escaped from his place of transportation to England, where he lived in want of those succours that the French royalists were willing to extend to their partisans. From these reasons, and from having been long enlisted in the cause, as well as from mortification at not having acted more resolutely in Fructidor, Pichegru now entered into a plot for violently overthrowing the power of Bonaparte, with a knot of men fitting for such an enterprise. George Cadoudal, the stubborn Chouan, was another leader. It was not to be supposed that such a man would shrink from assassinating the first consul, who was, personally, the chief obstacle in the way of

their plan; but how far this was a generally received principle of the enterprise, is difficult to ascertain.

What the conspirators chiefly wanted was a name, a leader of eminence, to oppose to that of Bonaparte. Moreau was precisely the personage; a great general, a rival of Bonaparte. The very project of enlisting such a man contradicts the idea of assassination, which he certainly would not listen to, and which his countenance might render unnecessary. Moreau, though a valiant soldier, was a weak man: he had allowed himself to be duped in Brumaire; and since his victory of Hohenlinden he had been treated with studied neglect by Bonaparte. His wife, subsequent to that victory, had several times sought an interview with the first consul and Josephine, at the Tuilleries, had been kept in antechambers, and slighted. She had great influence over her husband, and she exerted it to induce him, already sufficiently willing, to hearken to propositions for overthrowing the tyranny of Bonaparte. The royalist agents, on the watch, took advantage of this disposition, and formed a reconciliation betwixt him and Pichegru; and he thus became, at least, cognisant of the intended plot. Fouché, who had lost his situation as chief of the police, but who still maintained his agents, is said to have been instrumental in thus implicating Moreau, and in maturing a plot, of which he himself holding the clue might take advantage with Bonaparte in showing his superior information, his utility, and zeal.

Pichegru, at length, arrived from England in January, 1804; George Cadoudal had preceded by many months. They both saw Moreau, who was disgusted by the ferocity of the latter; and their scheme, whatever it was, seemed not to make any progress towards maturity. Numbers of their accomplices were already in prison; and it seems as if Pichegru and Cadoudal were allowed to continue at large merely to afford them leisure to win over Moreau still more, and implicate him. But these conspirators, of such discordant opinions, could agree in no plan whatever: they met, separated, hindered the

conspiracy, had always excuses for deferring their project, and despaired of fixing upon any. When they were severally arrested, — Moreau first, then Pichegru, Cadoudal, and the Polignacs, — Pichegru and Cadoudal were both armed, and the latter made resistance. When questioned as to his supposed project of assassination, Cadoudal frankly answered, " I came to Paris to attack the first consul openly by force, and by the same means which he takes to protect himself, his escort and his guard. We waited to act until a French prince arrived in Paris." This confession indicated, what indeed seems probable, that the project was a revolution, not a mere assassination, which must have been often in the power of Cadoudal to effect during the six months that he had been in Paris. But the conspirators waited, in order to effect their plans with a legitimate prince at their head; and it is very probable that the scruples of Moreau demanded this, and obliged the others, unfortunately for their scheme, to tarry for it.

In the interval between their arrest and trial occurred the blackest deed that history imputes to Napoleon, of guilt inexcusable, and of truth undeniable, even by himself — the murder of the duc d'Enghien. This noble youth, a grandson of the prince of Condé, and heir of that illustrious house, extinct by his death, was of course an emigrant, and attached to the fortunes of his house. He inhabited a place called Ettenheim, in the duchy of Baden, only a couple of leagues distant from the French frontier, aware that a revolutionary movement in favour of royalism was planning in Paris. Bonaparte was at this time besieged not only by the emissaries of his minister of police, but also by those of Fouché. As there really was a plot hatching, the first consul paid more attention than he otherwise would to these reports, by which he was eternally harassed and irritated. Fouché represented the conspiracy to have assassination for its principal object. " The air is full of poniards," wrote he to Bonaparte. Then it appeared, from the depositions of some of the accused,

that they "only waited for the arrival of a French prince to commence." The duc de Berri was expected at the time to land secretly near Dieppe. Savary was sent to lie in wait for him: for Bonaparte, maddened by Fouché, felt the Corsican spirit of revenge stir within him, and was eager to spill the blood of the family which, he imagined, aimed at his life as well as his power. The old Jacobin party, and Fouché, its representative, were anxious to be for ever secured against the return of the Bourbons, and on this condition promised all fealty to Bonaparte, their future emperor. An act of terrorism, the judicial murder of a Bourbon, was just the pledge they sought; a pledge he was not unwilling to give, if the duc de Berri could be caught on French ground. That prince, however, came not. Bonaparte was disappointed; and in order to make up in every way for the disappointment, he resolved to seize on the duc d'Enghien, a Bourbon also, and expectant of the royalist insurrection. He was on neutral territory, to be sure; but Bonaparte had learned to slight international as well as moral law; feeling himself, as a high priest of policy, above such "beggarly elements." He accordingly gave orders that a body of troops should surprise the castle of Ettenheim, and carry off the duke. This was put in execution on the 15th of March; and the illustrious prisoner was, without delay, hurried to the castle of Vincennes, near Paris. He arrived at nine o'clock in the evening much wearied. He was nevertheless brought on that very night before a military commission, and accused of the crime of bearing arms against France. Instead of denying the charge, the young prince avowed and gloried in it; and the commissioners, like a jury, returned a verdict of guilty, and even that reluctantly, but still with a belief that a punishment so atrociously severe in his case as death could not follow it. Besides, the duke made a request to see and speak with the first consul. Savary, however, who had orders to see judgment executed, and who had learned in Egypt implicit and oriental obedience to the word of

a master, interfered. Under his direction the prisoner was made to descend about daybreak into the fosse of the château, where he found a newly dug grave, and a company of gendarmes drawn up. The prince saw his fate, and submitted to it with a soldier's courage. A murder worthy of the worst days of the revolution was perpetrated; the heir of Condé had ceased to live; and Bonaparte, endeared by this pledge to the regicides, was assured of their support in mounting the imperial throne.

In this latter view, the death of the duc d'Enghien was not so bootless a measure as has been imagined. Moreau had not yet been brought to trial. The military were attached to him; the populace believed him honest; and, at such a moment, the resurrection and exertions of the Jacobin faction might have turned the scale against Bonaparte. Some time after this catastrophe, Pichegru was found strangled in his prison; and Wright, an English captain, who had landed Cadoudal from his vessel, and who had been taken prisoner, was discovered with his throat cut. Suspicion could not but fall upon Bonaparte. Yet, why should he not have brought Pichegru to trial as well as Moreau? On the other hand, it is not probable that these men fell by their own hands. Savary inculpates Fouché. The circumstance must remain matter of mystery and conjecture. Georges Cadoudal, and the most guilty conspirators, were next dealt with. They were brought to trial, condemned, and executed. The Polignacs were, however, spared by the first consul. Moreau was next arraigned: there existed no proofs whatever against him. The tribunal was inclined to acquit him. But, by a kind of negotiation betwixt the judges and the government, Moreau was condemned to two years' imprisonment; a sentence that the first consul commuted to exile. Moreau retired to America. Fouché, as the price of his information and activity in these affairs, was reinstated as minister of police.

Whilst the royalist plot for overthrowing the first consul's government thus failed utterly, which it needed

not have done, had it been a mere purpose of assassination, the French police were long and artfully engaged in attempting to implicate the diplomatic agents of England, and to raise ground of accusation against them. Subordinate envoys were first circumvented. Numbers of adroit emissaries introduced themselves to Mr. Drake, and to Mr. Spencer Smith, English residents at the courts of Munich and Stuttgardt, receiving plans, and making promises of royalist insurrection, of betraying towns,—&c. "These bulletins," M. Bignon admits, "were all fabricated by the French police; the promises, only so many chimeras, with which the prefect of Strasburg fed the credulity of Mr. Drake." Poor Mr. Drake was indeed taken in. Some letters of his, in which he exulted over the speedy accomplishment of these designs, were intercepted; his folly, rather than his guilt, proclaimed; and, unfortunately, the story, garnished with unblushing falsehood, gave Bonaparte, what he so much loved, a pretext for declaiming against the Machiavelism of England. In all countries, the enemies of France of course rallied, as far as they were permitted, around our ambassadors, as the only points of independent power and resistance; and these personages certainly required a great degree of prudence and courage. Bonaparte made war on them by all means. He seized sir George Rumbold on the neutral territory of Hamburg, and only released him to avert the indignation of all Germany. Lord Elgin was singled out amongst the English detained in France, and tempted to implicate himself by the demons of the police. To catch a British ambassador tripping was what Bonaparte most loved. The artifices used with Lord Elgin form a perfect sample of the mode; whilst Bonaparte's declaration in the *Moniteur*, "that the British envoy at Madrid, had asserted to the Prince of the Peace the right of a country to cause the assassination of sovereigns with whom it was at war," gives at once the measure of his veracity.

It was in these petty squabbles and machinations that

the meanness of Bonaparté appeared. Hitherto his life had been that of a hero; stained, indeed, with the blood of Jaffa; for which, however, he might plead the excuse of stern necessity. In fields of battle, in negotiations, in government, he had shown himself the superior spirit. But now, as he arrives at the height of power, as he doffs the hero's tunic to assume the mantle of the usurper, the vulgar jacobin appears — rude, ruthless, tricky, envious, mendacious. Finding a worthy ally in Fouché, he condescends to make war by eavesdroppers at the doors of the envoys of his foe, rather than with armies in the field; and wields the base pen of malignity, rather than the warrior's sword. Absolute power proved fatal to him, flinging him at once into meanness and into crime. While a victorious commander of the armies of Italy, a crown could not have added to his greatness. When we first look upon him as emperor, we behold chiefly the murderer and the monarch united. Previous to this epoch, there existed still a feeling of generosity betwixt England and her enemy. But henceforth it was a personal and deadly war, — a war not only of existence, but of honour, — a duel not to be receded from till one or other of the antagonists fell. Unfortunate it was that France was identified in her leader's quarrel. Had she kept her liberties, that even of her press, such foul lies could not have gone forth to the world, nor been credited at home. But Bonaparte, not daring to trust his character and acts to a free press, shows sufficiently the colour of both: whilst, by yielding this precious liberty, this sun of the public mind, to a despot, after all the clamours and blood spent in the name of freedom, France becomes answerable for her own credulity, as well as for those crimes, and that injustice, which such credulity allowed him to commit.

This was the epoch of Bonaparte's becoming emperor. The steps of his throne were the supposed projects of Pichegru and Georges; the blood of D'Enghien cemented them. Here instantly appears the great object of representing the views of the conspirators to be those of as-

sassination. For, the life of the first consul being aimed at, it became necessary, according to the logic of the hour, to render the present rule and system permanent; that is, hereditary. And in fact the argument was right; a despotism for life is an absurdity, a complete *bonus* upon assassination; however, the way of mending the absurdity was to abate the despotism, instead of rendering it eternal. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed since the first consul had declared in council "hereditary right to be an absurdity." The senate now asserted the necessity of declaring Bonaparte hereditary sovereign, "in order to ensure the public triumph of liberty and equality without fear of overthrow." This unblushing reason for perpetuating a dictatorship was worthy of the *Moniteur* itself. The senate having obsequiously given its adhesion, the tribunate was required to discuss the question, not constitutionally, but as if in a "private re-union of citizens." Twenty voted for, seven against, Bonaparte's elevation to the sovereignty. To such numbers were reduced even the mock representation of France. Carnot alone, as a staunch republican, spoke boldly forth his opinion. "Shall freedom, then," said he, "be shown to man, in order that he may never enjoy it? Must it be ever offered to his vows, as a fruit, tempting indeed, but fraught with death as the consequence of touching it? Nature is then indeed but a stepmother!" On the 18th of May, 1804, the French senate passed a decree, and presented it to the first consul, styling "Napoleon Bonaparte emperor of the French." The people at large were to be consulted as to the hereditary right implied as belonging to this title; the farce of universal suffrage was never wanting in France to sanction acts of violence or usurpation. Still here a manifest difference was observed. Whilst the votes for the consulate had been nearly four millions, with a few thousand dissentient voices, the three millions that declared for the empire were counterbalanced by upwards of two millions that protested.

The *senatus consultum*, instituting the empire, confined

the descent to Joseph and Louis; excluding Lucien, who had been most instrumental in elevating his brother to the consulate; and Jerome, who was profligate, and had made a foolish marriage. Court officers, with titles of superlative magnificence, were at the same time created; Joseph was called grand elector, as if in mockery of himself and of Sièyes. Then Louis became constable; Berthier grand huntsman. Three such men, wearing three such titles, must indeed have excited the derision of the Parisians. But sarcasm is short-lived, when allowed merely to vent itself in whisper. And the French, who had at first been ashamed to wear the riband of the legion of honour, soon came to admire stars and orders, and to worship dignitaries. The second and third consuls, Cambacérès and Le Brun, became arch-chancellor and arch-treasurer; whilst seventeen of the principal generals were declared marshals of France.

The year 1804 was spent by Bonaparte in assuming his new title. It was the subject of serious negotiation with all the states of Europe, England excepted. Austria, the weakest, was the first to recognise it. The opportunity was even chosen by her for modifying her own; her sovereign, instead of elective emperor of Germany, styling himself hereditary emperor of Austria. The army, however, was the true basis of Napoleon's power; nor was he contented, until his dignity had received their approbation. He accordingly visited Boulogne during the summer, and in a month after his arrival there, ordered a grand review and ceremony on the 16th of August, the day of his fête. He was to distribute crosses of the legion of honour to the military. Seated in the midst of his numerous armies, the shores of England and its fleets before him, Bonaparte was thus in presence of the foe that served as a pretext to his elevation. The troops answered his claim to the empire with loud acclamations, and he considered himself henceforth raised on the buckler, like another Clovis, to be the founder of a new dynasty. From Boulogne the new emperor hurried to Aix la Chapelle, the ancient capital

of Charlemagne. Here he received the acknowledgment of his dignity by his *brother* of Austria.

That nought might be wanting, the church was requested to give its sanction. Its inferior members had already displayed their zeal. The clergy, in their addresses, styled him Moses and Cyrus, applying to him the name of every biblical hero. They saw *divine right* in success as well as legitimacy; and proclaimed "the finger of God" as the agent of his elevation. To sum up this condescension, the pope himself made a journey to Paris, in order to crown the new Charlemagne, who, by the by, had curtailed from the church those very possessions said to have been ceded to it by the pious Frank. On the 2d of December the coronation took place in Notre Dame; Bonaparte, however, placing the crown on his own head as well as upon that of Josephine. Pius the Seventh spoke an humble homily on the occasion. Comparing himself to Elias and to Samuel, Napoleon to Hazael, to Jehu, to David, and to Saul, the pontiff consecrated, in the name of the Deity, whose vicegerent on earth he was, the crown of the new emperor.

CHAP. VIII.

1804—1807.

FROM BONAPARTE'S ACCESSION TO THE EMPIRE TO THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

We have traced the rise of Napoleon Bonaparte to the highest pinnacle of greatness; let us pause to take a view of his character, since in that character was now concentrated the force which influenced the fate, not only of France, but of Europe. It is no longer the distinctions of party, the play of public opinion or of political intrigue, that we have to narrate. The crowded stage of the revolution has been swept clean; and, in lieu of its

stirring scenes, its rant, its blood, its interest and depth, we behold the silent statue of a conqueror enthroned.

Bonaparte seems to have been gifted by nature with all the general and efficient qualities of greatness, but with none of those peculiarities which sometimes mar, sometimes adorn it; his powers differed from those of the mass, not in kind, but in degree. Great good sense, quickness, energy indefatigable, an eye and judgment that never erred or slumbered whilst their objects were unreached: these were his attributes; circumstances afforded them the opportunities of success. He was a child of fortune, but not a spoiled child: he never turned his back upon her favours in caprice or neglect, never lost an opportunity without taking the utmost advantage of it; whilst, likewise, he never anticipated the course of circumstances, nor ventured forward till every accessory was prepared, and all ripe for consummation. He was not one of those born to struggle against events: he never could have been either a Cæsar or a Catiline; for in adversity he was out of his element, and pined like a southern exotic under a northern sky, unless when the sun shone full upon him. He was a wretched conspirator: the 18th Brumaire was effected, despite of his blunders and his faintness, by his brother Lucien; and fortune came there to his aid, as she did at Marengo.

Napoleon was endowed, in fact, with great intellect, but not with great passions: he loved neither women nor freedom; his very ambition was an after-thought, begotten of events. A little before Vendémiaire we find him meditating the purchase of a country house and farm, "but not of confiscated property,"—so unstable did he esteem the revolution. But he had the restless spirit, the craving for activity, which is the germ of ambition. He was not without enthusiasm, but he had never more than he could well control,—one reason why he could never be eloquent; for the enthusiasm that the pen may affect and exaggerate, must be felt with the warmth of inspiration, ere it acts upon the tongue. Now

the absence of all passion and all enthusiasm is selfisn-ness in the highest degree; and such became the all-absorbing malady, the distinguishing trait, of Napoleon. He was incapable even of friendship. Himself, his greatness, that of France because his, became for him a passion, or rather the substitute for one. It is thus we judge him from history; thus madame de Staël, the most penetrating observer of human character, read that of Bonaparte.

From this principle, this nullity of feeling and power of intellect, flowed the virtues and the vices of the man. He was not imposed on by the cant of the revolution, nor carried away by its fanaticism. Being indebted for his advance to the rise of the democracy, he adopted that side which threw command open to his talents: he sided with the revolution, and rendered it triumphant; but he never adopted its prejudices against either aristocrat or churchman, both of which classes he spared. He had a respect for even royalty, and kept the king of Sardinia on his throne despite the directory. He was not by nature cruel; but supreme command, especially of armies, inspired him with a contempt for human life, and a disregard for destroying it. He had no immoral tendencies; but, as education gave him no principle of religion or morals, or rather, as the revolution took away all he might have originally imbibed, he was left free to adopt the maxims of expediency, which are sufficient to render the prudent moral whilst they are surrounded by their equals. Bonaparte lost this salutary check, as he rose above his fellows to power. On his first ascent he seemed to think all permitted to him: he had reverence for neither justice nor truth; and did not shrink from even murder, until the outcry of Europe taught him that even sovereigns find a tribunal in the public voice which it is dangerous to brave.

In European society, civilisation has restrained the conduct of men by a double chain; by that of morality and religion first, by that of honour after. The many, who shake off the first, are enabled to cling by the last; and the

result, so far as their neighbours are concerned, is much the same. But the French revolution had destroyed both these ties; one was bigotry in its eyes, the other a relic of aristocracy; and Bonaparte was completely without either,—the fault of his position more than of his character. Indeed, one of his greatest misfortunes was his want of gentle habits and feelings on reaching a throne: stern morality would no doubt have sufficed; but stoicism is rare and difficult, especially in such a situation: whereas the gentlemanly spirit is common, is strong, is ineradicable; of tenderer and nicer conscience than the moral, which it supplants. It would have preserved Bonaparte from that habitual rudeness, which soon left no servants round him but servile instruments, unable to delay a guilty order, or hasten a generous one. It would have prevented him from condescending to turn scribe in the *Moniteur*, and putting himself in personal collision with the powers and sovereigns of Europe, all of whom he individually insulted, besides working up his own wretched vanity to a pitch unworthy of his station. It would have kept him from public altercation with ambassadors at his court, or base traps laid for them at neighbouring ones. It would have inspired him with a respect for truth, nor allowed an emperor's bulletin to have become a word synonymous with a lie. In fine, it would have preserved him from the foul stain of having murdered a defenceless prince. The faults of Bonaparte form a striking proof of how vulgarity may lead to crime; and, perhaps, the best plea for the aristocratic organisation of society is, that honour, the essence of that system, is the best substitute for moral principle, the seed of which is perishable, and difficult to rear.

We must repeat the assertion, that Bonaparte was not made to sway events, however fit to sway mankind. War he always found made to his hand; if his system, his incorrigible system, his oblique and selfish views of justice, and his recklessness of others' rights justly provoked it, this did not enter into his calculation. He really imagined that Austria, or England, or any

European power, had no right nor claim to interfere with his aggrandisement; and considered their mistrust as a kind of wilful impertinence. Wars then came of his arbitrariness. But he never entered upon them avowing merely the aim of conquest. The only two cases in which he did do this, in which he did take the initiative of fortune, viz. in the Egyptian and Russian expeditions, failure and defeat were the consequences. But if thus unable to rule over events, he was eminently calculated to rule over mankind; above all, over masses of men. His elevation and his feats were alone, indeed, enough to excite the highest admiration; but this was fostered by a thousand acts which were almost natural to him. No monarch ever acted idol so well as he. All may sit to be worshipped; but he could reflect grandeur in return. Then he had no weakness, no luxurious or royal enjoyments. He was all absolute in his rule; in conquering and administering imperious. He was not so successful in attaching those who came in contact with him. The marshals, indeed, could not but bow to him, who was the leading star of the profession and of the land. But personal friends Bonaparte had none. He was incapable of friendship or affection, and could only be served at length by men, frivolous and martinet, like Berthier; cold and rigid, like Duroc*; or blindly devoted, from an innate and mental feeling of servility, like Savary. Thus his power, in extending widely over the land and over men, spread its roots, like certain splendid trees,—the ash for instance,—horizontally and superficially through the soil. They did not strike downwards, perpendicularly and profoundly, like the oak, which, of more tardy growth, still rises to superior majesty, and braves with far more unconquerable resistance the fury of adverse elements.

* If Bonaparte could have considered any one in the light of friend, it was Duroc. A circumstantial account has been given, and much quoted, of the sorrow displayed by Bonaparte on the occasion of his death. He is represented as sitting apart from his suite, as absorbed in affliction, &c. We can contradict this flatly, from the testimony of one of his suite then present. Napoleon did not betray any such sensibility.

The year 1804 saw the rise of a new coalition against Bonaparte. Austria might quail under former defeats, and Prussia might well hesitate to provoke the conqueror. But Russia had no such fears, and spoke an independent language. The murder of the duke d'Enghien had excited the emperor Alexander's abhorrence. He put his court into mourning for the unfortunate prince. Gustavus of Sweden followed the example. Of the French functionaries, M. de Chateaubriand alone sent in a generous resignation: whilst Louis XVIII. sent back the order of the golden fleece to his relative the monarch of Spain, who, though a Bourbon, dared not express a feeling of resentment towards France. But it was the conduct of Alexander that most affected the French emperor. The mourning of the Russian court, and the remonstrances of its representative in Paris, were poignant injuries. Napoleon, as usual, took up the pen himself to answer them; and, as usual, falsehood and insult flowed from it. "Suppose," wrote he, "that when England meditated the assassination of the emperor Paul, the conspirators were known to be within a league of the frontier, would they not have been seized?". The allusion was a deadly and malignant insult, not so much to England, who might scorn such calumnies; but to Alexander, who had profited at least by his sire's untimely death. The Russian emperor replied by summoning the French to evacuate Hanover and Naples; and soon after his *chargé d'affaires* was ordered to leave Paris.

This breach accomplished the first desire of Great Britain, which was to find a continental ally against France. The death of the duke d'Enghien served her in this; and menaced its perpetrator. For a considerable time Spain had been in alliance with France, aiding her, however, with subsidies rather than with troops. England, though aware of the covert hostility of Spain, pretended not to observe it, and respected that country as neutral. But the prospect of Russian alliance made the ministry more bold; and the peace with Spain was suddenly broken by the capture of some ships of that nation

returning laden with specie. It was a flagrant act of injustice, in the very style of Bonaparte's own conduct, and proceeded from the very same imbecility which threw upon us the blame of the renewal of the war,—an irresolute, wavering system, which was but weakness, and which looked like treachery. England had thence to contend with the fleets of France and Spain united, an alliance which inspired Bonaparte with great hopes.

In the spring of 1805, whilst the clouds of hostility were gathering against him from the north, Bonaparte took a journey to Milan, in order to exchange his title of president of the Cisalpine republic for that of king of Italy. Here, received with enthusiasm, he placed upon his own head, in great ceremony, the crown of Charlemagne, called iron, from a nail of the true cross which it contains. "God gave it me," exclaimed he; "beware who dares to touch it." He ordered a splendid review to take place on the plains of Marengo, and, to mark his attention to minutiæ, he had brought from Paris the same grey frock coat which he had worn at that memorable battle. But the general's habit had lain by since he had donned the imperial mantle, and worms had eaten it. Genoa, of late the Ligurian republic, was now, by a stroke of the pen, incorporated with the empire of France. This formed one of the complaints of Austria, then pressed by England and Russia to coalesce with them, and arm. But Bonaparte had acquired the habit of filching towns, and adding territory to territory. It was incurable and inevitable; and his amazement was, that people could find fault with a thing so natural. His object in seizing Genoa is announced in one of his letters to Le Brun, whom he appointed governor. That amiable man had mitigated his stern orders to press the naval population of the port. The emperor wrote him the following reprimand *:—

"In uniting Genoa to the empire, I was induced neither by the revenue, nor by the land forces she might contribute.

* See "Opinions et Ecrits Politiques" of the late duc de Plaisance, edited and published by his son.

I had but one object in view, viz. 15,000 seamen. It is then going against the very spirit of my feeling to be lenient or backward in raising and levying this force. You are too mild, too merciful. How can you govern people without discontenting them? What would you do, if you were charged with forcing the conscripts of a couple of French departments to march to the army? I tell you, that in matters of government, *force means justice as well as virtue.** As to discontent of the Genoese, I am not the man to listen to such remonstrances. Think you I am decrepit enough to fear them. My answer is, Seamen, seamen, and still seamen. Govern but to collect seamen—dream but of them. Say what you will from me, but say that I will have seamen. God keep you in his holy guard! NAPOLEON."

This most characteristic letter shows the reliance he placed on a naval struggle, and his hopes of so weakening, if not vanquishing, England by sea, as to render his project of invasion possible. It was now that he formed the project of distracting the attention of England, and scattering her fleets, by despatching his in different directions, some to the West Indies, some to the ports of Spain, in order to effect an union betwixt all, and form a naval force capable of giving battle to the British with great superiority of numbers. The progress of fleets, however, could not be ordered or calculated in the cabinet, or over a chart. An hundred chances were against the execution of a scheme which at best was almost hopeless. For in naval actions betwixt French and English, as in land battles betwixt French and Austrians, numbers served to increase the disorder and rout of the unskilful combatant. This was soon proved. The French squadron of twenty vessels, which had gone round by the West Indies to the chosen rendezvous in the Channel, fell in on its return with a much inferior British force under sir Robert Calder. The French were, nevertheless defeated; and the English admiral, instead of meeting with

* "Vous savez bien qu'en fait de gouvernement justice veut dire force comme vertu." What an apt motto for the man, and for his reign!

approbation for his victory, was severely reprimanded at home for not annihilating the superior numbers of the foe.

Napoleon himself was in the mean time at Boulogne, facing England, indeed, and menacing her with invasion; but with his looks all the time directed to the east and north of Europe. He was not in the least ignorant of the coalition, or the war brewing against him; and although his tent was pitched on the heights of Boulogne, the map upon that tent-table, the object of his meditation, was the map of Austria. Even before he took the journey to Milan, he told Bourrienne, in sending him envoy to Hamburg, — "Go, I have views with respect to Germany, in furthering which you may be useful. It is *there* I intend to strike England. I must deprive her of the continent. I have larger ideas on this point; though they are not yet ripe. There is not enough of similitude amongst the nations of Europe. European society has need of being regenerated; and to accomplish this, there is need of one power superior and dominant over all others, to be a bond of union, and to constrain them to peace amongst each other." Such were the theories with which Napoleon veiled his ambition. Some men have dreamed and insisted on the necessity of uniting the several governments of Italy under one monarch, one despot if requisite, in order to give that unhappy land union and independence, preparatory to liberty. Bonaparte applied the scheme to Europe; but with no such generous aim. His ideas were at any rate turned towards warring upon the continent, at the same time that he remained with his army at Boulogne. A conversation of his with Bourrienne displays his real opinions on this subject. "Those who believe in the seriousness of my menace of invasion are fools. They do not see the thing in its true light. I can, without doubt, disembark in England with 100,000 men, fight a great battle, win it; but I must reckon on 30,000 killed, wounded, or prisoners. If I march upon London, a second battle awaits me; suppose me again successful, what am I to do in London with an

army diminished by three fourths, without hope of reinforcements? It would be madness, Without superiority of naval force, such a project is impracticable. No: this great re-union of troops, that you behold, has another aim. My government must be the first of Europe, or it must fall."

However hostile were the intentions of Napoleon towards the still independent powers of Europe, these anticipated him in declaring war. In April, 1805, an alliance was concluded betwixt Russia and England. Hanover and Naples were to be the points, to the liberating of which their armies were to be directed. Sweden joined the alliance. Prussia approved its spirit, but those of its ministers in the French interest prevailed, and preserved the neutrality. Austria was more inclined to redeem her defeats. The coronation of the French emperor as king of the Italian dominions, which she at least expected to have been left independent, alarmed Austria and gave her a right to arm. The occupation of Genoa enforced both. The British envoy was ready with offers of subsidy, the Russians with the aid of large armies, of those troops which had, under Suwarrow, driven the French from Italy. One eminent personage alone opposed war at the Austrian court; this was the archduke Charles. He saw the peril, but was not listened to. He accordingly left the war-department where he presided, and the proposals of England and Russia for a third coalition were accepted.

These negotiations did not long remain a secret from Napoleon, who in vain endeavoured to bring either Russia to an alliance or Austria to terms. He then turned to and secured Bavaria by a promise of aggrandising her territory, and of himself making no acquisition beyond the Rhine. Austria in the mean time advanced her troops, and peremptorily demanded of the elector of Bavaria to unite with her. He temporised; practised some deceit, and succeeded in excusing himself, and drawing off his army. The Austrians occupied Munich.

Here was the aggression that Napoleon desired; for, without some such pretext, he feared the shame of

abandoning the vaunted expedition against England. Thus, whilst Pitt precipitated Austria to hostilities prematurely, ere her allies had put forth their strength, in order to remove the French from Boulogne, he precisely served the purpose of Bonaparte. This last blunder of the English minister, with its unfortunate consequences, gave the destructive blow that put an end to his life. Napoleon affected great disappointment in abandoning his scheme of invasion, called Daru, and dictated to him at a breath the entire plan of a campaign against Austria, the march of each division, its route, the time of the arrival of each, and the point of junction. This seemed like magic and improvisation to Daru, being nevertheless the result of long and mature reflection. The several divisions instantly decamped from Boulogne, taking different directions to the Rhine. The emperor hurried to Paris, and obtained from his obsequious senate the decrees necessary for carrying on the war.

The command of the advanced Austrian army was, as if by fatuity, intrusted to Mack, that pedantic tactician, who could not defend Rome with an army against a few thousand men under Championnet. He took post at Ulm, thinking that Bonaparte must necessarily take the same road which Moreau had taken. On the contrary, the French emperor divided his numerous force into seven corps, the greater number of which were ordered to march to the Danube, and cross it behind Mack. Another was to advance by the Black Forest to deceive the Austrians. Bernadotte was to rally the Bavarian army, whilst the main body gathered at Stuttgardt. Thus Mack, with 80,000 men, was advanced far from all support, whilst nearly 200,000 were marching to surround him. The French were in his rear ere he dreamed of of it. Retreat was impossible. All that remained was to unite the Austrian army, and fall with its whole mass on one or two of the French corps. But, no — Mack scattered his troops round Ulm. On one road Murat met twelve battalions of Austrian grenadiers, with a select body of cavalry. His numbers allowed him to surround them.

Formed in a square, these brave men fought for two hours, until they were broken, slain, or taken. A similar affair took place at Guntzburg. And at length, even upon points where the Austrians were superior, their want of confidence lost them the advantage. Dupont checked them on one side; Ney on another. The latter achieved a brilliant feat in carrying the bridge of Elchingen, at the third assault; the name was Ney's first title. Beaten in on every side, Mack was shut up with the remains of his army in the town of Ulm. The French occupied all the heights around; and Mack had nothing left but to capitulate. The general De Segur, sent to demand his submission, found nothing but disorder, and the brain of Mack in similar confusion. The latter had no clear idea of the state of things, till the French themselves informed him. He did not even know that Napoleon was his antagonist. He began by demanding "eight days' truce or death," and concluded by surrendering immediately. Never was so bewildered a person. Bonaparte himself was ashamed of the imbecility of his antagonist, and endeavoured to remove this general impression by treating Mack and his officers with marked respect.

An imperial bulletin now announced — "Soldiers, in fifteen days we have made a campaign, driven the Austrians from Bavaria; of 100,000 men, 60,000 are prisoners. Two hundred pieces of cannon, 80 stand of colours, are our trophies. A second campaign awaits us. We have to combat the Russians, whom England has transported from the ends of the universe. This battle will decide the honour of the French infantry, and will tell if it be the first or the second in Europe."

Whilst Bonaparte thus addressed his soldiers in words of triumph, his discourse to the Austrian generals, who were prisoners, betrayed that it was triumphs on another field and over another nation that he most desired. "Tell your master," said he, "to hasten to make peace. I want nothing on the continent. It is colonies, vessels, commerce, that I want. My conquest of them would

be advantageous to me as to you." These words were spoken on the 20th of October, the day of the surrender of Ulm. On the day after, the 21st, was fought the battle of Trafalgar, where Nelson, annihilating the fleets of Spain and France, bequeathed to Bonaparte the cruel certainty, that, if invincible on land, his great rival was equally so upon the ocean.

After reconducting his ally of Bavaria to his capital, Bonaparte now advanced into Austria, his lieutenants driving all before them as they advanced. The French emperor crossed the Rhine on the 1st of October; on the 20th, Mack and his army were prisoners. On the 15th of November, Napoleon made his entry into Vienna. The Austrian emperor and his troops had retired into Moravia; for the Russians, whom Mack had expected at Ulm, were only now at Brunn. Had the war been delayed six weeks, Napoleon might have had a more difficult task. He was now not only master of Vienna, but of the neighbouring bridge over the Danube. Lannes had won it by an act of unexampled audacity. He had advanced on the bridge, speaking to the Austrian officers, alluding to a probable armistice, and distracting their attention, whilst a column of grenadiers followed him. As the Austrian officers were before their cannon and around Lannes, the artillery could not fire: when the former expostulated, Lannes gained time by excuses; and when the word to fire was about to be given, he overthrew the officer, the French rushed on the cannon, turned them; and the important bridge, securing a passage over the Danube, was won, we may say, in jest. Such was Austrian simplicity.

The emperor Francis had hoped to the last that the Russians would arrive in time to act on the right bank of the Danube, and so preserve Vienna from occupation. The first Russian army — it marched in two bodies — had advanced under Kutusoff higher up the Danube than Vienna. Hearing of the capture both of that city and its bridge, Kutusoff hurried back to Brunn. He feared to be cut off from the other body of his compatriots, and

with some reason. Murat attacked him; but the French general allowing himself to be deceived by the proposal of an armistice, Kutusoff made good his retreat, leaving, however, his lieutenant Bragation to bear the brunt of the enemy. This general had the honour, with 6000 men, to make a stand against double his force of French, fight them with inveteracy, and then escape. The encounter raised the courage of the Russians — they were yet the soldiers of Suwarrow.

The French occupied Brunn. The emperors of Russia and Austria had rallied at Olmutz. They were at the head of 80,000 men, whilst Bonaparte did not muster more than 60,000. He had had to garrison Vienna; and to leave troops to watch the archduke Charles, who was in South Austria, pressed by Massena, but still in force. Some negotiation took place, but both French and Russians were too full of confidence to abate of pretensions before a battle which each hoped to win. This battle became a matter of absolute necessity to Napoleon, far advanced as he was in an enemy's country; Hungary unoccupied on one side, Bohemia on the other: Prussia, too, was menacing. The French, in their rapid march to intercept Mack, had passed through the Prussian territories of Anspach, and thus afforded a pretext of war. An envoy now arrived from Berlin; but the emperor told him to stay his message until a battle, which was imminent, should be decided.

The Russians and Austrians, having united all their forces, determined to act on the offensive. On the 27th of November they marched from Olmutz towards the French, who were concentrated to the eastward of Brunn. Napoleon, who had studied the ground in his rear, retreated before the enemy, drawing his right wing back more than the rest of the army. Kutusoff, seeing this, and taking it for weakness, determined to turn the right wing of the French, and so threaten to cut off their army from Vienna. Bonaparte thus, by drawing his army as nearly as was wise to one point,

suggested to his enemies the idea of turning and surrounding him; a dangerous project for them, since it extended their lines, and exposed their weak points to an enemy, vigilant, drawn together, and enabled to protrude an overwhelming force in any one direction. Had the Russians an idea that this retreat and concentration of the French were dictated by art, they would of course not have committed themselves. But the French did every thing to affect hesitation and timidity: they not only retired, but, in partial encounters, showed a disposition to fly. To the proposals of Alexander, Bonaparte answered hesitatingly. He received the aide-de-camp sent to him on the outskirts of the camp, as if to avoid its weak state being seen. Works were thrown up. An interview, as the pretext of four and twenty hours' truce, was begged. In short, an hundred petty artifices were employed to persuade the Russians that the French meditated a retreat; and that the former should lose no time, not only to attack, but also to intercept.

On the 1st of December the combined army completely fell into the trap. The chief force was pushed on to the extreme left, whilst the troops of the rest of the line, diminished for this purpose, descended from heights in front of the French, in order to move towards the left also. Napoleon might have posted his army on these heights, and would have done so, had his object been merely to repulse or check the enemy; but his aim was to defeat and destroy them; and he therefore yielded them the heights, which, being separated by ravines between, favoured his project for cutting the Austrian line, when weakened by its extension and its march to take the French in flank. Bonaparte watched anxiously the motions of the enemy in advance of Austerlitz; and no sooner did his acute eye perceive their forces thrown to their left, and the number in front of him, on and around the line of heights diminished, than he exclaimed, "Yon army shall be at our mercy ere to-morrow's sun sets." Nay, so certain was he of this, that he determined to communicate his confidence to his soldiers; and informed

them in a printed circular or order of the day, that "the enemy, in marching to turn the French right, had exposed their own flank." On the evening of the 1st, the firing commenced on the menaced point, the right of the French. Napoleon galloped thither, made his disposition for the morrow, and returned on foot through the ranks and bivouacs of his soldiery. The morrow was to be the anniversary of his coronation: they promised him the Russian colours and cannon as a gift in honour of his fête.

Soult commanded the main right wing, called by some the centre, because Davoust led a division still further off, to oppose the object of the enemy in turning the French or taking them in the rear. Bernadotte was the general of the centre, Lannes at the left, Murat and the cavalry behind the two latter, Bessières in reserve, with Oudinot and the guard. The sun rose on the 2d of December with unclouded brilliancy; it was hailed and remembered long as the sun of Austerlitz. Its rays discovered the Austrians and Russians disseminated on, around, and behind the heights before the village of Austerlitz, whence the allied emperors watched the first effect of their chief effort against the French right. Here the battle began; Soult and Davoust supporting the attack with their wonted activity and skill, greatly aided by their positions, which were amongst flooded and marshy ground, with the ice too weak to support the tread. All that Bonaparte required of these generals was to hold their ground for a certain number of hours; his aim being to attack simultaneously with his left and centre that portion of the enemy in front of him, which he proposed to cut off from their engaged wing. Napoleon delayed long, however, to give the signal for this attack, so little looked for by the enemy. He feared lest they might recall their troops from their left. No sooner, however, did he hear the sound of battle fully engaged in that direction, than he gave the word. His generals hurried from him, each to his post; Lannes, Bernadotte, Legrand, St. Hilaire, each at the head of his division,

advanced. The allied columns at this moment were descending from the heights, in the direction of their left, where they looked for the brunt of the battle. They never expected to find it before them, Bonaparte having sedulously concealed the force and motions of his army. The Russians were thus surprised, and attacked during an oblique march, by columns their equals or superiors in strength. They were cut in two, routed, and separated one from the other. The French gained the heights, pushing their enemies into the defiles. This, no doubt, took time to effect; but the details can be imagined, if the manœuvres be comprehended, and the result seized.

Between Austerlitz and the heights thus won by the French was still the Russian reserve, with the emperor in person; his choicest troops, the guard for instance, commanded by the grand duke Constantine. These two were marching towards the left, when to their astonishment the French skirmishers and cavalry charged in amongst them. It was a scene of surprise and confusion. The emperor, however, aided by Kutusoff, rallied his men. The Russian guards and other regiments charged; and the French, a moment since victorious, were driven back. Some regiments that had even formed squares were broken into and routed by the impetuosity of the Russians. Napoleon did not see what was taking place, Austerlitz being hidden from him by the heights. His ear, however, caught sounds that did not augur victory, and he instantly sent Rapp, his aide-de-camp, to see what was the matter. Rapp galloped off with some squadrons of the guard, rallied stragglers as he advanced, and saw, as he came up, the menacing position of affairs, the Russians victorious, and sabring the French, who were driven from their broken squares. They were already bringing cannon to play upon Rapp, when the latter, crying out to his men, "to avenge their comrades and restore the day," charged at full speed amongst the Russians. This gave the routed French time to breathe and rally. They grouped and formed: Rapp returned to the charge. Half an hour's obstinate struggle and

carnage took place, which terminated in the rout of the Russian guards before the eyes of the two emperors.

This feat achieved, Rapp rode back to acquaint Napoleon that all the foe in the direction of Austerlitz were in flight. On other points victory had been already assured. The left of the allies — the left, on the efforts of which so much had been built — was now cut off: it was completely destroyed or taken. The most dreadful feature of its rout was the attempt of several squadrons to escape over the lakes: the ice at once gave way under the accumulated weight, and thousands of brave men perished.

Such was Austerlitz. Savary had best summed it up in calling it "a series of manœuvres, not one of which failed, that cut the Russian army, surprised in a side march, into as many portions as columns were directed against it." All have seen Gerard's picture of the battle, or rather of its conclusion, where Rapp is seen riding up, with broken sword and bleeding front, to tell the tidings of his complete success. It represents that fact. Of 80,000 combatants, the allies lost one half, of which 10,000 were slain.

On the evening of the battle, the emperor of Austria sent to demand an interview with Napoleon. It was arranged for the 4th; and took place within a few leagues of Austerlitz, by the fire of a bivouac. The sovereigns embraced, and remained two hours in conversation, during which the principal terms of an agreement were of course discussed. Napoleon showed forbearance and magnanimity. The emperor of Russia retired to his dominions. He professed great admiration for the French hero, but refused to enter into any treaty, or even to acknowledge him as emperor. The part of the king of Prussia was most difficult. He had been ready to join the coalition. Count d'Haugwitz had arrived, prepared to use the language of menace; but finding Napoleon successful, he complimented him upon his victory. "This is a congratulation," was the reply, "of which fortune has changed the address." In proportion as he

had shown forbearance to Austria, he gave way to vituperation and anger against Prussia. He railed against treachery and false friends; and, in short, so frightened Haugwitz, that the latter concluded a treaty, resigning Anspach and Bareuth on the part of Prussia, and accepting Hanover in lieu. It was Napoleon's object thus to set England and Prussia at variance. It was singular enough that, almost at the same moment, Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, required the assistance of England, conjointly with Russia, in case she should be attacked: and both these incompatible agreements were soon before the cabinet of Berlin, to its no small embarrassment. It drew back from the difficulty as best it might, accepting Hanover merely as a *depôt*, and yielding Anspach, as Haugwitz had consented, with Cleves, Berg, and Neufchatel: the two latter principalities were bestowed upon Murat and Berthier. Soon after, the treaty of Presburg was signed between France and Austria; the latter power ceding Venice and its Dalmatian territories to the kingdom of Italy, and the Tyrol to Bavaria. The elector of Bavaria was raised, as well as the duke of Wirtemberg, to the rank of king: and the dominions of the new monarchs increased by the influence of France. Thus Napoleon commenced his plan, afterwards developed in the confederation of the Rhine, of exercising himself that influence over the German states which the empire held of old, and which of late had been shared and disputed by Prussia as head of the protestant interest.

Napoleon had declared to his own senate, and to the emperor of Austria, that he sought no aggrandisement for France. This declaration was with him a kind of *nolo episcopari*, or *nolo regnare*, which was a certain forerunner of fresh acquisitions. Venice and Dalmatia acquired to the kingdom of Italy was a commencement. An army of English and Russians had invaded Naples. The French emperor now determined to occupy that country, and expel from thence its reigning house. This was effected by his mere command. He had made kings in

Germany of the rulers of Bavaria and Wirtemberg. This was merely trying his hand at monarch-making: and at the same time Berthier and Murat were created German princes. Now his chancellor and treasurer, Cambacérès and Lebrun, were created dukes; one of Parma, the other of Piacenza or Plaisance. And, among the lately acquired provinces of Venice, Dalmatia, Istria, Friuli, Belluno, Feltre, Bassano, Vicenza, and Rovigo, were declared duchies, and assigned to the generals and statesmen of the imperial court. Joseph Bonaparte, elder brother of Napoleon, was declared king of Naples; and Louis, king of Holland: the latter was a mild domestic character; he had espoused Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter of Josephine.

This princess had been a great favourite with Napoleon; so much so, that calumny had attached criminality to their friendship. We believe this to be false. Hortense, whose character strikes us in a more interesting light, as having composed that well known air and song, "Partant pour la Syrie," was attached to the brave Duroc, who, perhaps shaken by the calumnies which assailed her, desisted from following up the suit which he had at first paid. Napoleon, who was not adverse to this match, on its being broken off gave Hortense to his brother Louis,—an event that made both unhappy. Such were the new king and queen of Holland.

According to the received rules of romance writers, the present was the acmé of the hero's prosperity; nought was heard of but marriage and principality. Few of his relatives were forgotten: in this respect none but his own views of grandeur were postponed. Already, indeed, he began to meditate divorce and an ambitious re-marriage. The smallest want or flaw in the fabric of ambition renders him who rears it wretched: and although hereditary right had been decreed to belong to Napoleon, the clause was rendered null by nature. As to laws of morality or religion, we have seen that Bonaparte had been altogether without respect for them; but he was attached to Josephine, and sincerely longed

to render his schemes consistent with her happiness. When this became no longer possible, the latter was sacrificed: but this period had not yet arrived; although he could scarcely pardon himself for the crime of ignoble marriage, which he so severely reproached and visited upon his brothers Lucian and Jerome. These had no share in the honours of the day. His sisters were now all elevated to rank. Caroline espoused Murat the duke of Berg; Eliza was given the sovereignty of Lucca; and Pauline, the youngest, widow of general Leclerc, brought Guastalla in dowry to the Roman prince Borghese: Eugene Beauharnois at the same time married the daughter of the king of Bavaria; Talleyrand became prince of Benevento, Bernadotte of Ponte-Corvo.

In the great struggle of France for European supremacy, if not for universal dominion, to which circumstances partly impelled, and ambition partly prompted Bonaparte, there is neither space nor interest to spare for the pettier details of internal administration, the preparation of codes, or the financial crisis which, at the epoch of Austerlitz, paralysed the commerce, and nearly ruined the bank, of France. Diplomacy and war occupy the entire scene, and demand to possess it exclusively. In the commencement of 1806, some weeks after the battle of Austerlitz, Pitt breathed his last. On Fox's succeeding to him, there was some expectation of peace; and intercourse commenced by a letter of that statesman, warning the French emperor of an offer made to assassinate him. Negotiation followed, to which the great obstacle of success seemed to be, that the French insisted upon Sicily in addition to Naples. The most remarkable circumstance connected with these negotiations is the anxiety of Talleyrand to conclude a peace, and the sagacious and almost prophetic views on which were founded this anxiety. He saw clearly, and said, that without a peace with England, Napoleon should go on warring, fighting battle after battle; which, with every chance in his favour, was still continuing to gamble, and to stake his fortune upon a throw, instead of ensuring

and enjoying what he possessed.* After all, an agreement, however styled a peace, could have been but a truce. Napoleon had derived the great consequences of his late victories: but the petty corollaries were yet to follow; state after state must fall within the vortex of his power, or else resist it; and submission could have been the only temper in which England would support peace. She had not yet been reduced to that.

Austria and Southern Germany were completely under the power and the dictation of Napoleon. Italy was his, from the Alps to Tarentum: Spain was obsequious as a province. The only independent power bordering on France, for France now extended to the Elbe, was Prussia. She was to be the next; and, with sufficient fatuity, she did not see this until it was too late. She had acted altogether a most unworthy and imprudent part. We have spoken of the two treaties; one signed by Haugwitz with Napoleon, the other by Hardenberg with England, both in December, 1805. Perplexed by her bad faith, Prussia obtained the advantage of neither: she naturally hesitated to accept Hanover, and to shut her ports against England; but as Anspach and Cleves, ceded by Haugwitz, were already seized by the French, Prussia resolved to break with England rather than not get an equivalent; and her troops, accordingly, occupied Hanover. England raised an outcry. Fox declared the conduct of Prussia to be "every thing that was contemptible in servility, and all that was odious in rapacity." Napoleon pursued his measures; he libelled Hardenberg in the Moniteur, accused him of selling his country, and at length procured his dismissal despite the support and interference of the queen. Prussia had dishonoured herself for the sake of Hanover and the French alliance;

* This testimony to the profound sagacity of Talleyrand is taken from the memoirs of his enemy, the duc de Rovigo. The passage is somewhat untranslatable: — "M. de Talleyrand poussait les conferences avec activité; rien ne lui eût coûte pour faire conclure la paix avec l'Angleterre. Il disait, à qui voulait l'entendre, que, sans elle, tout était problème pour l'empereur; qu'il n'y aurait qu'une suite de batailles heureuses qui le consoliderait, et que cela se reduisait à une série, dont le premier terme était A, et dont le dernier pouvait être Y ou Zero?"

what then was her mortification on learning, through the English papers, that Napoleon had offered to restore Hanover to Great Britain as the price of peace! Nothing was more evident, than that the French emperor was merely making a tool of Prussia; and that he was prepared to crush her, to slight her, and to seize the first pretext for both.

The accomplishment of a new scheme of Napoleon was still more alarming to Prussia. This was the confederation of the Rhine, by which the smaller German states, which hitherto had met or sent their envoys to a diet, presided over by the emperor of Germany, were incorporated into a new federation, of which France was the head. These states were bound in alliance, defensive and offensive, with the French emperor; the quantity of their contingents fixed; so that, in fact, Napoleon became suzerain of the greater part of Germany. Austria could make no resistance to a measure, which she had almost proposed, in declaring her emperor's title hereditary. That sovereign now abdicated the ancient authority over Germany, which his ancestors, for so many centuries, had possessed. With his declaration, in 1806 may be considered to terminate the reign of the modern Cæsars.

The confederation of the Rhine, though drawn up, agreed on, and signed in July, was still kept secret for some time, and its ratification delayed. Negotiations were going on with England and with Russia; and had they succeeded, at least had that with England succeeded, the new scheme of usurpation would have been kept back and in reserve until a favourable opportunity occurred for declaring it. Peace with England, however, failing to be accomplished, and the war party getting the uppermost in Russia, Bonaparte ratified and publicly announced the confederation of the Rhine; flinging it, like a bold defiance, in the face of the powers that still resisted him.

Prussia was instantly in a state of mistrust and alarm, increased by learning that Napoleon had offered to re-

store Hanover to England. The French, indeed, made offers; invited Frederic to form, on his side, a similar confederacy in the north, and to assume the imperial title also. But the court of Berlin, though flattered by the proposal, received on all sides too many proofs of the bad faith, and slighting, if not hostile, intentions of France, to put trust in her offers. The breaking off of negotiations between Great Britain, Russia, and France, took place in July, 1806, as did the ratification of the confederacy of the Rhine. In August, Prussia sounded the trump of war, by increasing her army, and calling forth its reserves. Cause she might have for this act; yet not more cause than the last ten years might have afforded. Had Prussia united with Austria in the second or third coalition, before that power had received a final and stunning blow, France might, in all probability, not have succeeded in establishing a tyrannic supremacy over Europe. But selfish timidity kept her arms tied then; and now, when the French emperor was in his might, in the pride of victory, when Austria was humbled, Prussia steps forth, like a David before the great Goliah, but without either meriting or possessing that divine protection which enabled the young Israelite to triumph.

If it was imprudence in Prussia to have decided upon war, it was madness not to have sought and awaited the aid of Russia and Great Britain. Yet when lord Morpeth, the envoy of the latter country, spoke of Hanover, he was answered, that its fate depended upon a battle: in other words, if Prussia won, she kept it; if she lost, Napoleon would take it for himself. As little eagerness was shown by Frederic to avail himself of the aid of Alexander. His army, which, indeed, it was difficult to restrain, pushed forward into Saxony, for the purpose of forcing the elector to join his troops to those of Prussia: and Hesse was equally summoned to take up the cause of North Germany against France. For the sake of forcing these alliances, the Prussian army was advanced south to Weimar, far from its own territory, and from

Russian aid. The blunder of Mack at Ulm was repeated.

The French force was already collecting. Bonaparte left Paris in the latter end of September. He came by Mayence to Wurtzburg; and was at Bamberg, the rendezvous of his army, on the 6th of October. Here was the war preluded by summonses and proclamations on both sides. The king of Prussia bade the French quit Germany, whose soil they had no right to tread. Napoleon returned the bravado most ungenerously, by making not Frederic, but his queen, the object of his attack. A French bulletin says, "The queen of Prussia is at the army, clothed as an Amazon, wearing the uniform of her regiment of dragoons, and penning twenty letters a day, in order to kindle flames on every side. One might believe her to be Armida out of her senses, setting fire to her own palace. Near her is the young prince Louis, overflowing with valour, and expecting vast renown from the vicissitudes of war. Echoing these two illustrious personages, the entire court cries 'To war!' But when war shall have come, with all its horrors, it is then that each will vainly endeavour to excuse himself of the guilt of having drawn down its thunders upon the peaceable countries of the north."

The Prussian army, commanded by the old duke of Brunswick and its king in person, was scattered along the high road from Eisenach to Weimar. As it had advanced so far, it should have taken the offensive, and pushed further on. But Brunswick was not capable of forming and persisting in a plan; the march made by a corps one day, it countermarched the next. Not so Napoleon; the French army came from the south. The road by which the Prussians had come, by which they must retreat, and along which were their magazines ran from Weimar, where they were, in a north-eastern direction to Leipzig, and by consequence obliquely to the French. Bonaparte resolved to march upon it, rather than upon Weimar, and thus cut off the Prussians from their home

and their magazines. This was effected; the only resistance being made at Saalfield by prince Louis. But the Prussians, unsupported, were driven in, and prince Louis himself slain by a serjeant, who in vain called to him to surrender. The French now occupied the course of the Saale, their backs to Germany; whilst the Prussians were obliged to turn theirs to France, in facing the enemy that had intercepted them. The main force of the French under Napoleon crossed the Saale at Jena; whilst two divisions, under Davoust and Bernadotte, more to the northward, had occupied Nuremberg, also on the Saale, and on the high road from Weimar, where the Prussians were, to Leipzig and Berlin. To dislodge these, and restore the intercepted communications, was now the chief object with the Prussians. The greater part of their army marched, in consequence, with the king and the duke of Brunswick, to dislodge Davoust, whom they met in advance of Nuremberg at Auerstadt.

The rest of the Prussians, under prince Hohenlohe, advanced against the main army of the French, which was at Jena, commanded by Napoleon himself. The two encounters, that at Jena and at Auerstadt, took place on the same day, the 14th of October.

The battle of Jena, taken alone, does not present any masterly or decisive manœuvre. Where Napoleon showed his skill, was in the ordering of his march, which forced these decisive actions. On the field, however, he was not wanting. His force was concentrated upon a high and narrow plain, in front of Jena. His artillery could with great difficulty be brought into position. The emperor, who looked to all himself, was obliged to stand the greater part of the night in seeing a road cleared for it; he himself holding torches, and directing the labours of the pioneers. The morning of the 14th was foggy; the armies could not discern each other; and the Prussians, ignorant of the French position, knew not where to direct their attacks. Ney, however, attacked their left, and was beaten back, till Soult arrived to his support. As the fog cleared up at mid-day, the engagement

became general. The Prussians behaved like brave soldiers, and showed a resistance worthy of the army of the great Frederic; but it was more in coolness and strictness of manœuvre, than in that irregular spirit and audacity which characterise the French. Each officer and general of these troops exercised a free-will and judgment; rushed in where they saw an interval or a wavering point; and obeyed more the spirit than the letter of their commander's orders. The German troops, and still more their officers, were not equal to this, —the true reason of their universal defeats. The Prussians could take no advantage of their successful resistance on many points. Charge after charge poured on them; were repelled; and allowed to form again. At length, Augereau arriving against their right with fresh infantry, and Murat coming up with his cavalry, the Prussians were defeated, gave up the field, and fled.

Davoust at the same time had a much harder task than Napoleon. He had to make head against a Prussian force triple his own, led on, moreover, by its sovereign and commander-in-chief. Napoleon was not aware of this; thinking, on the contrary, the main army of the Prussians to be at Jena: neither was Davoust, until engaged. When the latter sent to Bernadotte to aid him, this general, under the same impressions, and unwilling to act secondary to Davoust, refused; which afterwards proved a great cause, or pretext, of the emperor's severity towards him. At Auerstadt, as at Jena, a fog prevented the armies from observing each other's force, but not from coming to action. There was an obstinate fight. As the day grew clear, the French saw the numerous army which menaced them; utterly destitute, too, as they were, of cavalry. They drew up instantly in squares; and thus withstood all the efforts of the Prussian horse led on by Blucher. When these were obliged to retreat, the French rose and drove in the infantry in front of them, breaking the centre of the Prussians. Again they formed in squares to resist fresh efforts of the duke of Brunswick and prince William of Prussia, who led the

cavalry to the charge. Fortune aided the valour of the French. All the Prussian generals were severely wounded, Brunswick himself, Schmettau, Wartensleben, and prince William. Their troops were obliged to retreat. Lastly, the king himself made a gallant effort to restore the fortunes of the day in vain. The centre being broken, all the efforts of the wings could not produce a serious result. The Prussians, with their monarch, turned their backs; and the routed troops from both Jena and Auerstadt, as they mingled in their flight to Weimar, informed each other of the extent of the disaster.

If the statesmanship of the king of Prussia had neither been noble nor wise, he, as well as his family and nation, vindicated at least their honour, even on the field which they lost. In his flight, Frederic sent to demand an armistice of Napoleon. It was refused; and on the following day Erfurt surrendered to Murat, with near 100 pieces of artillery, 14,000 men, and numerous magazines. The French pushed on without intermission towards Berlin. The duke of Brunswick had been conveyed to Hamburgh to die. Schmettau, whom his wounds detained at Jena, did not survive. He had served under the great Frederic, and lived long enough to see the glory of the Prussian army overthrown. Napoleon had avenged the defeat of the French at Rosbach, but forgot his wonted generosity in victory, when he took away from the field the commemorative column, and sent it to Paris.* He at the same time liberated all his Saxon prisoners, in order to attach that elector to his interests.

On the 27th of October, Napoleon entered Berlin at the head of his guards, in the midst of the silent tears

* After Napoleon's return from Austerlitz, Denon presented him with divers medals illustrative of his victories. The first represented a French eagle tearing an English leopard. "What's this?" asked the emperor. Denon explained. "Thou rascally flatterer, you say that the French eagle crushes the English leopard; yet I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea that is not taken: I tell you it is the leopard that strangles the eagle. Melt down the medal, and never bring me such another." He found similar fault with the medal of Austerlitz. "Put Battle of Austerlitz on one side with the date, the French, Russian, and Austrian eagles on the other, without distinction. Posterity will distinguish the vanquished." Mémoires par De Bausset.

of its population. The 25th he had spent at Potsdam, in the house and apartments of the great Frederic. He descended to the tomb of that warrior, the only character in modern history for which he professed veneration. He showed it, after his fashion, by taking his sword, his order of the Black Eagle, and the colours of his guard, which he sent to the *Hôtel des Invalides* at Paris. Napoleon showed himself far more severe towards Prussia than towards Austria; yet Prussia had shown him less inveteracy. But he reverenced the antiquity of the Imperial house; whilst his plan of shutting all the seaports of Europe against England rendered it necessary that he should be perfectly master of Prussia. His conduct to the princess of Hatzfield is, however, an exception. The prince, who was civil governor of Berlin, had been rudely received by Napoleon. A letter of his, directed to his fugitive monarch, was intercepted; the emperor caused him to be seized and tried by a court martial. The fate of Palm, a poor bookseller, who had been condemned for some libel against Napoleon, and executed in consequence, showed that the French cared little for legal forms. The princess therefore hurried to Napoleon, flung herself at his feet, and craved the pardon of her husband. For reply, he handed her the intercepted letter, the proof of the prince's offence, and bade her burn it.

Frederic, in the mean time, had fled behind the Oder. Fortress after fortress surrendered. Spandau had fallen at once; Magdeburg, the bulwark of the kingdom, after a short siege; and Blucher alone supported in flight the national character for ability and courage. He made a daring retreat amongst the French divisions, which pursued and crossed his path, and at length, shutting him up in Lubeck, forced him to surrender. Thus in one action had the power of Prussia been not only shaken, but destroyed. Austria had made a far more stubborn fight. But the latter had warred with France whilst that country was weak, and had formed her armies in successive campaigns, learning even from defeat; whereas

Prussia, after a long peace, started up against Napoleon in his might. The superior nationality of Austria also contributed to give her the advantage, but this not so much as is generally argued.

At Berlin, Napoleon had to enter once more upon the task of organising a new empire. All the smaller states of Germany were now compelled to make part of *his* confederation. Saxony was treated with lenience; Hesse Cassel and Brunswick with severity. The emperor had even an idea of converting Prussia into a republic; of which, no doubt, he himself was to become in time president, consul, and king. But he soon gave up the hopeless plan of forcing himself upon the honest allegiance of the Germans. His armies now occupied Hamburg, a free city, against which the emperor had no assignable cause of war. To strike a great commercial port with nullity, and shut it against the English, was his object. In addition to the occupation of the city, marshal Mortier had orders to seize the treasure kept in the cellars of the Hamburg bank; an order the execution of which the marshal was persuaded to suspend.

But all Bonaparte's acts, even his conquests, were surpassed in audacity by the famous Berlin decrees. They were accompanied by numerous reports, and prefaced by such logic as the law of 500,000 bayonets might deign to use. "England," Bonaparte commences by saying, "admits no law of nations, in that she captures the merchant vessels, as well as the armed ships of her enemy, together with the French crews of the former; in that she blockades ports unfortified as well as fortified, and declares in a state of blockade whole coasts and ports before which she can scarcely keep a single vessel." This last is the only plausible charge; those which precede it are mere raving. Since, were Bonaparte's edition of the law of nations to be put in force, France might on land overrun and pillage the whole continent, whilst she might completely shelter her coast fron her enemy by destroying the fortifications of every port, and be able at the same time to reap the gains of commerce on one

side, and the plunder of war on the other. In order to establish these convenient rules, or rather until they were established, Napoleon decreed Great Britain to be in a state of blockade, forbade all commerce and correspondence with it. Every Englishman found in any country was prisoner of war; all English property, any where found, was confiscated.* No ship coming from England or her colonies, or having touched at her ports, was to be received in any harbour; or if any arrived, it was to be confiscated. Such was the decree by which Bonaparte endeavoured to shut out England from the Continent at the expense of neutral and independent nations. This he intended to enforce in every port throughout the whole circuit of Europe, from St. Petersburg round to Constantinople. This scheme of wounding Great Britain by crippling her commerce, resembled, in its magnitude, its impracticability, and its ill success, his plan of destroying her Asiatic commerce by invading Egypt. Both recoiled upon himself: for nought more than the severities of the Continental system, as that of these decrees is called, alienated from Napoleon the affections of the middle classes both of his subjects and of his allies. Whilst the conscription, or its extreme enforcement, wounded their parental affections, the system deprived moderate fortunes of the common and customary luxuries of life. Sugar rose to eight and ten shillings a pound; coffee and all colonial produce tantamount; whilst the temptation to contraband trade, and the corresponding vexations of the excise, excited that perpetual war betwixt government and governed, which is the most fruitful source of disaffection.

Meantime, an attempt at negotiation on the part of the king of Prussia, who had retired to Konigsberg, met with no result. Napoleon demanded the cession of all the country betwixt the Rhine and the Elbe: he had already conceived the project of establishing the kingdom of Westphalia in favour of his young brother Jerome. Although not so severe as those afterwards

* A law already enforced at Hamburg, at Leipsic and at Leghorn.

submitted to by Prussia, her envoy, Lucchesini, refused to sign them. Russia was still unconquered, and Frederic William hoped that the power of Alexander might in a fortunate battle put a check to the ascendency of the French. Unluckily for this hope, war broke out at this moment betwixt Russia and Turkey. A young military envoy, Sebastiani, whom Napoleon had sent to Constantinople, succeeded in a few days of intrigue to destroy the amicable relations existing not only between Russia and the Porte, but between England and that its "ancient ally." In a moment, the invasion of Egypt by France, and its defence by England, were forgotten; and the French ambassador was seen arming the batteries of Constantinople, and commanding its militia, against the British. As war followed upon the Danube, this caused a powerful diversion of the Russian force, which might otherwise have extended to Frederic William a more effectual support.

Napoleon himself now advanced in pursuit of the Prussian monarch, after issuing a proud proclamation to his soldiers, in which he informed them that "they had conquered on the Elbe and the Oder, the French possessions in the Indies, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies." All the glories of Jena and Austerlitz appeared nothing, unless partly won at the expense of England. The emperor was now at Posen, the capital of that part of Poland acquired by Prussia. From thence he went to Warsaw. Here naturally occurred the great question of re-establishing the ancient kingdom of Poland; an act of rapacity not long achieved, until it was dearly expiated. Napoleon might have called himself the avenger of Poland, and might have called it into being. It would indeed have been his wisest policy, a piece of generosity that might, in the future crisis of his fortune, have saved him from general ruin. But Napoleon was too selfish; he preferred raising up a kingdom for his worthless brother Jerome, to restoring one of the most ancient and heroic in Europe. There were difficulties in the way, no doubt.

Prussia should disgorge the province of Posen; Austria, that of Gallicia. But Austria might have been indemnified. At the sight of Russian and Prussian eagles flying from Warsaw, the Poles were in exultation. Their patriotism and national spirit revived; they reassumed their national dress, and their youth crowded into the Polish regiments now formed to act in concert with the French. Napoleon was resolved, indeed, to make use of their zeal; but to reward it by national independence, was a stretch of generosity requiring efforts and sacrifices from which he shrunk. "Shall the throne of Poland be re-established? Shall the nation resume its existence, and start from the tomb to life? God alone, who holds in his hand the combinations of events, is the arbiter of this great political problem. But certainly never were circumstances more memorable, or more worthy of interest." Such were the vague language respecting Poland of the Imperial bulletins.

The Russian armies had abandoned Warsaw, but were still not far from this capital and from the Vistula, where Napoleon intended to pass the winter with his army, pressing the siege of Dantzic, and awaiting the 80,000 fresh conscripts, which he demanded to be with him before the spring. It was necessary, however, to clear his front, and intimidate the Russians, a new enemy, by some striking feat. Lannes, for this purpose, attacked the Russian corps under Beningsen at Pultusk: but that general made a stubborn and skilful resistance; he manœuvred so as to expose the French to a dreadful fire of artillery, which wounded their chiefs, and occasioned great slaughter. Beningsen was at last, indeed, obliged to retreat; but the French lost their aim, and, instead of disheartening, gave fresh confidence to the Russians. Bonaparte ordered his army into the winter quarters first designed.

Here, however, the French were not allowed to remain more than the first fortnight of the year 1807 in repose. The active Beningsen was well aware of the advantage which the winter of their climate gave to his hardy

Russians over the French. He therefore mustered his army, joined with it the relics of the Prussians under Lestocq, and formed the project of penetrating between the main body of the French and their left wing, which bordered the Baltic, covering the siege of Dantzic. In the end of January, Napoleon learning this, was obliged to take the field. He marched northwards, with the idea of intercepting Beningsen. But sending word of this his intention to Bernadotte, who commanded the left wing, the messenger and letter were seized by Beningsen, who, in consequence, drew back. Thus the projects of both the Russian and French commanders failed. Napoleon, however, marching north, came up with Beningsen at Willenburg; and from thence the two armies, the one retreating, and the other pursuing, traversed rapidly the country between the rivers Aller and Passarge. Beningsen, irritated by the close pursuit, and the privations of his soldiers, resolved to turn upon the enemy, and make a stand at the little town of Preusch Eylau. He first endeavoured to defend it; and during the evening of the 7th of February, Bagration and Barclay de Tolly made the most gallant efforts to keep off the enemy. The latter, entrenched in the cemetery, was not driven from it till late at night.

On the morning of the 8th the Russians were drawn up in front of Eylau, on which town, and on all its issues, their artillery opened a furious fire. Under this the French were obliged to come forth in order to engage in the battle. Great difference exists as to the stated numbers of each army: they were probably equal; the Prussians under Lestocq being absent on one side, Ney and Bernadotte on the other. The aim of both generals was to overthrow his adversary's left. Bonaparte, in addition, sent strong columns against the Russian centre; but these, in the midst of smoke, and a heavy fall of snow, which prevented their seeing, missed the right direction, and got engaged between the Russian right and centre. Thus the head of the column was flanked on both sides, whilst

the reserve charged them in front. There ensued a dreadful scene of confusion and slaughter; and Bonaparte was obliged, in order to extricate his troops, to send on his cavalry and reserve to charge, which increased the fury and indecision of the battle. Davoust by this time had arrived, by a considerable circuit, on the left flank of the Russians, and drove it in. It folded up, as it were about to make a steady retreat, when the Prussians under Lestocq arrived, and renewed the engagement. Davoust retreated in turn. But, at the same time, Ney arrived with his division on the other extremity of the Russians. Thither was transported the heat of combat. Mutual and inveterate charges took place betwixt him and Beningsen. Order there was no longer any. The Russians, huddled together in a small space, refused still to quit the ground; and the French being in equal confusion, their generals in vain endeavoured to bring them in formed or decisive masses on the foe. It was, in fact, a drawn battle; the slaughter incalculable on either side, and rendered more frightful by the snow which covered the ground, and which still fell upon the wounded, dying itself with their blood. The Russians had not yielded their ground on the day of battle; but they had been dreadfully cut up, with no succour to expect, while Bernadotte's fresh division was still behind Napoleon's. Beningsen, therefore, retreated on the following day.

The emperor had contemplated making the same movement; but on the disappearance of the Russians, he remained at Eylau an entire week, and then retired to occupy with his army the line of the river Passarge, his head-quarters being established at Osterode. Here he despatched a messenger with offers of peace to the king of Prussia; whilst, on the other hand, he took measures for reducing Dantzic, for calling up reinforcements and supplies for his army.

The tidings, that a battle of doubtful success had been fought towards the extremities of Prussia, filled the Parisians with alarm. The funds experienced a con-

siderable fall. So miraculous indeed had been the good fortune of Napoleon, that people looked to its breaking like a spell, and considered reverses as probable. The same feeling prevailed in the army; and more than one general counselled a retreat behind the Vistula, all looking with a distaste little short of presentiment, to prosecuting war in such distant and inhospitable regions. Napoleon, however, persisted in remaining on the Passarge, where he tarried until the month of May, when Dantzic surrendered to general Lefebvre, giving its name to its captor. Reinforcements had reached both armies. Beningsen commenced the summer campaign by attempting to force his way over the Passarge on the 5th of June. He was worsted on one point by Bernadotte, who was wounded in the head. The French then became attackers in turn, and drove the Russians behind the Aller. After an action at Heilsberg, both armies marched northwards, the Russians on the east side, the French on the west side of the Aller. It became necessary for the former, however, to pass the river, as they wished to preserve Königsberg, and at Friedland was the bridge and road which led thither. The French had but one division, that of Ney, immediately opposite to Friedland. Beningsen pushed over forces to attack it. Napoleon was at Eylau; he hurried, however, to Friedland with the rest of his army, and found Ney making what resistance he could. It was the 14th of June; Bonaparte remembered that it was the anniversary of Marengo, and welcomed it as betokening good fortune. Forming his columns in the passes of the woods, he allowed Beningsen to cross the bridge of Friedland with the greater part of his army. The Russian did not suspect that the whole army of the French were lying in wait for him when he thus ventured. But the several columns soon issuing from the wood, their cannon getting into position and opening upon him, convinced Beningsen that he was forced to fight at a disadvantage, and without the possibility of retreating. He drew out his line, however,—its left com-

municating with the bridge. At this point Napoleon of course directed his chief attack, to cut off the enemy. Ney led it; and in his ardour to reach the bridge, he was routed, and the head of his column broken. Dupont supported him, and rallied the men. Napoleon, however, thought best to achieve the victory with his artillery, which from many points played upon the Russians, who were now concentrated and formed in squares. Heavy charges of cavalry now and then filled the pause of cannon; and at length, towards evening, the Russians having much suffered, and many of their squares broken, the French infantry again advanced with musketry, and completed the victory. As the cannon raked the bridge, there was no retreating by it. The Russians flung themselves into the river; but the attempt to swim across was impracticable to the Russian soldier, charged and accoutred as he was. Thousands were drowned, in addition to those who perished in the field. Such was the decisive victory on which Napoleon reckoned, and which he had long desired, as the means of disposing the Russian emperor to an accommodation.

Königsberg now surrendered. Beningsen had retreated with his army beyond the Niemen, the natural boundary of Lithuania. The French soon arrived in pursuit upon its banks. The Russians demanded an armistice. It was granted; and preparations made for an interview between the emperors. The first instant of repose, Napoleon issued a proclamation to his army: "In ten days' campaign," said he, "you have taken 120 pieces of cannon; killed, wounded, or taken 60,000 Russians, Königsberg, its shipping, &c. From the banks of the Vistula you have flown to the Niemen with the rapidity of the eagle. Soldiers! you are worthy of yourselves and of me!" A raft was now prepared in the midst of the Niemen, off Tilsitt. On the 25th of June the emperors met upon this raft, embraced, and conversed for a considerable space. One of the first words of Alexander expressed his resentment against England.

The ministry then in power, the successors of Fox, had departed from the Pitt system of subsidising largely, and the Russian monarch thought it fit and just to execrate Great Britain for not paying him to defend himself. The sentiment, however, was eminently calculated to conciliate the conqueror, who replied, that in that case the terms of their treaty would be easily settled. On the following day Alexander crossed to the town of Tilsitt, and the two emperors were soon upon terms of friendship and equality. Not so the unfortunate monarch of Prussia, who arrived a suppliant, and was treated by his conqueror with harshness and disrespect. Even the czar, won upon by the ascendency and talents of Napoleon, felt his sympathy diminish for his unfortunate ally. Not even the presence of the queen of Prussia could counterbalance these new predilections of Alexander, or soften the premeditated rigour of Bonaparte.

There is much inexplicable in the French emperor's severe treatment of Prussia, contrasted as it is with his lenience and respect towards Austria. The latter had been at the head of three coalitions against France: the former, after one brief expedition, had remained neutral, and by so doing had procured the ascendency of France; yet, when at last driven to resist, she is punished more than the inveterate and unflinching enemy. Bignon, as we have seen, attributes this to Napoleon's having at first set his heart on an intimate alliance with Prussia, and to having been disappointed in this view. The reason is not sufficient. Bonaparte had warred as a general against Austria; in that inferior grade he could not but respect an illustrious enemy; and this early impression he never altogether shook off. But Prussia was the enemy of Napoleon, of the emperor, who had condescended to personal vituperation, and who scribbled against Frederic, his queen, and court, in the Moniteur. Now the pen is a less generous weapon than the sword, especially in the hands of a soldier; and its use had created an acrimony both in Napoleon against Prussia, and in the Prussian court against him, that was un-

generously remembered in the hour of his own triumph and his enemy's ruin.

The reason given by Bignon was, however, to a certain degree influential. The French sovereign had need of one ally amongst the three great powers of the north and east; he could afford to be friendly and merciful to that one. He first looked to Austria, which, having no seaports, could not support him against England, and indeed would not. He then turned towards Prussia, whose mean and vacillating policy disgusted and alienated both him and Great Britain. Now he flung himself into the arms of Russia: anon we shall find him recurring to Austria again.

The terms now granted to the king of Prussia were stated publicly to be concessions made to Alexander, rather than to Frederic. They deprived him of all his territories westward of the Elbe, Magdeburg included; whilst on the east, he was curtailed of his acquisitions from Poland, which were erected into an independent state, to be called the duchy of Warsaw. Dantzig was also declared a free town; free, however, after Napoleon's fashion, with a garrison of French troops. The king of Prussia by this treaty lost upwards of four millions of subjects, preserving not more than five millions. Yet even what was preserved was not generously ceded. By an unworthy chicane, Bonaparte refused to evacuate the country till the arrear of contributions was paid; and this he estimated at an extravagant sum, triple of what his own intendants reckoned. Under colour of this, French garrisons were kept in the towns of Custrin, Stettin, and Glogau. The duchy of Warsaw, with the shadow of a constitution, was given to the new king of Saxony, and Prussia was to allow their monarch communication between his two states by a military road across Silesia. Moreover, Prussia was bound to adopt the continental system, and shut her ports against the English. This, indeed, Bonaparte enforced, commanding the course of the Oder by Stettin, that of the Elbe by Hamburg. The queen of Prussia begged in vain for Magdeburg.

Napoleon condescended once to present her with a rose; as she accepted it, she said, with a woman's smile, "At least with Magdeburg." "Madam," said he, "it is for me to give; you have only the trouble of accepting." Even when all this sacrifice was consummated, the emperor did not relax in his sarcasms and severities against Frederic William; nor, whenever a deputation of Prussians presented themselves to him, did he fail to recur to the painful theme of their monarch's ingratitude and imbecility; so at least the French styled it.

Prussia, as well as Russia, acknowledged the right and titles of Joseph Bonaparte, king of Naples and Sicily,—Alexander thus abandoning the Italian Bourbons, whom he had so long protected. At the same time Louis Bonaparte was recognised king of Holland, and Jerome king of Westphalia. This last sovereign was to hold his court at Cassel, the old capital of Hesse, and was to include in his dominions the old territories of Brunswick, part of Prussia west of the Elbe, and part of Hanover.

The principal stipulations at Tilsitt were between Napoleon and Alexander, lords of the old world, the one from the Atlantic to the Niemen, the other from the Niemen to the Pacific. They had enormous interests to discuss. Alexander had not hitherto raised himself above the moderate and traditional ideas of European courts. Coming in contact with Napoleon, whose mind embraced the globe, and teemed with gigantic projects, the Russian emperor was infected and caught with the high ambition which he found so eloquent, and saw so successful, in his great rival. Amidst his manifold avocations of conquest, of legislation, of civil and military affairs, Napoleon had found time, while in his winter quarters on the Passarge, to study the history of Alexander the Great. It had inspired him with many vast ideas. He had purposed sending an embassy, with several thousand men and fifty pieces of cannon, to the schah of Persia. This had dwindled down to a single envoy. But the alliance of the czar now rendered the wildest plan feasible; and Bonaparte at once alluded to his favour

ite aim of driving the English from India. The necessity, however, of completing the conquest of Europe, ere they flung their forces into Asia, was wisely opposed to this by Alexander, and the cogency of the argument was allowed. The autocrats divided this preliminary task. Napoleon was to subdue the west of Europe, of which Spain alone remained to subdue, and Austria, perhaps, to humble somewhat more; whilst Alexander was to crush Sweden on one side of her, Turkey on the other.

Sweden deserved, indeed, the enmity of France; but to plot against Spain, which had sacrificed its navy to Napoleon, and whose army was at this very moment in his service in the north, was atrocious. We must defer notice of this perfidy. That towards Turkey was equally unjustifiable. That court had every cause of resentment against France. Nevertheless, on the instance of Sebastiani, she quarrelled with her allies, England and Russia, and exposed herself to the peril of their hostilities. It was at this moment, in this critical situation, that France abandoned her to Russia. The final scheme of dismemberment was, indeed, postponed. Sweden and Spain were to be the first objects. These accomplished, the Ottoman was to be driven from all, save the territory of Constantinople. Russia was to have the north; France, Greece; Austria, as a sop, was to have Servia. This scheme was never attempted, Napoleon having repented of his bargain; but it was no less agreed on at Tilsitt. Russia, on the other hand, was, after having offered her mediation to effect a peace between France and England, a mere pretence at impartiality, to adopt the continental system, and, with Prussia, shut her ports against Great Britain, proclaiming the principles of the armed neutrality.

These stipulations, avowed or secret, of the treaty of Tilsitt, were nothing less than a league to enchain the world. They actually annihilated Prussia, Alexander's late ally: they menaced Spain and Sweden with the same imminent fate; Turkey and Austria

prospectively. England was, of course, devoted to ruin. The wonder is, that Alexander could have consented to such a plan of violence, fraught too, eventually, with such peril to himself. His excuse was, that he was under a spell, bewitched by the fascinations of a mind which had realised all that was splendid in ambition, and which had shown itself not unequal to realise the wildest dreams. He, indeed, soon awoke from this.

The treaty was, however, concluded; and history may add the striking moral, that it was here, in this very league of perfidy, that Bonaparte was led into errors, which proved so fatal to him,—here that he laid the trap into which he himself inextricably fell.

CHAP. IX.

1807—1810.

FROM THE PEACE OF TILSITT TO THE MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR WITH MARIA LOUISA.

FROM the events of Napoleon's reign one consolatory reflection, at least, can be drawn—the impossibility of lasting conquests and extended empire in the present stage of civilisation. So strong has grown the force of public opinion, even in the most despotic states, that any great, inhuman, and effectual system of oppression, such as that which founded conquest in the middle ages, has become impracticable. Less than this is inefficient for conquest. Napoleon conquered Austria and Prussia. Why did he not dethrone their monarchs, and place himself, or his vicegerent, in their stead? Because he durst not excite the whole population to arms against him. His talk, therefore, at St. Helena, of forbearance is wild and unfounded. Had he dethroned the king of Prussia altogether, his armies could not have existed on the Oder and the Niemen, except continually fighting, continually reinforced; and sources of recruiting were

already beginning to fail. Napoleon did all that he durst in the way of usurpation. North Italy, indeed, weary of the Austrian yoke, underwent the French yoke readily, as did the southern part of the peninsula when gratified with a local king. In the smaller states on the other side of the Rhine, and within a march of the French frontier, he was able to adopt the same plan. Jerome reigned in Westphalia, Louis in Holland. With the old kingdoms of Germany he dared not attempt it. The feats of divers insurgent parties, such as that under the brave Schill, taught him what was to be expected from such an attempt. His own regrets, therefore, and those of his partisans, that he did not crush altogether the house of Brandenburgh, are idle. He acted unwisely, putting justice and generosity out of the question, in oppressing Frederic; he would have acted madly in dethroning him. Spain will soon come to offer itself a pregnant example.

But if the system of universal conquest and empire did not bid fair for duration, the attempts to establish it were fraught with dreadful evils; amongst which are to be counted not only the ravages, and violences, and forced contributions of war, but the abrogation and abandonment of all international law and justice in the deadly struggle. On which side the blame of this is to fall, offers a much disputed question, which resolves itself into that of "which side originated war?" For our part, we look upon events, and not statesmen, as having produced a war, inevitable between hostile principles. The same view may be carried farther, in attributing to events also, in some measure, the barbarous and inveterate character assumed by the struggle. Posterity will divide its censures. It must allow, that Napoleon far overpassed the limits of vengeance and retaliation, which the independence, the honour, or security of France demanded; pursuing selfish schemes, unhailed as uncalled for by the nation, or even by its soldiers. In English policy, on the contrary, however the honest selfishness of patriotism may be apparent,

that of the individual at least is never perceived; whilst France, also, set the example in that contempt for neutral rights in which we came to participate, the invasion of Switzerland at an early period, and for the sake principally of its treasure, has not a shadow of excuse.

But saying thus much against France, we cannot but allow our own nautical maxims to be violent and arbitrary. The custom of anticipating a declaration of war by the seizure of ships which had entered our ports in peace, is in itself barbarous and unjust. Bonaparte, who would not allow precedent to be pleaded in bar of justice, had every cause for complaint. As the war advanced, our maxim of blockade became more strict. Engaged in a deadly struggle with a power that knew no tie or restraint, the English ministry soon unfettered itself equally, and committed acts which naught but the imperious necessity of national defence, could excuse. That apparent machiavelism as to government, which at first proceeded more from the weakness of rulers and negotiators, than from their astuteness, was, at last, real. An expediency became sufficient to cover with the house of commons, some of the grossest acts of injustice. One step of the kind led to another. The attack of the Spanish galleons, ere peace was broken, was an egregious outrage. And now necessity came to prompt one still more flagrant. It is a melancholy truth, that in human affairs the energy requisite to ensure success must often outstrip the limits of justice.

Denmark was one of those neutrals now menaced by the two parties in this all-absorbing quarrel. From intimation of what had passed secretly at Tilsit, the British had reason to suspect an attempt, on the part of the French, to crush that country, and its fleet. To prevent the latter acquisition by the enemy was an instant object, and an expedition fitted out for another purpose was forthwith despatched to the Sound. Denmark was situated somewhat as Holland had been — unable to resist or withhold its resources from France. To seize the Danish fleet was the order of the British

commander. It was demanded, indeed, as a deposit during the war, to be restored at the conclusion of peace. But an independent sovereign could not listen to such conditions; and, melancholy to relate, Copenhagen was laid in ashes by the British, in order to compel their acceptance.

This of course closed the ports of Denmark henceforth against England. It gave Russia also ample pretext to proclaim its adoption of the continental system, already acceded to in secret. And now it may be said that the whole civilised world were engaged in war with the solitary islands of Britain. America was hostile from north to south. Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, Italy, and Spain, were in arms against her. Even Turkey, the "ancient ally," was ingrate, and, — except Sweden, ruled by the feeble hand of a maniac, about to let go his sceptre, and Portugal, — all Europe was hostile ground. British commodities were still landed in the Tagus, from whence they were circulated through the Peninsula. In order to stop this last source of gain, as he imagined, to English merchants, Napoleon turned his forces to the Peninsula. Thus the conferences of Tilsitt did not even interrupt the struggle between France and Britain, but merely changed its scene from north to south. In July was signed the treaty on the Niemen. In September, Copenhagen was bombarded. [illegible] October, Junot marched with an army from Bayonne [illegible] Portugal.

[illegible] was now [illegible] historians agree in allowing that Bonaparte every side, [illegible] the zenith of his glory. Victorious on him for an [illegible]o power seemed capable of withstanding trary, was low[illegible]astant upon land. England, on the con- unabashed in s[illegible] as misfortune could reduce her, but still an administratio[illegible]irit, and supported by the inveteracy of at whose policy, [illegible], whose courage we must admire, and idle and anti-natio[illegible]finally crowned with success, it is continent did not se[illegible]al to cavil. In 1807, however, the of England; and th[illegible] the value of a rush on the armies [illegible] public opinion of Europe was

completely turned even against her probity, by the affair of Copenhagen. It cast a dark shade over the justice of her cause; and Napoleon had the advantage in fair character, until he meddled with the Peninsula, and showed himself equally rapacious to the Spanish as individually selfish to the French, sacrificing the resources of his country to the elevation of his own family.

Hence his decline may be dated. The hour of his highest triumph was signalised by a final blow given to the principles of the revolution. A shadow of *liberty* still existed in the tribunate: Napoleon now suppressed it. A vestige of *equality* still remained; his dukes and princes forming an aristocracy, indeed, but not an hereditary one. The descent of titles and honours was now established by decree; and, as usual, the last measure excited most reprobation. He reimbursed the country not only with glory, but by salutary institutions. It is remarkable, that as far back as his public introduction to the directory, on returning from Egypt, he stated the greatest want of France to be what he called "organic laws." Even then he looked to the civil organisation of society as more important than the political. He saw the utility of a code, the futility of a constitution. The former became his chosen task, and it was now promulgated. The code completed the revolution in one of its most important aims, that of simplifying law, and not only freeing the people from its old intricacy and cost, but setting free that enlightened class of men, who follow law as a profession, from a course of brutifying study, which rendered them incapable of applying their talents and experience to public advantage.

Of the organic laws of Napoleon, the most useful to him was the conscription. This true source of his despotism he derived from the republic. It placed the whole youth of the country at his disposal. They were raised without cost, and supported by the contributions of the conquered countries. Up to 1805, no very im-

mediate use was made of this power. According to Foy, but seven in the hundred of the population were called each year to arms. But from that epoch the conscription knew no limits. Under one pretext or another, the entire generation, not only of youth, but of manhood, were transported to the armies. There was no longer a fixed term of service. "Natural death to a Frenchman became that found on the field of battle. Napoleon went so far, at last, as to demand 1,100,000 soldiers in one year, from a population exhausted by 3000 combats." According to general Foy, the emperor supported, towards the end of the year 1807, upwards of 600,000 soldiers, besides the military forces of his allies.

The sovereign of this tremendous force, master of one half of Europe, and aided by the rest, now turned his attention to the apparently diminutive object of excluding English cottons from the Tagus. An army of nearly 30,000 men marched, under Junot, to Lisbon to effect this. It was necessary to pass through Spain. The interests of the two kingdoms of the Peninsula were indeed so interlaced, that any negotiation or hostility with the one must necessarily implicate the other. The royal races of both Spain and Portugal had, to use a gardener's expression, ran to seed. They had living representatives, monarchs, heirs; but mind, or worth, or vigour, existed not. Charles IV., now the reigning king of Spain, was governed by his queen, who was governed in turn by her favourite, Emmanuel Godoy. This man had been a soldier of the body guard, and was now prime minister, and surnamed, from a pusillanimous treaty, Prince of the Peace. He wielded, however, but the sceptre of the court: the scanty resources of the nation, especially the navy, had been in the power of Napoleon; had been staked and lost by him. The Spanish colonies were, from the same alliance, lost or useless to the mother-country. Even Godoy could not but repine at so wide and unrecompensed a sacrifice. In a fit of courage, whilst Napoleon was engaged against the Prussians, he

published a warlike proclamation, which he straight withdrew on learning the victory of Jena; and despairing to act in opposition to France, he sought to ingratiate himself and to ally with her. A secret treaty was accordingly concluded at Fontainbleau between the emperor and the Spanish minister, by which Portugal was to be conquered, its northern provinces given to the king of Etruria, lately expelled from Tuscany by the French; its southern provinces bestowed in sovereignty on the Prince of the Peace; and the rest, including Lisbon, was to be reserved for the house of Braganza in name, — in fact, to be occupied by the French. Such was the scheme, professed, in its origin, to be directed merely against English commerce.

But even this scheme, rapacious as it was, formed but a very small portion of Napoleon's design, which was to seize the entire Peninsula. In order to execute this, a second army was formed at Bayonne, under the pretence of following and reinforcing Junot. That general continued his march towards Lisbon, where the court were thrown into all the agonies of terror and irresolution. In October it at length determined to shut its ports against the English; a resolution which the envoy of the latter country could not dissuade. The concession was idle. Junot advanced, entering the Portuguese territory on the 19th of November, by a difficult road, and with such harassed troops, that a thousand resolute men would have defeated him. The Moniteur, however, announced, that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign; and the royal family hastened to fulfil it by embarking on board their own and the British fleet, which sailed to the Brazils. On the 30th Junot entered Lisbon with his advanced guard, just in time to fire a few cannon shots at the last ships of the fleet.

Napoleon had now realised half his views on the Peninsula. In order to perfect the rest, a second army, under Dupont, crossed the Pyrenees about the same time that Junot entered Portugal, and established itself on the Douro. A third followed it on the first day of

1808. All the unoccupied forces of France were, secretly, pouring upon Spain. The imbecility of its rulers was certainly a strong temptation, if not an excuse, to dispossess them. Ferdinand prince of Asturias, heir to the monarchy, indignant at the predominance of Godoy, rather than at his selfish betrayal of the country, wrote underhand to Napoleon, craving his friendship, and, as a pledge of his own sincerity, a wife of the Bonaparte family. Charles IV., on his side, discovering these machinations on the part of his son, wrote to the French court to complain of him. Thus did these princes, unworthy of their royal station, invoke a master. Napoleon gave promises of protection to both parties, and despatched a splendid present to the king, with orders at the same time to his own generals to seize the principal fortresses of North Spain. In a short time, Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, and even the forts of Barcelona, completely out of the route to Portugal, were in the hands of the French, who easily tricked the Spanish invalids to whom they had been intrusted. This opened the eyes of Charles, and even of Godoy. But a few months back they had plotted with Napoleon for dethroning the house of Braganza. That family had been obliged to fly to the Indies. The same resource seemed the only one now left to Charles himself. Preparations were made for retiring to Cadiz, where shipping might be taken; but the population of Aranjuez, raised by the partisans of prince Ferdinand, stopped the royal carriages, and prevented the flight.

A nation is always prone to hope for retrieval from the imbecility of an aged or a weak monarch, in the presumed vigour of his heir. Ferdinand was known to hate Godoy, on whom the faults of the Spanish monarch were thrown. This was sufficient to attract towards Ferdinand the favour of the patriot Spanish. They followed up the tumult, which merely originated in the wish to stop the king's flight, swelled it into an insurrection, attacked Godoy's house, and sought to sacrifice him as a victim to popular vengeance. The favourite escaped their search.

But the insurgents made use of this advantage, by proclaiming Ferdinand king, and compelling Charles to sign his abdication. No sooner, however, had the monarch signed the act, than he protested against it as forced, and sent his protest in a letter to Napoleon. This letter, or rather one accompanying it from the queen, passed through the hands of Murat, then commander of the French forces at Burgos; and he without delay marched upon Madrid.

The affair was complicated. Ferdinand reckoned upon the support of the French; so did the abdicated monarch; and Murat, ignorant of the emperor's intention, knew not which side to favour, though previously inspired from old connection with friendship towards Godoy. The Spanish nation was in the mean time seized with exultation on learning the fall of Godoy. Ferdinand was hailed as the future saviour of the country, the reviver of its glory. Raised to the throne by the insurrection and acclamations of the people, nothing could exceed his popularity. His public entry into Madrid excited a frenzy of loyalty, by which Murat might have profited in giving his master counsel.

One of the enigmas, yet unriddled, of Bonaparte's policy, is his early intention with respect to Spain. Foy pretends that his purpose was to place his brother Lucien on the throne of Portugal, and to give Lucien's daughter in marriage to Ferdinand, who was to become king of Spain. This princess certainly was commanded to leave Italy for France. But how are these intentions to be reconciled with the treaty of Fontainbleau, or with the order for surprising the Spanish fortresses? The fact is, Napoleon determined to get Spain into his power, and knew not how to set about the work of occupation. "You will not let it be known," wrote the emperor to Murat, "what my intentions are,—an easy task, since I really do not know them myself." The plan of allowing Ferdinand to remain king of Spain, with a queen of Bonaparte's family, was most probably Talleyrand's. But that statesman had been of late disgraced,—no

uninfluential cause of the lack of wisdom that became manifest in the policy of France; and Napoleon leaned to more violent means.

The quarrel of sire and son,—the abdication,—the insurrection,—the march of Murat on Madrid, precipitated and necessitated a resolution. One thing alone became fixed and evident: this was, that Ferdinand, raised to the throne by the popular voice, and that voice declared against Godoy chiefly for his subservience to France, was not the monarch that suited Napoleon to have as tributary. But the emperor thought best to see and judge with his own eyes. It became requisite that Ferdinand should be removed from amidst the population of Madrid, whose loyal frenzy gave him force. Savary was sent to entice him to Bayonne; and the prince, who was more willing to rely on the favour of Napoleon than on his countrymen for his power, resolved to propitiate the French emperor by going to meet him. In vain did the Spanish pride and Spanish loyalty of some of his followers endeavour to dissuade him. Ferdinand was enticed from time to time with hopes of meeting Napoleon at each post, until he crossed the Bidassoa and reached Bayonne. There his eyes at last were opened. Napoleon did not receive him as king. Charles and the queen soon afterwards arrived at the high court, which the emperor held at Bayonne for judging between the Spanish princes. Their imbecility and mutual recrimination disgusted Napoleon; and, making a mistake but too natural to a despot, viz. identifying a nation with its rulers, he resolved to set aside altogether the reigning house, and substitute a new one of his own.

The Spaniards did not wait in quietude until the emperor had perfected his usurpation. The liberation of Godoy,—the spiriting away prince Ferdinand,—the occupation of their towns, had exasperated the population against the French. On the 2d of May the last of the princes were to set out for Bayonne. The sight of the carriages and preparations exasperated the people of

Madrid. They retained their fury until the departure took place, and then it burst out in despair. An aide-de-camp of Murat was first assailed: soldiers rescued him. The first sign of tumult was a shock that set on fire the inflammable mind of the Spanish capital. The French were universally assailed: their stragglers and solitary soldiers wounded; and even their hospitals attacked. The French, on their side, were soon under arms; their cannon swept the streets; their cavalry dispersed the multitude; whilst the small band of Spanish soldiers, who made common cause with the people, were beaten in and perished on their guns. A great number of the French had fallen. Of the Spaniards there were more prisoners than slain. Murat, exasperated, caused them to be tried by court martial and shot; and when he wished to put a stop to the slaughter, Grouchy refused to obey the merciful counter order. An ecclesiastic had not been even allowed to the victims; a circumstance that rendered the French still more odious in the eyes of the Spaniards.

Tidings of this insurrection soon reached Bayonne, and had the unfortunate effect of exasperating the emperor against Ferdinand, whilst the easy suppression of the tumult seemed to argue, that Spain would be forced to submit to a Bonaparte sovereign with as little difficulty as Naples. Through the influence of Godoy, Charles was induced to resign his crown in favour of the emperor Napoleon. Ferdinand was more stubborn. His sire, and, above all, the queen his mother, inveterate against a son whom she detested, aided the emperor's views with a blind rage, that shocked even Napoleon himself. The queen threatened to declare Ferdinand illegitimate unless he yielded. Napoleon hinted that he might meet the fate of D'Enghien; and on the 6th of May the prince consented to yield back to Charles the crown that he had but just assumed. On the 10th, the Spanish royal family, having played the part required of them, were sent off; the old king and queen to Fontainbleau, the princes to Valencay. Bonaparte then sum-

moned 150 Spanish nobles of his choice to assemble at Bayonne. They met in June, and assumed the name of the Cortes. They were informed that Joseph Bonaparte was to be king of Spain. To this they acceded about as voluntarily as Ferdinand had done; the duke of Infantado nevertheless making restrictions to his declaration of allegiance. A menace to have him shot overcame the scruples of the Spanish grandee. Joseph was declared king of Spain and the Indies. His place on the throne of Naples was given to Murat.

Whilst Bonaparte was completing this act of machiavelism, his brother of the north was accomplishing his balance of usurpation. Finland was invaded by the Russian armies in February; and on the very day that Ferdinand was forced to sign away his rights at Bayonne, the ancient province of Sweden was declared by an imperial ukase to be annexed to Russia.

Napoleon had allotted to himself a far more difficult enterprise, of which he foresaw the perils. One who had so well known the Vendéan insurrection, as to refuse, whilst his fortune was yet to make, to serve against it, and who had no sooner attained power than he hastened to pacify remaining disaffection by concession, was well aware, that should Spain rise, it might prove, in his own words, "a cancer" that would eat into his empire's very heart. But Napoleon hoped that the Spanish would not rise. The Bourbon dynasty was not old, had not been glorious; and, in fact, the Spanish attachment to Ferdinand was the product of chance. He had expressed the national wish in hating Godoy, became accordingly identified with it: the insurrection completed his popularity. And in overthrowing him, Napoleon insulted the nation. Had the emperor the aid of Talleyrand's sagacity, had he even a civilian, a statesman, to act for or counsel him! But Murat and Savary were his agents and envoys,—rude military men, displaying the hilt of the soldier in their policy: and these provoked a war, of which Napoleon was doomed never to see the term

The insurrection of the 2d of May provoked a tendency to similar movements all over the kingdom. When the tidings of Joseph Bonaparte being proclaimed king, and his having passed the Pyrenees, succeeded, the national fury lost all forbearance, and started into open display. The French were assailed and massacred in most towns; the soldiers made common cause with the people; and the commanders who sought to resist the general will were mercilessly sacrificed. By a precaution, that proved long premeditation, the flower of the Spanish forces had been marched to the north of Europe by the order of the French emperor. But the void left by them was soon filled up; and insurgent armies, commanded by able generals, made their appearance in a few weeks' time in all parts of the Peninsula. In the north, however, where the French were strongest, their patriotic attempts were attended with bad success. In July, Bessières defeated Blake and Cuesta at Rio Seco so decisively, and with such slaughter, that Napoleon declared that the victor had placed the crown on Joseph's head. In fact, the Prussians had scarcely suffered more at Jena; and their monarchy fell in consequence. But in Prussia Bonaparte attacked but an army; here he was opposed by a nation—that hydra, whose powers of resistance increase in proportion to defeat. Thus, at Arragon, Lefebvre, though successful in the field, was repulsed from Saragossa; whilst in the south, Dupont, after vainly stretching in the direction of Cadiz, as vainly sought to retreat across the Sierra Morena. He was environed and obliged to surrender. This was the first French army that had laid down its arms since the revolution. A national inveterate rage had hitherto pervaded it; an enthusiasm founded, right or wrong, upon a sense of the justice of their cause. But now this had evaporated; they felt that it was not for France, but for the mad ambition of their ruler, that they fought. They sunk to the mere mercenary soldiers, determined to do their duty, but no more. We see the first symptoms of this new spirit in the sur-

render of Dupont at Baylen; a position out of which a revolutionary army would have fought its way, reckless of the loss.

Meantime the flame of insurrection had spread to Portugal. The inhabitants rose against Junot, and united with the Spanish in asserting their independence against the French. The opportunity was seized by the British government. A small army, collected for a far distant enterprise, was, by good fortune, but not without hesitation, ordered to Portugal; and once more an English soldier placed his foot on the European continent, with better fortune than had hitherto attended such attempts. In August, 1808, sir Arthur Wellesley landed with about 15,000 men at the mouth of the river Mondego, to the north of Lisbon. Junot's lieutenant, Delaborde, thought fit to oppose him with inferior forces: the French, as yet, depreciated British military skill and valour. Delaborde was defeated at Roliça, and driven back upon Lisbon. Junot, learning this, and hearing that the English were as yet unsupported by the Peninsular insurgents, mustered all his forces, and marched from the capital to the encounter of those of Wellesley. The latter was posted chiefly on a height in front of Vimiero, his back to the sea, and thus with small chance of escape in case of defeat. But the possibility of the latter was not allowed by the British general, who was somewhat superior in force to the French. The latter, nevertheless, attacked, charging up the hill where the British were posted. The foremost had no sooner reached the summit than they were met by a discharge, and then with the bayonet, which rolled the assailants back in disorder. They made another and more partial attempt by the road; but these, too, were repulsed; and before mid-day the battle was won, and the French in full retreat. Want of cavalry prevented the conqueror from following it up immediately; and sir Harry Burrard superseding Wellesley in the command, all active pursuit ceased. Kellerman, the hero of Marengo, was now sent by Junot to demand a truce. The English commanders unsuspectingly communicated their observ-

ations to each other in his presence. Kellerman understood English, and was able to report to Junot the hesitating character and sentiments of the British commanders. Junot rose in his tone; and by the convention of Cintra, the French were to evacuate Portugal in British ships, which were to convey them to their country. By one article the French were allowed to carry off their property,—in other words, their plunder. At the capitulation of Baylen, Dupont had stipulated that each officer should carry off a wagon-load unsearched. Such attention paid to private interest showed that the soldier of freedom was merging into a soldier of the empire, and divesting himself of that disinterested enthusiasm which is an armour of proof.

It has been seen that the court of Vienna began to display signs of returning spirit. Excluded from the conference of Tilsitt, when the fate of Europe was decided as in a sovereign court, Austria had been ever since in ill humour. This increased as she saw the consequences of Tilsitt,—Spain and Finland conquered, Turkey menaced. She armed, increased her regular force, and organised a militia. Napoleon, in the month of August, took the opportunity of a public levee to reproach Metternich, the Austrian envoy. But tidings of the Spanish resistance and of English successes in Portugal gave hardihood to German independence. Napoleon resolved at once to menace and insult Austria. He had a meeting with the emperor of Russia at Erfurt, in Germany, where, as at Tilsitt, the great European interests were of course discussed, and Austria excluded as a secondary power. The sovereigns of the confederation of the Rhine all appeared at Erfurt paying court to Napoleon, who, thus acting Charlemagne, quite usurped the place of the modern Cæsars. Her pride being thus trampled on afresh, Austria determined, though alone, although even opposed by Russia, to renew the struggle with France. But her effort was reserved for the year 1809.

Ere this storm burst forth in the East, it was incumbent on Napoleon to quench the Spanish insurrection,

and settle the government of Spain. Whilst at Erfurt, therefore, he ordered his best troops, his veterans, to march to that country. Each corps, as it traversed Paris, was received with honours and banquets. Nevertheless, its mission of quelling a peninsular Vendée, and combating peasants, where all the perils of war, and little of either its glory or advantages were to be reaped, appeared by no means pleasing. In the first days of November, the emperor crossed the Pyrenees, and met king Joseph at Vittoria, Madrid being in the possession of the insurgents.

The Spanish forces exceeded 100,000 men; but in a country without any unity of government, and where the word *commissariat* is unknown, they were necessarily divided. Napoleon was in the midst of them with superior numbers; and to crush one army after the other was his obvious and feasible plan. From the central position of Vittoria, the French first attacked Blake, who menaced from the side of Biscay, and defeated him at Espinosa. Belvedere, another Spanish general, was beaten near Burgos. And thus whilst the English under sir John Moore and general Baird were slowly wending their way into Spain, uncertain and irresolute, the corps which they came to support were totally destroyed. Delivered from all enemies on the right, except the remote English army, the French now turned upon Castanos. He prudently wished to retreat, but was overruled by Palafox; and thus awaiting the onset of the French, he was completely defeated at Tudela. Napoleon now pushed forward to Madrid. He always aimed at an enemy's capital, the heart of the country, as he deemed it. A vain stand was made against him on the heights of Somo Sierra, which the road to Madrid traverses. As if to show their contempt for Spanish artillery, the Polish lancers were ordered to charge the battery. They did so, and actually carried it. On the 2d of December, the anniversary of his coronation and of Austerlitz, Napoleon was under the walls of Madrid. A furious population filled the city. The emperor avoided committing

his troops amidst such a mob. Despite the preciousness of time to him, if he hoped to intercept the English, he shrunk from ordering an assault, such as Lefebvre had at once attempted at Saragossa. He took possession of the suburbs, of the Retiro, and wished rather to intimidate the capital, than capture it at the expense of a massacre or a loss. The enthusiasm of the populace was wearied by this delay, and Madrid surrendered on the fourth.

After some acts of vengeance, and decrees to conciliate the liberal Spaniards, such as the abolition of the inquisition, suppression of convents, Napoleon turned his arms against the English. There were little more than 20,000; and these had been scattered, some at Salamanca, some more southward still, whilst others were at Astorga. Their schemes, hopeless at first, had left their present situation desperate. Retreat was imperative, and yet it had been deferred to the last moment. Napoleon arrived too late to intercept the British, but in time to enjoy the pleasure of seeing such inveterate foes at least flying before him. He expressed aloud his feelings of satisfaction; and his officers sought to flatter them by attacking the English, and endeavouring to put them to the rout before the eyes of their sovereign. In these attempts they failed, however. Lefebvre Desnouettes, leader of the imperial guard, was taken prisoner on one of these occasions; and general Colbert, who succeeded him, was slain upon another. Wearied, however, of such warfare, deeming Spain sufficiently pacified, and receiving fresh accounts of the preparations of Austria, the emperor suddenly turned his horse from the pursuit of the British, literally galloped back to Burgos with unusual speed, and from thence hurried to Paris.

Soult was left to complete the destruction of sir John Moore's army. He pursued with unremitting activity, yet refused battle when offered at an equality of strength. At length the British reached Corunna, their own element, the sea, behind them; but to escape thither, to embark in safety, remained, and was almost impossible

in the presence of 20,000 French, the British being not more than two thirds of the number. A successful battle could alone force the French to respect the embarkation. It was requisite, too, in order to redeem the glory of the army, and keep up that confidence of its superior mettle requisite for future exertion. The battle of Corunna was, in consequence, fought on the 16th of January, 1809; the English were not only inferior in number, but totally without cavalry, the remaining horses having been shot. Nevertheless, the French attack was repulsed on every point; and could any purpose have been answered in following it up, they might have been driven from their positions. Sir John Moore was struck by a cannon ball, and mortally wounded. Corunna, more than even Vimiero, taught the French to appreciate British valour upon land; and it is but justice to declare, how ready they were to do so. They erected a monument to Moore. The retreat of Corunna, and its closing action, are quite sufficient to disprove that maxim respecting British soldiery, which general Foy picked up from the conversation of certain Englishmen: this is, the English require to be well fed, and to have their stomachs full, in order to fight valiantly; yet never was an army more starved and harassed than the British in this retreat, and never did they display greater obstinacy or valour.

Amidst the few civil occurrences drowned in the tumult of arms, a circumstance indicative of Napoleon's ideas of government occurred in the pages of the Moniteur. In November, the legislative body thought fit to present their congratulations to the empress Josephine on the victory near Burgos. She thanked them, and assured them of the emperor's respect towards the *representatives of the nation*. The journals repeated the expression: it reached Napoleon in his camp; and an immediate note transmitted to the Moniteur informed the French public of their master's code of government, and at the same time betrayed a symptom of ill humour towards Josephine. "As to the legislative body repre-

senting the nation, her majesty the empress could not have uttered any such words: she knows too well our institutions; she is aware that the only representative of the nation is the emperor. In the time of the convention France had a representative assembly; and all our misfortunes have proceeded from this *exaggeration of ideas*. It is at once chimerical and criminal in any to pretend to represent the nation before the emperor." Such was the language held to the French public in eight years after the fall of the republic. Let it, however, not be supposed that the French received such affronts in apathy: on the contrary, the enthusiasm for Napoleon now died away; and even his ardent followers allow that success survived his popularity, the latter languishing since the epoch of Tilsitt. The first hostilities of Austria excited neither astonishment nor resentment in Paris. The French, themselves oppressed, began to consider their foes as fellow-victims.

The car of Juggernaut, however, once put in motion, is not to be stopped even by those who first impelled it. Austria armed: Napoleon called for fresh conscriptions; his guard was recalled from the pursuit of the English, to combat the Austrians on the Danube. War seemed interminable; the prophecy of Talleyrand was fast realising itself. The court of Vienna had made most incredible exertions: an army of nearly 200,000 men, commanded by the archduke Charles, menaced both France and Italy; another army in Gallicia opposed whatever forces the emperor Alexander might think himself called upon to send in order to support his ally. Austria determined to crush her enemy by the magnitude of her exertions. In her first campaign against France, in concert with the duke of Brunswick, she had equipped but a wretched army of 40,000 men; yet then 100,000 would have decided the question. England made precisely the same blunder. Both countries were now compelled to keep 500,000 men each in pay, in order to compete with their giant antagonist.

On the 10th of May, the archduke passed the Inn. Napoleon had hurried from Paris on the first tidings; he met the king of Bavaria at Dillingen, whither he had fled from his capital. The French were quite unprepared; their division most in advance was under Davoust, at Ratisbon, the others were at Ulm and Augsburg. To cut off Davoust from the latter, the archduke sent forward a division or wing of his army to the Danube, and had almost effected his project. Napoleon instantly ordered Davoust to leave Ratisbon and march upon this advanced wing at Abensberg, whilst he himself attacked it simultaneously; thus hoping to effect a junction with Davoust by a successful action. To achieve this, Bonaparte had scarcely a French soldier with him: he put himself at the head of the Bavarians and men of Wirtemburg, visited their lines and bivouacs, addressed them, and stirred them to emulate French valour. His efforts were successful: on the 20th of May, whilst Davoust advanced from Ratisbon, Napoleon attacked, at the head of the German troops, and defeated the Austrians at Abensberg. Davoust being almost between them and the archduke's main body, at Eckmuhl, the routed wing was obliged to retreat in another direction, to Landshut, where it was forced to surrender on the morrow. It was in these first moments of rencontre that Napoleon so happily knew how to seize an advantage. The archduke, who had a day since so boldly pushed forward on the offensive, was already paralysed, and saw a great part of his army destroyed within a few leagues of him.

From the field of Abensberg, Davoust had been ordered to advance straight towards the archduke Charles at Eckmuhl, whilst Napoleon followed the routed Austrian wing to Landshut. The latter foresaw, that the archduke would direct his forces against Davoust. He did so; but whilst in the act of attacking, the portion of the army under Napoleon came from Landshut, on the left flank of the Austrians, who were totally unprepared, and who thought Napoleon far away; the consequence

was a complete victory. The archduke made the best retreat possible to Ratisbon; there crossed the Danube to join the Austrian corps on the side of Bohemia, and left the right bank, together with Bavaria, free. Thus, after the campaign of a week, in which two actions and divers combats had been fought, the French emperor was enabled to send forth one of his astounding proclamations. "An hundred pieces of cannon, 50,000 prisoners, forty stand of colours:" so great already was the amount of his trophies; and these were achieved principally by Germans, by the soldiers of Bavaria and Wirtemburg. The general here made the army. Davoust was created prince of Eckmuhl on the field of battle. Napoleon on this occasion received a contusion on the right foot from a spent ball. "That must have been a Tyrolese," said he, "by his long aim."

The archduke Charles having crossed the Danube at Ratisbon, retreated into Bohemia, no doubt desiring to draw the French after in pursuit. Napoleon preferred marching on the right bank to Vienna. A respectable force under general Hiller alone opposed him here, and took its stand in a strong position at Ebersberg near Lintz. Massena, eager to rival Davoust's recent glory, attacked it with more rashness than skill; but valour, and the confidence of triumph, carried success with them, and Ebersberg was also marked with French victory. Towards the close of the combat the town was set on fire, and all the wounded burned to death. "Figure to yourself," says an eye-witness, "all these dead baked by the fire, trodden under the feet of the cavalry and the wheels of the artillery, all forming a mass of mud, which, as it was removed by shovels, emitting an indescribable odour of burnt human flesh, caused a sensation, horrible even amongst the every-day horrors of war." Napoleon himself moralised upon the scene. In passing Cohorn's Corsican regiment, that had headed the column of attack, the emperor enquired respecting its loss, which had been about one half of its number. "We have just one more charge left," replied

the officer, pointing to the surviving half of his battalion.

Precisely in a month after the Austrians had commenced the war, by passing the Inn on the 10th of May, Napoleon was at the gates of Vienna. The archduke Maximilian refused to surrender; the French accordingly occupied the suburbs, and mortars being placed near the beautiful promenade of the Prater, the bombardment began. A flag of truce soon appeared; but it was merely to mention that the archduchess Maria Louisa, confined by indisposition, had been left behind in the imperial palace. Napoleon immediately ordered the guns to play in another direction, thus sparing unconsciously his future empress. On the 12th Vienna capitulated, and received the French troops on the following day.

The favourite triumph of Napoleon was to date some startling order from the conquered capital of an enemy. He now sent forth from his imperial camp at Vienna a decree, setting forth that "Charlemagne, emperor of the French, our august predecessor, bestowed upon the bishops of Rome divers countries, not in property, but as a fief, to be held upon certain spiritual services; but by no means intending that these territories should cease to make part of his empire." The conclusion from these logical premises was the annexation of Rome and its territories to the French empire; the pope being allowed still to remain there as bishop, with a revenue of two millions of francs.

The archduke Charles had in the mean time reached by a circuitous march through Bohemia, the bank of the Danube opposite Vienna. More wary than in 1805, the Austrians had destroyed every bridge over the river, whilst it became indispensable for the French to cross it, and put an end to the war by a victory, ere insurrection or diversions could be formed in their rear,—ere the want of subsistence or accident should compel them to retreat. The first attempt to cross the river, preparatory to throwing a bridge over it, failed. The soldiers who at-

tempted it were cut off. Beyond Vienna the stream of the Danube forms and runs round numerous islets, calculated to facilitate the attempt of crossing. The largest of these islands is that of Lobau, opposite Ebersdorf. Napoleon established a considerable portion of his army in this marshy woody island, which was still separated from the left bank by a deep and rapid channel. The haste of the advance was here felt. There were no materials for forming a bridge; and, instead of anchors for attaching the boats, the French were obliged to make use of Austrian cannon.

On the 21st of May, Napoleon passed with the greater part of his forces to the left bank of the Danube, occupying the two villages of Aspern and Essling, but not without considerable loss from the artillery of the enemy. All day and night the troops were engaged in crossing, not seriously impeded until evening by the Austrians, who seemed willing that their foes should come within their reach, and in no overwhelming force. By the morning of the 22d, about 40,000 French were on the left bank, and against them the archduke marched with all his forces. Massena was intrusted with the defence of Aspern, Lannes with that of Essling. The Austrians penetrated into the village, where the French still preserved their position, and every house and wall became a fortress and entrenchment, attacked and defended with obstinate valour. As the combat slackened on the part of the Austrians, towards Essling, Napoleon advanced into the plain, brought forward his cavalry, and menaced the centre of the enemy. The archduke Charles flew instantly to the threatened point, rallied in person his faltering troops, and seizing a standard with his own hands, led them back to the charge. The French were repulsed; and at the same time a want of ammunition made itself felt, the stores being still in the island. At this critical moment the bridge was carried away, either by the stream, or by the impediments which had been purposely sent down the river. Water-mills in boats or on piles, are fre-

quent on the Danube. One of these let loose from its moorings carried away the bridge. The tidings of this accident, which cut off all hopes of reinforcement, produced an involuntary movement of retreat towards the bridge, which the workmen hastened to refit. As the French in their retreat converged to the one point, the bridge, the enemy's cannon made dreadful slaughter amongst them. Essling was taken, but retaken by Mouton, now count de Lobau. To keep possession of it was absolutely requisite to protect the retreat. Lannes quitted his horse to command the defence, and he held out whilst the cavalry was crossing the temporarily refitted bridge. A cannon shot carried off his legs. General St. Hilaire was slain. But the French were enabled to retreat from the left bank back into the island of Lobau. Thither Bonaparte had retired. Thither the shattered Lannes was borne. This brave man now bewailed his fate, cast imprecations on the surgeons who could not save him, and invoked Napoleon as a deity to grant him life. Lannes regretted the glories and triumphs of life, more than he feared death. Yet his last moments appeared like frantic pusillanimity. Napoleon was greatly moved. As the shrieks of madame du Barry, under the guillotine, had roused the emotions of the Parisian mob, long accustomed to look with apathy on the executions of those resigned to die, so the frenzy of Lannes tortured Bonaparte to sensibility.

The French had been beaten, certainly by forces vastly superior. The loss was enormous: Bonaparte sat between Berthier and Massena, on the brink of the river in the island, contemplating the broken bridge; his army shut up in the island of Lobau, separated too widely from Davoust and from succour, too narrowly from the foe. All counselled a retreat to the left bank, which could only be done by abandoning artillery, horses, and wounded. This was acknowledging defeat. The emperor knew the dreadful consequences of this. "You may as well bid me retire to Strasburg at once,"

said he. "No; Vienna is now my capital; the centre of my resources. I will not abandon it, or retreat." The troops in the isle were, in consequence of this giant resolve, ordered to hold their ground.

The news of the French defeat immediately spread, and insurrection began to menace. That of the Tyrol against the Bavarians was most serious. These brave mountaineers surpassed the inveterate Spaniards in hardihood, and no efforts or force could subdue them. Napoleon pressed the arrival of aid from Italy, from Dalmatia, and from Saxony. He had engaged in that perilous path of conquest, in which victory and advance are necessary to existence, and in which reverse is ruin. His enemies had thus all the advantage; but not only the subjects of Austria were excited to re-action against the French, the Prussian youth could not let pass what they deemed a favourable opportunity for avenging their king and country. Several associations, called the Tugendbund, were formed for working out the independence of Germany. In these meetings the spirit of resistance was aroused, its means prepared and matured. It was yet, indeed, too soon. The misfortunes of the French were exaggerated. Still the braver and more impetuous German scorned to wait. Schill, a hussar colonel, inspired his regiment with his own feelings; quitted Berlin at its head; and without the sanction of his monarch, commenced a war of partisans against the French. The young duke of Brunswick, Katt, and others, followed his example. Civilisation, wealth, and culture, proved hostile to resistance. These men formed regiments, and prepared to carry on war after military rules; whereas in their case the guerrilla system could alone have success. By it alone they could have enticed the peasant to quit his abode. But being mere soldiers, Brunswick and Schill were never able to organise more than a military band. The climate of Germany, and the character of its inhabitants, as well as the force and centralisation of the government, rendered impracticable the Spanish system of resistance.

Thus the great amelioration and perfection of government and civilisation, when unequal to secure natural independence, become obstacles to its recovery.

The emperor had fortified his position in the island of Lobau, and busied himself with preparing another bridge. The archduke Charles still occupied the opposite bank, but remained tranquil, satisfied with having repulsed the French. His brother, prince John, was recalled from Italy, and was closely pursued by Eugene Beauharnois, who defeated him at Raab. The French army of Italy had but a straight road to traverse in order to join Napoleon at Lobau; the Austrian troops under prince John had, on the contrary, a very circuitous path to reach the great Austrian army. And Bonaparte chose the moment when he was joined by Eugene, and before the archduke Charles could be joined by his brother, to pass the Danube once more to the attack.

On the 4th of July, the French, reinforced by the Saxons, the army of Eugene, and that of Marmont from Dalmatia, were concentrated in the island of Lobau, to the number of 150,000. There was scarcely room for the troops to repose. Napoleon ordered the original bridge opposite Essling to be repaired, as if he intended to cross by its means. This was but to deceive the Austrians. In the night three more bridges, ready prepared, were fixed lower down, and the French army crossed on the night of the 4th and morning of the 5th. The archduke instantly found his batteries and preparations idle. Instead of fronting the Danube, he was obliged to extend his line perpendicular to it, from behind Aspern to Wagram, and from thence behind a little river on his left. The 5th was spent in manœuvring and cannonade, the Austrians retiring from Essling. Towards evening Bonaparte wished to dislodge them from their commanding position at Wagram, but his troops were beaten back and routed. Both armies slept on the field, and in their positions, the French without a fire, Napoleon in a chair.

On the morning of the 6th commenced the famous battle of Wagram. The Austrian centre was on the high

ground near that village. As the French, on the preceding evening, had been repulsed with ease from it, the archduke thought it strong to keep, and easy to maintain. He threw his chief force, therefore, into his wings. The Austrian right attacked Massena near Aspern and the Danube, and drove him back with such rout, that his four divisions crowded into one. Davoust, on the right, was able to resist with more success. But on Massena's side the battle seemed lost. That general, from the effects of a fall, was in a carriage, not on horseback; his troops, unanimated by his presence, shrunk from the enemy, whose cannon enfiladed the line. For a long time Napoleon was in doubt, riding on a white charger in the midst of this raking fire, which Savary calls "a hail-storm of bullets." At length he resolved to allow his wings to resist as they might, and to fling all his disposable force once more upon the Austrian centre at Wagram. He sent Lauriston first against it with 100 cannon, at full trot, with orders to approach very near. He knew the weakness of the Austrians at Wagram would not allow them to advance from the position. The infantry under Macdonald followed Lauriston, Bessières supporting both with the cavalry of the guard. Macdonald's charging columns arrived just as the artillery of Lauriston had made large breaches in the Austrian bodies. The French rushed into the gaps. A diversion from the extreme right aided them, and the centre of the archduke Charles, at Wagram, was driven in, routed, and the wings abandoned. It was then an easy task to take in flank the corps already victorious over Massena. In short, the several portions of the Austrian army fled from the field in disorder, separated from one another. The French, however, had suffered too much to follow them. The guard did not charge with their wonted alacrity. This was attributed to its commander, Bessières, having had his horse carried from between his legs by a cannon shot, which of course stunned and incapacitated that officer for the time. In fact, the reverse of Essling had damped the courage of the French;

and their troops at Wagram fought faintly wherever they wanted a bold and able general. Massena's hurt, Lannes' loss, Bessières' accident, had each an untoward effect at Wagram. Napoleon sought to replace Lannes by Macdonald, whom he created marshal on the field of battle.* Macdonald had been attached to Moreau, and hence had not been in favour with the emperor. But now all old grudges were forgotten between them, in admiration and reward on one side, gratitude on the other. The Saxons, under Bernadotte, had not shown any excess of courage in the action; still their commander, in a bulletin, attributed to them a great share in the success. Napoleon was so discontented with this, that he deprived Bernadotte of the command; an additional cause of quarrel between them.

Wagram was a victory, but it was not a victory like Marengo or Austerlitz. The hostile army was defeated, but neither destroyed nor intercepted. The archduke Charles, formidable in force, and still more in military talents, had withdrawn into Moravia, awaited the army of his brother, and might have prolonged the campaign. Napoleon deemed it prudent to make peace. Had he even the will, it was not possible to display the triumphant insolence shown to the Prussians after Jena. Spain had proved to be what he had foreseen, a political cancer. Most of the old veterans of the Italian wars had perished. The ardour of the conscripts who succeeded them was indeed equal in prosperous war; but the army of Wagram and Essling was no longer that of Austerlitz. Bernadotte spoke out this alarming truth to Napoleon after Essling, and it had not been forgiven. There was some fighting still at Znaim, on the road to Brunn and Austerlitz. But an armistice was concluded about the middle of July. Napoleon took up his quarters at Schoenbrunn, an imperial palace near Vienna, where he was at hand to control the course of the negotiation that ensued.

Events were multiplying all around. The French

* Oudinot and Marmont also were created marshals after Wagram.

emperor's decree against the pope had been met not with submission, but with excommunication; and the pontiff had been in consequence carried off from Rome by force to Savona. This violent measure turned the balance of catholic opinion completely against him, although he had, perhaps, not approved of the conduct of his general. The pope made the resistance that became his station, and assumed the character of a suffering martyr. Miracles were said to be worked by his voice. "Thus the year 1809," says Norvins, "seemed to belong more to the middle ages than to the 19th century. It presented nothing but war, violence, excommunication, miracles, peasant insurrections, captivity, and treason. The oppression of the strong, the rebellion of the weak, was the scene presented once more by Europe."

There had been some fighting in Westphalia, against insurgents. The gallant Schill had fallen. Hofer, more successful in the Tyrol, beat back the French under Lefebvre, and refused to acknowledge the armistice. Towards Warsaw, Austria had had the better of Napoleon's allies, the Poles under Poniatowski. An expedition from England, under lord Chatham, at the same time sailed to the Scheldt; but, instead of boldly aiming at Antwerp, it began with Walcheren and Flushing, and turned every way to the triumph of Napoleon. One circumstance connected with it nevertheless stirred his temper. Fouché had summoned the national guards of the northern departments to defend Antwerp. He gave the command to Bernadotte, but lately dismissed from the army at Vienna. In an address to his new army, the latter, an awkward courtier, bade it show that "the presence of the emperor was not indispensable to victory." The first act of Napoleon on learning this, was to dismiss Bernadotte from his command; and Fouché shared his friend's disgrace.

After the embarkation of Moore's army at Corunna, in January, Soult had overrun Gallicia. He then received orders to enter Portugal. He obeyed, forced a passage through the northern provinces, and took Oporto

by storm on the last day of March. Towards the end of April sir Arthur Wellesley had returned to Portugal, and assumed the command. His first care was to expel Soult from Oporto, which he effected in May, driving that general back into Spain. He then marched by the Tagus towards Madrid, hoping, by the aid of the Spanish, to overwhelm the army covering Madrid. Cuesta, the Spanish commander, was an impracticable churl; and to co-operate with him required even more management and skill than to fight the enemy. Wellesley, however, so managed, that the French actually beat Cuesta into line with him; and the Spanish troops thus forced into co-operation, the united armies fought the French at Talavera.

Each side was about 50,000 strong, all French and veterans in the one camp; whereas in the other there were but 20,000 British, the Spanish under Cuesta making out the complement. These were posted on the right, touching the Tagus and the town of Talavera. In continuation of their line to the left, extended the British, crowning hills, of which the highest was that on the extreme left. The French were commanded by Victor, but with the experience of marshal Jourdan and the authority of king Joseph to aid him. On the evening of the 27th of July, there was an attack; but on the morrow the battle took place, consisting of a general attack by the French in columns upon the whole British line. It was stubborn fighting. The British had the advantage of position and defence, the disadvantage in numbers, the Spanish being utterly inefficient. At one moment the French were nearly successful, owing to a rash charge of the guards out of the line, and their consequent rout. A disposition of the English general remedied the blunder; the battle was restored, and gained; the French on all sides were repulsed. Yet the victory of Talavera proved rather a moral than a material advantage; sir Arthur Wellesley, unable to contend with the French armies combined, being obliged to fall back upon Portugal.

Conferences for peace continued between Napoleon at Schoenbrunn, and the Austrian court then established in Hungary. There was no submissiveness on the part of the conquered. The power of Napoleon was in fact shaken. His army was no longer invincible. The day of Essling counterbalanced that of Marengo, and the emperor Francis felt, that whatever might be the aspect of the present, the future was more threatening for his foe than for him. Napoleon made much the same reflections; even in his proudest day he acknowledged the necessity of having one great and cordial ally. Alexander had not proved such. He had played the lukewarm, temporising friend; and Napoleon recoiled from his alliance. The apparently indomitable power of Russia it was, that gave Austria confidence. To make himself master of Europe, Napoleon saw now that Russia must be humbled. What alliance and cajolery could not effect victory should. Such were Napoleon's views at Schoenbrunn; and, with these, to join with Austria, and make her rather than Russia his intimate, became his policy. It was requisite not to betray it; therefore, chaffering and bargaining were continued, and negotiations were drawn out. The apparent articles of the final treaty were the cession of Saltzburg and other territories of the Rhenish confederation, that of Trieste and some adjacent lands to France, Cracow and part of the Austrian spoil of Poland were given to the duchy of Warsaw; another small portion of it to Russia: adroit conditions, calculated to set Austria more at variance with the latter country. Napoleon affected to grant these moderate terms to the conquered, out of deference to Russia; on the contrary, they sprang out of pure enmity.

The memoir writers of the day imagine that an attempt or plan made to assassinate the French emperor had the effect of inclining him to peace. A young German named Staps, the son of a protestant clergyman, was seized in the attempt to approach him. A large knife was found in his breast; he avowed and gloried in

the purpose. Bonaparte offered him pardon if he would profess contrition. The stubborn enthusiast scorned even these terms, and perished. Napoleon, it is said, immediately after this event, relaxed in the severity of his conditions, and peace was concluded; but it is more than probable that he wished to keep secret, from even his own negotiators, his new views respecting Russia, and that he seized on a pretext to fulfil a previous determination.

Napoleon had tried every means hitherto, except that of justice and forbearance, to attach to his alliance one of the great powers of Europe. Prussia, Austria, Russia, all had proved insincere, naturally enough, because ill-treated. But Bonaparte, with the self-partiality of his country, did not see the outrageousness and injustice of his own ambition: nevertheless, as this alliance was necessary, he resolved to recur to the old cement of European monarchies, viz. marriage. A wish to have heirs, perhaps the pride of allying with ancient royalty, gave additional strength to his purpose; and, for a long time, a divorce with Josephine had been meditated: she herself had foreseen it, and her voice had from the first dissuaded her husband from assuming the crown. He had sought to show to the French public the inconvenience of there being no heir to the empire. He had adopted prince Eugene as his successor in Italy, the son of Hortense and Louis as his successor in France. The infant died. After this event, which took place in 1807, whispers of an imperial divorce was circulated at court. At Tilsitt perhaps, certainly at Erfurt, there was question of a marriage between Napoleon and a Russian princess, — an alliance which perfectly suited his views at that time. The idea was not relished at St. Petersburg, where the voice of the court and queen mother was against France. The coldness on this point was one proof of the insincerity of the Russian alliance. At, Schoenbrunn, now, the same idea was suggested with respect to Austria; and the emperor Francis, despite his pride, appreciated all the advantage of the offer: it was accepted, and, to

cover the agreement, peace was made, apparently secure, really moderate.*

The difficulty, to a man of any feeling, was to break it to the unfortunate Josephine. She had been fond and faithful; dignified in her new rank, as amiable in her old. But she was to be divorced, sacrificed to his ambition; or, as he termed it, "to the welfare of France." She used all a woman's entreaties, endured the anguish of wounded love and mortified pride. He was inexorable, and she obeyed; professed her willingness, with tears indeed, to consent to a divorce, and took all the steps necessary to obtain it. Nay, even after her doom was sealed, she consented still to act the empress of the pageant. She attended a solemn ceremonial, the thanksgiving service for a peace, to which she alone was sacrificed; and at length retired to Malmaison with the state and title of empress. This took place in the last days of 1809. Ambassadors were then despatched to Vienna, to demand, as had been agreed on, the hand of the archduchess Maria Louisa. The suit was granted; and the marriage by proxy was performed in March, 1810. Napoleon went to meet his new empress at Soissons. The ceremony of her reception and entry was modelled after those of her aunt, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. What comparisons did not the relationship and similarity of each situation suggest! At a ball given by prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador, in honour of the imperial nuptials, a fire broke out, and many people perished; the prince's sister amongst the rest. In recounting this accident, the Parisians remembered that of the Place Louis Quinze, when at the rejoicing for Marie Antoinette's marriage, so many hundreds had been crushed to death.

* Whilst Metternich and Champagny were arranging the overt articles of peace at Altenburg, prince John of Lichtenstein passed frequently between the two emperors, and settled the private terms.—See the Memoirs of De Bausset.

CHAP. X.

1810—1812.

FROM NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE WITH THE ARCHDUCHESS TO HIS FLIGHT FROM RUSSIA.

BONAPARTE was now in the zenith of his glory as emperor; but his power, as the chief of a nation and of a band of warriors, had been for some time declining. The means by which his first successes were wrought, consisted, in a great degree, in the enthusiasm and ardour which the revolution had breathed into the French soldier; the sense of freedom lately won, the absence of restraint and discipline, together with the privations under which he laboured, combining to develope and call into play all his faculties. Of such men were composed the army which conquered Italy, and which foundered in Egypt. Such, but not equal to them, were the forces that conquered at Marengo: they were inferior to their great predecessors, because the enthusiasm of liberty had cooled, and was supplied by the weaker sentiment excited by past glory and the name of Bonaparte. Peace followed. The several bands from Egypt, from the Rhine, from Italy, were amalgamated. A portion of the old leaven, as of the old corps, still remained; but the camp of Boulogne altogether changed its spirit. There an emperor was raised on the military shield; and freedom, as a source of courage, was dried up. The habits of victory, and enthusiasm for Bonaparte, filled the void. But he, their leader, no longer trusted to that free impulse which had won the fields of Italy. He now subjected his bands to far more rigid discipline, and supplied individual energy by closeness of order and precision of manœuvre. In short, his tactics coincided with his policy, and the national warrior became, in a certain degree, the drilled, the mercenary, the imperial soldier. Such were the victors of Ulm and Austerlitz;

veteran bands that, could they have lasted, might have defied the world. An unlucky day for Napoleon tempted him to acts which led to the spending and the spilling of this precious blood in Spain. The Austrian war again broke out: the emperor called new levies; he gave them the same standards as the old, but the same spirit he could not bestow. Of revolutionary enthusiasm not a spark remained; nor to the army that advanced to Wagram was the same discipline which had supplied this lack at Austerlitz communicated. The consequence was seen at Essling and Wagram; victories, for any other general than Napoleon, but very synonymous with defeat to him. The Austrian marriage, indeed, saved him; but another war, intrusted to another race of conscripts, was likely to betray still more the deterioration of the French army. Bonaparte felt this as he made his preparations against Russia, and he in consequence endeavoured to supply quality by quantity — the veterans of the revolution by the conscripts of the empire. This is to be borne in mind during the final wars upon which we now enter; without it, all the snows of Russia might have fallen in vain.

To describe the simultaneous decline of Napoleon's power and popularity as a sovereign by the apparent extravagance of his ambition, his improvident waste of the national resources and population, his repression of every thing partaking of liberty, is needless. These start to the apprehensions of all; and yet, with moderation in his policy, his empire might have endured for his life at least. He might have reigned by the mere terror of his past victories, and bequeathed to his lieutenants or his heir the task of encountering that reaction of Europe which his precipitate rashness drew down upon himself.

Previous to entering on the decisive Russian struggle, we have still the years 1810 and 1811 to traverse; an interval not unchequered by events. Immediately after his marriage, Napoleon, accompanied by his new empress, undertook a journey through his northern domi-

nions of Belgium. His attention was particularly turned to Antwerp, where immense preparations were made for forming future fleets. In the mean time he was rigorous in carrying on war against English commerce. Whilst at Antwerp, information could not fail to reach him as to the enormous extent to which colonial produce was introduced into his dominions through Holland. He blamed his brother Louis, king of that country, and strong altercations were the consequence between them. As Holland has ever existed by commerce, it was a matter not only of interest but existence to the Dutch, that they should trade. Louis on the spot, a witness of the state of things, could not act the rigid impoverisher of his own subjects: besides that he scorned to be a crowned chief of the French custom-house. Napoleon answered his expostulation by curtailing the most important part of his kingdom, uniting to France those provinces which commanded the mouths of the Rhine and Scheldt. Soon after, this was found insufficient; when an army was sent into Holland to enforce the counter blockade against the English. Louis, on suffering this indignity, resigned his crown and retired to a private station in Germany; when Holland was divided into departments, and solemnly incorporated with the French empire.

A more important change took place in Sweden. The impolitic king of that country had been dethroned by his subjects, for compromising the integrity of the state, and sacrificing it to his enmity against France. His uncle was chosen monarch in his place. He had a son, who unfortunately died soon after; and the influential men of Sweden were compelled to look abroad to find the stock of another royal race. Divers princes aspired to bear away the prize; but the Swedes looked to the great king-maker of the day, and preferred to choose one of his generals, in order to acquire the favour of France, and to be secure from the encroachments of Russia. Singular enough, their choice fell upon the only marshal between whom and the emperor there was a secret en-

mity. Bernadotte had commanded at Hamburgh, and had displayed there his lenience and sense of justice. In the campaign of Prussia he had captured a Swedish division, treated and dismissed it with kindness. He was accordingly preferred, and prayed to accept the Swedish throne. The elevation of a lieutenant, who had at times the arrogance to affect rivalry with him, was not pleasing to Napoleon; to whom, moreover, it was of the first importance to have a staunch, not a half-friend, upon the throne of Sweden. He covertly opposed the election; and when Bernadotte was chosen, delayed his assent, or wished to delay it, by provisos restrictive of the independence of the future sovereign. Bernadotte, however, played his part at once with firmness and sagacity. He was elected crown prince of Sweden, accepted the bright offer, and, wresting Napoleon's assent, departed to enter upon his rule; for, although but the next heir to the crown, he was already called to exercise the functions of government.

In Spain, after the retreat of Wellington subsequent to the battle of Talavera, the French succeeded in defeating the regular forces of their adversaries. The south at length owned the rule of Joseph, who, in the beginning of 1810, entered Seville; Soult advancing to form the siege of Cadiz. This town was now the last refuge of the independent cause. Even Andalusia, so fatal to the army of Dupont, and considered as the most impregnable of the Spanish provinces, submitted to the victors; and, except within the walls of Cadiz, nought but guerrillas and detached bands of partisans still held up the standard of Ferdinand. This momentary triumph of the French was productive of one important effect, — the independence of the Spanish South American colonies, asserted and founded in 1810. There now remained but to chase the British from Portugal. The enterprise appeared too trivial to demand the presence of Napoleon. Massena was intrusted with the task, and, with a gallant army of 80,000 men, to execute it. Before such an army, lord Wellington and

his 30,000 British necessarily retired.* The frontier fortresses were all reduced. Massena, pressing too hard after the retreating English, brought about the affair of Busaco, which presents the usual aspect of all the early battles in Spain—the British on a height, the French attacking, repulsed, and routed. Still the French had no other thought than to behold their enemies take shipping at Lisbon; or perhaps, like Junot in more advantageous circumstances, escape by a capitulation. The retreat, however, stopped short at about twelve leagues from Lisbon; the army taking post along a ridge of hills extending from the ocean to the Tagus. It was a line strong by nature, and rendered stronger by art, enclosing Lisbon, and defending it by those fortifications which Providence seems to have traced. Against it all the efforts of Massena were vain. Impossible to turn, it was equally impracticable to assault; and the French general, after vainly hovering round it, trying, and contemplating it, was obliged to retreat himself, after having lost the greater part of his army by famine, malady, and fatigue. So bitter was his resentment, and that of his soldiers, that their retiring path resembled the advance of Attila—all ruin and destruction—the very walls uprooted and blackened, and the sod blighted beneath the devastator's hoof;—an unworthy consolation this, to the hero of the Alps and the vanquisher of Suwarrow. To lord Wellington the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras brought as much honour as his previous victories. He not only secured there the independence of Portugal, but has shown how it may always be defended by manhood and well-regulated force. In the same spring were fought the battles of Barossa, Albuera, and Fuentes d'Onoro, in which Graham, Beresford, and Wellington, each gained fresh laurels. But the French, from the soldier to the general, were fighting in a cause and field that they disliked. Even those in command often re-

* There is little impartiality to be expected in enumerating the forces of an enemy; but the French certainly carry exaggeration to its utmost. Norvins states Massena's force at Busaco to be but 45,000, that of lord Wellington 185,000 men!!!

laxed in their activity; and their inferiors could not but imitate them. Marmont succeeded Massena; but not to repair his fortune or supply his talent. Soult, who loved war for war's sake, was the most formidable enemy; yet, in the sanguinary battle of Albuera, Beresford, with a very few thousand British, wrested victory from his hands.

We now approach the quarrel betwixt France and Russia; the last act — the grand *dénouement* of the drama. There is no lack of causes. Although the flexible mind of Alexander forgot, in his admiration for the conqueror of Friedland, those conditions of the treaty of Tilsitt that were imposed upon Russia, his aristocracy, his people, who were far from sharing their monarch's personal esteem for the French emperor, could not fail to remind him of their sentiments. At Tilsitt much had been promised and held forth on the part of Napoleon, to dazzle Alexander, and to captivate his friendship. It was not only Finland that tempted the latter to submit to the inconveniences of the continental system, it was the prospect of being aided in dismembering the Turkish empire. In the excitement, the moral intoxication of success, and of the eastern emperor's friendship and society, Napoleon had passed the bounds of freedom, and given too rashly into a scheme much more advantageous to Russia than to him. No sooner, however, did he part from Alexander, than Bonaparte revised his thoughts, and altogether changed his views respecting Turkey. He would no longer listen to the prayer of Alexander's ambition on this head; and at Erfurth the Russian monarch was obliged to abandon the plan. This disappointed him, and proved the first cause of the rupture. It is also the cause most honourable to Napoleon, who dwells on it accordingly. At St. Helena, he asserts, that his resistance to Alexander's views upon Turkey was the origin of the quarrel; and Bignon affirms the same thing.

"From the conference of 1807," says that historian, "sprung the germ that was to be fatal to Napoleon. To force England to peace conformably to the alliance

of Tilsitt, Russia was to act against Sweden, France against Portugal; or, to translate more largely the ideas of the two emperors, Russia left Napoleon full liberty of action over the south of Europe, France abandoning to Alexander similar liberty in the north with respect to Sweden, moreover allowing him to have a certain degree of tolerance on the side of Turkey. In consequence of these reciprocal concessions, France found herself engaged in the horrible Spanish war; Russia in one of which the dangers were insignificant, the advantage being the acquisition of Finland. Napoleon then imagined that Finland might content Alexander; no such thing. For a moment Napoleon had admitted the possibility of partitioning the Ottoman empire. This contingency Alexander assumed as a certainty. His constant demands were on the subject of the partition. But Napoleon ever refused, and for a double motive: the first political, because the lot of France, magnificent as it had appeared, was but a source of peril and embarrassment, whilst that of Russia had proved all substantial and positive value; the second military, in that he looked on the Turkish empire as a marsh, which prevented Russia attacking him on his right. Hence the gradual coolness betwixt two emperors."

What is chiefly evident from this is the complete machiavelism of both parties; nothing like justice entering into the contemplation of either, except such justice as robbers may invoke in order to secure a fair division of the spoil. In these calculations of interest evaporated the imperial friendship, the solemn amity of Tilsitt. Napoleon seemed to have trusted in this longer than Alexander, whose coldness he did not perceive until the campaign of Wagram commenced. He then exclaimed that Alexander had deceived him; that he was false, or, in his words, "handsome and deceitful" as a Greek. One part of Bonaparte's character — a trait we often meet with in the world — was, that he thought himself always in the right. Whilst encroaching and despoiling every neighbour, and swallowing one portion

of Europe after another, he deemed himself most ill used when resisted. Passion and success had given this obliquity to his judgment. It is thus that we explain the absurdity of his arguments; he was wrong, not insincere. He the more easily fell into them, as there was in the origin and at bottom a certain foundation of truth in his constant assertion, that he was driven to conquest in order to exist.

Alexander might then argue, that Napoleon had not kept those promises at Tilsitt, which had induced Russia to sacrifice her trade to the continental system. But she had no need of bringing forward a promise that would have revolted all Europe. There were other griefs. Napoleon, in the campaign of Wagram, had perceived the lukewarmness of Russia. He had mentally abandoned the hopes of close alliance with that country. Austria became his friend, his ally, by marriage; and Russia was menaced by this very act. The duchy of Warsaw, the nucleus apparently destined to agglomerate into an independent kingdom of Poland, was swelled with part of Galicia, sufficient to make Russia tremble for Lithuania. Griefs continued to amass. The English and anti-Gallican party at St. Petersburgh, — that is, the majority of the aristocracy, the produce of whose estates, timber, pitch, and hemp, could find a market in England alone, — stirred and took advantage of all. The occupation of the duchy of Oldenburg, appertaining to a prince nearly allied to the Russian emperor, was another cause of complaint and recrimination. Secretaries and envoys with hostile notes preluded to war.

Napoleon had determined on it: to humble Russia, and reduce it to that obsequiousness towards him, that Prussia and Austria displayed, was the requisite completion of his system. Without this, all the rest was insecure. To remain at peace, allowing the two latter countries to recover strength, whilst a huge and independent empire was at their back, would have been impolitic and mad. The entire system of Napoleon's empire was, indeed, founded upon usurpation and injustice;

but conquest "plucks on" conquest, and cannot be arrested till nought beyond its frontier menaces. To talk of Napoleon's injustice and ambition at this time was vain; his empire was built on the two words, and was to be completed by them. The choice of the moment was most imprudent. But the seeds of war had been long sown; were maturing during the course of 1810; and when, in 1811, the sudden energy of the English government, pouring troops into the Peninsula, resuscitated and revived the struggle, the altercation between Alexander and Napoleon had gone too far to allow of the stronger party shrinking from the consequence, without weakening that empire of arrogance and superiority that he held over Europe. Napoleon was in his conduct not so rash as is imagined. His policy was profound, well calculated; it was his task that was difficult. He played for the game of universal empire; he made a false move with respect to Spain. He was compelled to that of Russia, unavoidable in time; and that he would have willingly deferred, had it been possible without retracting.

The mighty preparations necessary for bringing two such huge powers into contact, required to be gradually made. Each potentate, therefore, began, upon the first symptom, to make them. This alone necessitated similar exertions from the other; and thus the great machinery of war was put in action on both sides, ere mutual explanation, or a free discussion of the question, could take place. It was thus the masses rushed together, obedient to the first impulse of their rulers, but not tarrying for their after-thoughts.

France showed a slight of Russia by her treatment of Oldenburgh. Alexander, who had already relaxed in his observance of the continental system, for which he might plead the example of Napoleon's own licences to trade, abrogated it, in part, towards the close of 1810. Lithuania, on one side, filled with troops; the duchy of Warsaw on the other. The preparations of Bonaparte were gigantic: he drew from the soil of France the last sol-

dier that the conscription laws allowed him. From these were exempt merely the rich, who could purchase a substitute; the peasant, who had already a brother under arms; the only son of the widow. Yet even these Napoleon enrolled, in *ban* and *rear-ban;* forming them into a militia or national guard, to keep peace at home and defend the territory, whilst the rest of the levies marched to the banks of the Niemen. Italy, on one side, sent her legions; Holland on the other; the confederated states of the Rhine were summoned to get ready their contingents; Austria consented to contribute 40,000 men; Prussia, after vainly meditating to throw her remaining strength into the hands of Russia, — an offer rejected by that country, as a source at once of weakness and obligation, — gave up the relics of her army, her fortresses, her very capital to the French forces. In front, Alexander saw all Europe armed against him, — Poland the foremost, expecting her independence, and calling Lithuania, the spoil of Catharine, to join her. On each side were Sweden and Turkey: Russia, at war with the latter, had not long since robbed the former of a fine province. Yet both these precious allies France lost at this critical moment. The jealousy of Napoleon and Bernadotte alienated Sweden. The emperor, with his arrogant ideas, sought to reduce the sovereignty of his former lieutenant into vassalage. Bernadotte's language, as an independent monarch, was even more galling to the emperor than his acts. When he asked Norway as the price of his co-operation against Russia, Napoleon fell into a paroxysm of rage at the insolence of such a demand. Personal feelings smothered the suggestions of policy; and he ordered Pomerania, the only possession of Sweden on the continent, to be invaded. He thus flung the actual ruler of Sweden into the arms of Russia. Bonaparte's conduct with respect to Turkey was not more happy. In the first heat of his friendship with Alexander, he had neglected that court and country; and although he subsequently defended, in private negotiation, the integrity of that empire against Russia, still he had neglected to

cultivate a close connection. British influence prevailed at Constantinople; and we shall see, that at the moment when Russia was most seriously pressed by a powerful antagonist, the sultan abandoned the tempting opportunity, to which Napoleon incited him, of taking advantage of the moment; making peace, on the contrary, with its ancient and inveterate foe.

Napoleon, in truth, began to be egregiously ill served, especially in the civil and diplomatic line. He mistrusted men of all schools,—the ancient noblesse and the Jacobins alike. He had got rid of Talleyrand and Fouché, and in vain endeavoured to fill their places and supply their experience by statesmen of his own creation. In diplomacy, and in the management of foreign policy, especially where it required that knowledge of mankind and of courts, and that superiority of address, which high birth affords most advantage of acquiring, Napoleon found and lamented this deficiency. He owned at St. Helena, that had he kept Talleyrand, the Russian war might have been avoided; he might have added, the Spanish war also. The high views of policy, the conceptions of the head of the state, of Napoleon himself, never wanted sagacity. He foresaw all the perils of the peninsular insurrection, should it break out; he saw the inopportuneness, as well as the necessity, of the Russian war. Want of tact in subordinate agents precipitated both. Murat, at Madrid, embroiled one country; a correspondence, rather than a negotiation, carried on through generals and aides-de-camp, marred all hopes of reconciliation with the other. Napoleon felt this, when he chose the comte de Narbonne, a noble, a liberal emigrant, and a friend of madame de Staël, like Talleyrand, to send on a mission to Russia. Another personage, whom he selected from the same feeling, was the abbé de Pradt, archbishop of Mechlin or Malines. Him he sent to Warsaw. But a body of diplomatic sages were not to be improvised; and the archbishop proved as little satisfactory as the aide-de-camp.

After two years of prelude and preparation, with ar-

mies on either side of the Niemen, the rupture became imminent at the commencement of 1812. Professions of peace, as usual, preceded hostilities. Napoleon made offers to England and to Russia. These to the former were idle: Alexander, in reply, demanded that the French troops should retire from East Prussia. Napoleon, at the same time that he sent the count de Narbonne to the emperor Alexander, to show his wish to avoid hostilities, left Paris on the 9th of May for Dresden. At this town he had given rendezvous to his allies; and never certainly did Europe see such a court: the emperor of Austria, the king of Prussia, were amongst those who waited on Napoleon. Kings and princes of inferior rank crowded his antechamber and saloons, and stooped before the mighty emperor of yesterday. Certes, here the French revolution retaliated its vengeance on the pride that had scorned and endeavoured to crush it. Its representative trod beneath his feet all that was regal and illustrious in Europe. The reunion of Dresden seemed a parting pageant, given to Napoleon by fortune ere she abandoned him. The richest incense that could be burned to mortal pride was there offered to Bonaparte.

The emperor awaited at Dresden the return of Narbonne. He arrived on the 28th of May, had seen Alexander; and had found him inflexible, "neither elated nor despondent." Setting aside the ambitious schemes and jealousies which might have led to the quarrel, Alexander felt that his cause was the independence of his nation, and that even to succumb to defeat in this was glorious. Immediately after these tidings, Napoleon quitted Dresden, and in a few days was in the midst of his army beyond the Vistula. It is estimated at 800,000 soldiers, most certainly not short of the exaggerated million of Xerxes. The French, like the Persian, monarch might have moralised and reflected how far actual power is from keeping pace with the magnitude of its means. It required all, and more than all, the energy and talent of Napoleon to feed this mass; and even if he possessed the means, it became evident that the

mere distribution could not be always effected. Ere the army had marched fifty leagues into Russia, several of the very guards died of hunger. The old system of preying and living upon the enemy's country, was here, as in Spain, impossible. But the habits of the French soldiery thus to provide for themselves had left them without that order and accuracy which could alone render the present expedition practicable.

It was too late, however, for reflection. On the 24th of June, the French army crossed the frontier river Niemen. A solitary officer of Cossacks was the only enemy that appeared to challenge them; but a tremendous thunderstorm burst forth over the French as they first trod the Russian soil. It appeared as if the elements promised to supply the weakness of the men of the north in defending their territory. The Russians did not even appear: their plan was to retreat, avoid a battle, still drawing the French far from support and resources, to fall on them at last, when winter, famine, and fatigue, had daunted their confidence and diminished their strength. This is said to have been the plan of Barclay de Tolly, the Russian commander.

Napoleon thus entered Wilna without a blow; and here was his last opportunity for declaring the ancient kingdom of Poland re-established. Lithuania was in his power. By uniting it to the duchy of Warsaw, and giving it the name of Poland, he would have raised a stronger bulwark to support him, than fortified lines or walls, or than all the allies that fear bound to him could afford. It is said that he hesitated, in fear to excite the jealousy of Austria; but that power would have accepted on the side of Italy an indemnity for Galicia, an exchange already the subject of negotiation. But no; it was not the dread of Austria, but his wish to leave the door open for accommodation with Russia, that tied down Napoleon from proclaiming Polish freedom. The diet of Warsaw addressed him. He replied vaguely; and the provinces, indisposed also towards the French by the violence of their soldiers, re-

mained cold to one so parsimonious even of encouraging words.

When Napoleon advanced upon Wilna with the principal division of the great army, a large force under Macdonald kept along the Baltic, and formed the left wing. The Austrians, under prince Schwartzenberg, entered Volhynia, and protected the right flank of the French: but their wings may for the moment be left out of consideration. Immediately before Napoleon, the Russians composed two armies: the greater one, under Barclay, had retired from Wilna to Drissa, on the river Dwina, where an entrenched camp defended the road to St. Petersburgh; the lesser, under Bagration, was at Grodno, and, by the French advance, had been separated from Barclay. This was a sad blunder on the part of the Russians; such a one that, had it been committed before Bonaparte commanding a small and manageable army, by a force of proportionate numbers, not one would have escaped: but, with the masses which he had now to move by word or writing, not by personal order, all depended upon lieutenants. Some were tardy, some inapt; others, active and skilful, had jealousies which paralysed them. The Spanish war failed of success, in part, from such dissensions; the Russian no less. Of his great system Napoleon was chief indeed, a monarch well obeyed; but there was no gradation, no discipline amongst his high officers: princes and marshals jostled, and displayed in their altercation the meanness of their origin. It was thus that the French lost now the first opportunity which the chance of the war afforded, — that of cutting off Bagration, — by the differences betwixt Davoust and Jerome Bonaparte, and the consequent inertness of both. Jerome was disgraced, and sent back to Westphalia; but this could not restore lost time: Bagration had made good his retreat.

Napoleon now moved with his main body from Wilna to the banks of the Dwina, to occupy Witepsk, having still the hope of preventing the junction betwixt the two Russian armies. It was at Witepsk that Barclay reck-

oned on meeting Bagration; he had marched thither from Drissa, and found the French approaching it. Preparing to fight, in order to allow Bagration time, he received word that his lieutenant was marching on Smolensk, in the rear: Barclay accordingly retired, having supported but a skirmish.

The natural avenue leading into the centre of Russia, that followed by the main army of the French, was the strip of high land lying betwixt the Dwina and the Dnieper; the first of which it rejects to the north, the second to the south. Witepsk, where the French now lay, is on the Dwina; Smolensko, where the Russian armies had united, was on the opposite side of the Dnieper. Napoleon tarried the two first weeks of August at Witepsk. Such long delay, in such a man, is inconceivable; so much so, that some of his followers have attributed it to the decline of his health: but, in fact, he was overpowered by the enormity of affairs; the difficulties of moving and providing for his immense army, the disorder of which he saw, and vainly exerted himself to remedy. He now resembled the spirit of an eagle put to vivify and move the body of an elephant, forced to plod, when its nature was to fly. Emboldened by his inaction, the Russians at Smolensko prepared to brave him and beat up his quarters. Tidings of their motion restored Napoleon to military duties, and recalled him to manœuvres, from the ordering of ovens, wagons, hospitals, and all the minutiæ of affairs in which he was obliged to busy himself by the neglect of all around. Learning the Russian advance upon Witepsk, he moved off his army from the Dwina to the Dnieper, changing his whole line of operations, and braving the inconvenience of this for the sake of getting to Smolensko before the enemy, intercepting them, and forcing them to battle. In this, too, he failed: the Russians retreated in time; whilst the troops covering Smolensko fought with that dogged indomitable courage which the French could not overcome. Their cavalry charged the Russian squares, entered them even; they slew, but could not rout. The

Russians, in whatever confusion thrown, refused to fly; unlike the Austrians, who, "when turned," or spying an enemy even on their flank, thought themselves released from the task of resistance. But war with the Austrians had become a profession; with the Russians it was waged with national feeling and inveteracy.

Barclay, having succeeded in entering Smolensko before the enemy, resolved to defend it long enough to allow of a measured retreat. Napoleon's impatience impelled him to an assault: it was ordered. But the Russians, from behind their ancient walls, defied all the efforts of the French, and repulsed them with the slaughter of thousands. The attack was given over. Napoleon pitched his tent before the town, when, at night-fall, the towers and buildings of Smolensko were seen in a flame. Barclay, in evacuating it, had set it on fire. On the morrow the French entered; and where they expected to meet with good quarters, and the sight of human habitations, after the deserts they had crossed, they met with ruin and ashes. Still, amidst these ruins, the emperor might have halted, strengthened his communications, brought up provisions and reinforcements, and organised his army. This was the prayer of all his generals, even of the impetuous Murat. But to check his advance in the month of August, and within but eighty leagues of Moscow, was too much to expect of Napoleon's impatience. Perhaps he was right in calculating that the difficulties at Smolensko were little less than those at Moscow; whilst the grand object gained, of occupying the enemy's capital, would awe malecontents both in Paris and in the courts of Europe, and also, perhaps, humble Alexander to sue for terms. His generals, who looked on the conduct of the campaign merely in a military point of view, dissuaded with earnestness, that swelled to choler, all idea of further advance. Napoleon, who was not blind to their views, but who joined with them those of the statesman and the monarch, decided on penetrating to Moscow.

Another circumstance on which he counted, was the impossibility of restraining much longer the angry spirits of the Russians from giving battle. It was known that Barclay alone was the counsellor of retreat, and that Bagration, with all the voices in the army, clamoured for battle. It seemed inevitable, that they would risk one to save Moscow. In search of the engagement, then, as well as of the capital, Napoleon held on his march. Nor was he wrong in his calculations. In obedience to the cry of the Russian army, Barclay was superseded by Kutusoff; and this general chose the place of his stand near Borodino, on the Moskwa. The Russian retreat, even so far, was not such as gives courage to the pursuer. At Valoutina, not far from Smolensko, Barclay made a stand, in order to preserve some baggage and cannon, resolving to leave no trophies to the enemy; and Ney was severely repulsed. Junot, who should have taken the Russians in flank, hesitated on this occasion, and showed a want of courage. It was not thus that Napoleon had been served in Italy; and yet, inconceivable to say, Junot was continued in the command of his division. Quarrels between Davoust and Murat, both at the vanguard, were now the only incidents of the army. These occupied Napoleon's attention and care, which so many more important subjects craved.

On the 5th of September the French came in view of their enemies, posted on heights extending southward from the village of Borodino. Driving them from an advanced redoubt, Napoleon established his line opposite to theirs, and prepared for a battle on the morrow. He refused to manœuvre on their flanks, or menace to intercept them, lest such a movement should bring about their retreat, and put off the engagement. Each army was about 120,000 strong, so much had the French numbers dwindled: the Russians were perhaps more. The 6th of September was the day long sought by Napoleon. He was on horseback before daybreak, and saw the sun rise in splendour, like that of Austerlitz. Two fresh arrivals from Paris were announced:

the one a chamberlain, with a portrait of the young king of Rome; the other, Fabvier, with tidings of the loss of the battle of Salamanca by Marmont. Shaking off the ideas excited by both, Napoleon issued a short address: —"Soldiers! here is the battle you have so much desired. Victory must depend on you. We need one, in order to have abundance, good quarters, and a speedy return to France. Conduct yourselves as at Austerlitz and Friedland. Let people say of each of you with pride — 'He was at that great battle in the plains of Moscow!'"

The left of the French, under the viceroy, was at Borodino, beyond the stream; the Russian right opposed to it was well fortified. Prince Eugene was ordered to follow this example. The other bodies of the Russians, their centre and left, under Barclay and Bagration, were also fortified, each on its summit; Barclay by a large redoubt, Bagration by several batteries. The French, as usual, had the disadvantage of attacking. The plan of Bonaparte was to carry first the batteries of Bagration, and then take the great central redoubt in flank. Accordingly the action, though commenced on all points, chiefly lay in the attack of Davoust upon the batteries. It was gallantly supported, and as gallantly resisted. The general of the attacking division, Compans, was wounded; Rapp, who succeeded him, was wounded also; and Davoust himself hurt by the fall of his horse, which was killed under him. The attack on the right, in consequence, faltered; but victory came from the left, where Napoleon least expected it.

The viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnois, instead of holding back, according to his orders, pushed forward into Borodino, got possession of it, and, improving his advantage, dashed across the river, to the attack of the great redoubt. The column of Davoust had, in the mean time, rallied; its second effort drove Bagration from his batteries; his soldiers still returned to recover them, but in vain. Their efforts, however, restored confidence to the Russian army. Borodino was again menaced

by Cossacks, Eugene's attempt upon the central redoubt repulsed, and Bagration himself rallied to cover Barclay's flank. The French were not used to meet with this stubborn resistance, these alternations of fortune. Again, however, they returned to the charge, and what Fain calls a third battle was fought towards evening on the contested points. Finally, the Russians were beaten from the great redoubt, and abandoned the field. It is said that by ordering forward his guard, which he held in reserve, Bonaparte might have changed the Russian retreat into a rout, intercepted, and cut up their army. But Bagration had shown the stubbornness of the Russians on such occasions; and Napoleon would not risk his guard, nor advance his reserve when the consequence was doubtful.

The battle was won, but dearly. Eight generals fell on the part of the French; the heroic Bagration killed, was a loss as severe to the Russians. The honour of the day fell to Ney, Davoust's fall having kept him back. Murat and Poniatowski, at the head of their cavalry, had charged up the hills, and ridden into the redoubt. General Caulaincourt, penetrating into it with his cuirassiers, perished. Ney was created prince of the Moskwa, this river, which runs to Moscow, being a short space in the rear of the action; its name sounded better to fame than the Kalocza, on whose banks it was really fought. The night of victory was one of sadness to Napoleon. "Seven or eight hundred prisoners, and a score of broken cannon, were all his trophies won." The discouragement of his army was excessive. His generals accused him of languor, of not having followed up his advantage. Nought less than the brilliant results of Austerlitz and Marengo could satisfy them. But on this occasion the enemy,—the French themselves,—above all, the scene, was changed. Napoleon did not put forth his last strength, for he knew it could not be decisive, and that Kutusoff, even routed, would not dispense with the necessity of further combats and more active struggles. With such prospects as the Russian mode of warfare

held out to him, he refused to give Ney and Murat, those expenders of military blood, the last *rouleau* of that precious coin which he possessed. We believe, in opposition to Ségur, that it was his moral despondency, but too well founded, that influenced his spirits, not that disease or corpulency benumbed his faculties.

Moscow, however, was won. Kutusoff reluctantly abandoned the hope of defending it. The governor, Rostopchin, took his measures, if not for excluding the French, at least for rendering the possession useless to them. But Moscow remained, apparently in all its original splendour, when the French entered it on the 14th of September. Napoleon took up his residence at the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the czars. He was not long left in peaceable possession of it. From the first day of occupation, fire had appeared in different quarters. It was either neglected or renewed; but on the 17th the flames, fanned by a strong wind, spread rapidly, and showed themselves masters of the whole city. The Kremlin was surrounded by the fire, its windows burst with heat, and it required all the efforts of the guard to preserve the quarters of Napoleon. At length, when a way was cleared for him through the burning city, he left it, and established himself at the country-house of Petrowskoie, not far from the gates of Moscow. There is now scarcely a doubt raised by historians that the burning of Moscow was a premeditated act. Smolensko had suffered a similar fate; and if, as Fain asserts, Russian incendiaries had been seized in the towns west of Moscow, it was wonderful that more order and care had not been taken to prevent the catastrophe. Had it been Rostopchin's intention, too, as he has boasted, to destroy the city, it is not probable that he would have waited for the arrival of the French, who by greater vigilance might have prevented it. After all, the accidents to which a wooden city must be liable in war, with the population of its prisons, and its lower classes let loose in it, with foreign soldiery, may very possibly have

produced a catastrophe, claimed as design, when events had shown its advantage.

The first object of the expedition over, and Mostow, or its ruins, in the power of the French, what was to be the next aim? No envoy of peace appeared; it was necessary still to conquer it. Napoleon's instant conception was to march upon St. Petersburg, menace or cut off Wittgenstein, and be reinforced by the army of Macdonald. It was a giant resolve, and required giant efforts. It was the wisest, too, except that of immediate and direct retreat, which had many disadvantages. But, without the concurrence of his chiefs, such an enterprise was impossible. They had been churlish and discontented throughout the expedition. They were tired of it, and determined on retreat. They merely counselled retiring by a new and circuitous road to the south. Napoleon could not persist in his plan; his officers rebelled: their plan was equally repugnant to him. And betwixt both opinions, resolve rested in suspense, and neither was prosecuted: this was the most fatal step of all. The French remained at Moscow, waiting, like victims, for the winter to immolate them. A little more courage would have followed the emperor's idea; and if ever Alexander was to be brought to terms, it was by marching towards him. On the contrary, however, Napoleon sent Lauriston with proposals of peace, and vainly awaited in the Kremlin, which had been preserved from the fire, an answer never to return.

At length, after a month's lingering and debating and incertitude, Moscow was evacuated by the main body of the French on the 19th of October, a rear-guard remaining with orders to blow up the Kremlin. The imperial wagons were laden with trophies, those of the army with spoil, and all the carriages and calèches of Moscow travelled with their captors. It seemed merely a return from a party of pleasure. A month was yet to elapse ere the middle of November, the general period for the frost's setting in. To arrive at Smolensko, and take up winter-quarters before that time,

seemed feasible and certain. The army of Kutusoff in the mean time, after evacuating Moscow, had turned, still within sight of the burning city, towards the south. Murat had followed it, but in the incertitude of the moment had established an armistice. It was now broken by the Russians, who showed that the day of Borodino or of the Moskwa had not damped their courage. Murat was defeated. Napoleon, on leaving Moscow, adopted the original plan proposed by his chief officers, to march first to the important town of Kalouga, and thence by a fresh unwasted road to Smolensko. The circuit would allow the last corps time to evacuate Moscow. The French numbered 100,000 men, almost all on foot; artillery and cavalry were without horses; and there was every prospect of being obliged to abandon some, if not the greater part, of the former.

In a mood of deep despite, Napoleon left Moscow for Kalouga; the chief motive with him now for choosing this southern road was that it had not the appearance of retreat, so anxious was he to conceal his failure even from his own eyes. To master Kalouga was no distant nor arrogant aim. Yet he manœuvred, and thought it necessary to conceal his line of march from Kutusoff, in order to reach it. The Russian general was warned, however, and reached Malojaroslawitz in time to oppose the French march. A sanguinary engagement took place betwixt the advanced guard under prince Eugene and the Russians; the village, taken and retaken, at length was kept by the French; but Kutusoff's army, drawn up behind it, presented an order of battle. Napoleon rode to reconnoitre. Scarcely had he quitted the lines, when a cloud of Cossacks galloped past and round. The emperor's attendants would have had him return, but he refused to fly, and drew his sword in his personal defence. The Cossacks were beaten off, and he proceeded to reconnoitre. Should he attack the Russians? For what purpose? He had advanced towards Kalouga, to avoid or defer the appearance of a retreat that was inevitable. Better it was to be understood at once, than

risk the army still more for the sake of mere vanity. The order to retreat was given. And, singular and provoking to say, Kutusoff, afraid of being attacked, had given similar orders on his side.

The French army in three corps now turned their faces to France, and to Smolensko as the nearest rallying place. They looked there for the support of Victor's fresh corps; but Victor was busied elsewhere. Wittgenstein, reinforced by the ever-swelling levies of Russia, had beaten St. Cyr on the Dwina, and taken Witepsk. This was cutting the retreat off from Wilna, and Tchitchagoff, commanding the army returned from the Turkish war, had received orders to advance from the south, and, by seizing Minsk, cut off the only other practicable road westward. Such were the tidings that saluted Napoleon on his entry into Smolensko. The viceroy Eugene and Ney each led a corps in the rear of Napoleon, and were dreadfully harassed by the Russians, who, now driving their enemies before them, felt the spirit of success animating their previous stubbornness. Not only pursuing, but often anticipating the march of the foe, they hung upon his rear and flank, delayed his flight, by forcing him to turn and fight, whilst clouds of Cossacks swept away the stragglers, or deferring to slay, from a savage spirit of amusement, drove the famished wretches before their spear points as a pastime. Winter, too, set in,—that dreaded foe,—this year peculiarly severe and premature. The snow already fell in October; but on the 6th of November it descended, driven like a *tourmente* of the Alps, with a force, fury, and denseness unknown except in these northern climates. Amidst such weather the progress of the French, more especially of Ney, was a dire combat against the foe, and the elements as pitiless. The army foundered ere it reached even Smolensko, abandoning piece-meal its artillery, its deeply-venged plunder, the cross of Ivan, and the other trophies of the Kremlin. Even at that town, where it arrived in the middle of November, famine still awaited it. The magazines had been devoured.

Winter became more fierce, the enemy more menacing both in front and rear; whilst the French numbers, at least its fighting numbers, did not exceed one third of the army that had evacuated Moscow.

This scanty force was now divided into bands, for the sake of procuring some sustenance, and preserving some order. It was actually surrounded by armies. Tchichagoff stopped its passage by the Minsk road, Wittgenstein by Witepsk; whilst Kutusoff was behind, and in flank. The marvel is that a single French soldier escaped. Ney was completely intercepted in his march, and summoned to surrender in a position where even the "bravest of the brave" might despair. With 5000 men against 80,000, Ney returned volley for volley, charged, was repulsed, but defended his division by his audacity, marched under cover of the night, and, in defiance of the whole army of Kutusoff, rejoined Napoleon. No feat of the twenty years of war surpasses this.

The point of danger now changed from the rear to the front. Kutusoff having chased the French beyond the Dnieper, thought his task completed. But Tchichagoff and Wittgenstein, from north and south watching the course of the Beresina, resolved to intercept Napoleon's passage. The army was now reduced to about 14,000 men; 500 mounted officers formed the emperor's guard, in lieu of the 35,000 veterans lately glorying in that name. To force the passage of the Beresina with a skeleton army was idle. Still Napoleon, quitting the main road, and flinging himself amongst the forests, sought out the banks of the river. In these woods he fortunately stumbled on the corps of Victor. With what sad surprise did these soldiers regard the shattered remnant of their comrades from Moscow? The fated Beresina still remained to be crossed. Both parties throughout the war, however, seemed to vie as to which should commit most blunders; and admiral Tchichagoff, miscalculating the designs of the French emperor, watched every place of passage, save the one actually attempted. Two frail bridges were thrown over the stream.

Part of the army, once more respectable in numbers, crossed, and was able to defy Tchichagoff. But Wittgenstein was pressing on the eastern side. Victor, now intrusted with defending the rear, could scarcely hope to hold out, whilst the stragglers and rabble of the army passed over the bridges. One of his divisions was already cut off and taken, and Victor himself was driven to the water's edge, whilst the crowd still choked the passage, tumbled each other into the stream, or rushed amidst its floating ice, to escape the Russian bullets. In the midst of the terror and the rush, one of the bridges gave way, and the yell that arose (for women formed no small portion of the stragglers) was such as might appal even the heart of a soldier. At night Victor retreated across the stream, and destroyed the last bridge, leaving behind him his artillery, and crowds of prisoners. The Beresina froze completely in a short time after, forming a huge grave, in which the dead did not decay. In spring the Russians had leisure to count the bodies. They amounted to an army's number, between thirty and forty thousand.

From the Beresina, crossed in the last days of November, the French pursued the road to Wilna, their first Russian conquest, presenting the appearance of a complete rout, the corps of Victor as disorganised as those of its more wearied comrades. Still there was 80,000 men, counting the garrison of Wilna. With these a stand might be made,—at least, a momentary one. But to repair the great disaster without another army, such as Napoleon's personal presence and exertion could alone command from France now reluctant and despondent, was impossible. The political tidings from the capital were also disquieting. A conspiracy for the overthrow of the imperial power had nearly succeeded. The emperor, therefore, resolved to quit the army and hasten to Paris. Leaving the command to Murat, Napoleon left Smorgoni on the road to Wilna in a sledge, accompanied by Caulaincourt duke of Vicenza. His apparition at Warsaw is related in lively terms by the

abbé de Pradt, his envoy there. The conversation was a long soliloquy on the part of the emperor, in which he represented his fortunes as still capable of being repaired. But his oft repeated comment of "There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," showed how fully sensible he was to the magnitude of his fall. On the 18th of December he arrived at the Tuilleries quite unexpected by the empress. Thus did a year commenced by him at Dresden as a suzerain of monarchs, terminate in a hasty and disgraceful flight.

CHAP. XI.

1813—1814.

THE FALL OF THE EMPIRE.

It sometimes happens in history, as in life, that our sympathies refuse to obey our judgment; a circumstance that renders the task of narration difficult. At present, for instance, what war was ever more just, more sacred, more patriotic, than that which the Russians, and, at their voice, all Germany, rushed forward to wage against their victor and invader, Bonaparte? This man too, however heroic, is not unstained by crime. The liberties of his own country, the independence of Europe, had expired beneath his hand. He had shown himself selfish, ruthless in the pursuit of ambition; and still, with all this, such is the propensity which we have to worship power and grandeur of mind, that this very man excites our pity for his merited fall, his well-earned misfortune. The dramatic interest of his situation outbalances political judgment; and even the satisfaction with which a Briton must regard the destruction of the emperor of the French, is dashed by a high and generous sympathy for Napoleon. This generous sentiment has been avowed too boldly by one party, and decried and censured too

inveterately by the other, — both unavoidable consequences of contemporaneous feeling. But it is now time to cast away the prejudices and passions of the moment, and to assume the place and judgment of posterity with respect to scenes and persons past.

The first view presented by affairs, on Napoleon's reaching Paris, was somewhat reassuring. Lord Wellington, victorious at Salamanca, had still retreated subsequent to that battle, and Madrid remained in the hands of the French. The army he had left might rally, he hoped, upon the Niemen. At home, a daring conspiracy had nearly succeeded, on a report of the emperor's death; but the falsehood of this discovered, it had fallen of itself. The senate, the court, the capital, however stricken by the altered tone of the imperial bulletins, appeared still loyal and obsequious. The levies of 1813 awaited him. The artillery of the marine was at his disposition. He might count upon a formidable army, such as would at least check the advance of Russia. But darker and darker tidings came thick upon each other, to overshade these hopes. Macdonald had been deserted by the Prussian army under Yorck. Murat and the viceroy had fallen back upon the Oder; the former seizing the opportunity to desert the army altogether, and retire to Naples. Schwartzenberg had concluded, on the part of Austria, an armistice with Alexander, that might possibly grow into an alliance. Russia had concluded a treaty with England, and it seemed no longer possible to pacify one without contenting both. The entire defection of Prussia followed, announced by the flight of Frederick William from Potsdam, to meet the emperor Alexander at Breslau. This, as well as the advance of Wittgenstein, compelled the French to abandon the Oder for the Elbe, and limit their hopes of defence to this new frontier. Napoleon learned these tidings at Fontainebleau, where he was busied in making an arrangement with the pope. He hurried once more to his senate, declaring "what sufficed me yesterday cannot suffice to-day," and fresh levies

anticipating the conscription of years to come, were decreed. In March, Prussia joined Russia in war against France. Bernadotte, at the head of his Swedes, in the pay of England, now lifted his banner against the emperor. There remained but Austria neutral; and even had that court been bound, as was far from the case, by ties of gratitude towards Napoleon, it could scarcely resist the general outcry of all Germany to avenge and liberate itself.

Napoleon left St. Cloud on the 15th of April. In a few days he was with his army, now once more on the Elbe and the Saale, reduced to fight near the field of Jena those Prussians whom it had conquered there. The emperor brought to the 40,000 men under the viceroy a new army of upwards of 80,000,—all, however, young soldiers that had never yet seen fire. "What shall we do with such sucking pigs?" exclaimed an old general on beholding them. The allies were in possession and in advance of Dresden. They marched on the 1st of May to prevent Napoleon from occupying Leipzig, and met him a short distance from that town, at Lutzen, the scene of the last victory and death of Gustavus Adolphus. The Prussians, under Blucher, led the attack. The quarrel being now more German than Russian, it was for the Germans to bear the brunt. The Prussians were not backward to measure themselves with their enemies, and avenge their former defeats: but this they vainly attempted at Lutzen. Napoleon's young army, encouraged by his presence and words, repulsed every effort, and remained masters of the field. Still there were no longer the brilliant results, the cannon, colours, baggage taken. The fashion of panic was over. The French had fought until they had taught their foes their own warlike obstinacy. By one of the first shots of the campaign fell marshal Bessières, duke of Istria, the old commander of the guard.

Leipzig was no longer the aim of Napoleon after his victory. He occupied Dresden also, and prepared to pursue the allies over the Elbe. Success, however, as

well as defeat, were instruments to work his ruin. At Dresden he received the envoy of Austria, who now proposed to change her character of ally for that of mediator. She demanded certain augmentation of territory, still not extending her views to Italy, and the independence of the smaller German states. Concession to these not arrogant demands would, in the words of the emperor Francis, have consolidated the dynasty of Bonaparte. He would not admit them, however. A bridge had been thrown over the Elbe, and he marched to attack the Austrians and Prussians at Bautzen. They were in a position of great strength, occupying those hills which form the natural boundaries of Silesia. Napoleon forced the passage of the Spree in their front, and occupied Bautzen. He was obliged to spend the whole of the 20th in so fighting and manœuvring as to get within reach of the allies. On the 21st the battle was fought. He commenced by simultaneous attacks on the wings; the line, however, was so extended, embracing many leagues, and intersected with hills, that it was impossible to watch the success of these movements. Till assured of this, Napoleon would not advance his centre. He was himself with it in the midst of the cannonade, and fell asleep, overcome by fatigue. At length, upon hearing fresh sounds of artillery in the distance, his officers awoke him. By the direction of the sound he knew his wing to be victorious, and instantly ordered forward his centre and guard. The allies were beaten, and obliged to evacuate their line of defence, which covered Silesia, and retire into Bohemia. But their retreat was orderly, leaving not a cannon nor a prisoner. At the close of one of the combats which followed up the action, some of the emperor's staff, Duroc, Kirchener, and Le Brun, went to water their horses at a brook: it was then that one of the last cannon fired by the retreating enemy cut Kirchener in two, and struck Duroc. He was considered the only friend of Napoleon. The latter, whatever must have been his inward grief, did not display those theatrical signs of it which divers memoir writers

have imagined and described. The circumstance most worthy of remark in the battle was, that the Prussians showed the most obstinate and warlike spirit; such as, if shown at or even after Jena, would have rendered their subjugation impossible; whilst the Russians had relaxed in their ardour, and did not equal their allies. They were far from their homes, and cared less for German than for French. This shows that a national cause of quarrel is the first requisite for military courage.

The victory of Bautzen opened to the French a passage to the Oder. Glogau was relieved, Breslau occupied, Berlin itself threatened. The Russian and Prussian armies retreated towards Austria, imploring its aid. It was at this moment that the emperor Francis interposed with his mediation. A message, proposing an armistice, reached the French camp the day after the battle of Bautzen. After some conferences, Napoleon consented to it, in order that negotiations might commence.—

If ever the hand of fate was visible, it was in the fall of Napoleon. Had he been repulsed from Bautzen ere Austria had entered into stipulation with the allies, this power would not have pressed for more than the independence of Germany; and Napoleon might and ought to have granted it. Now she made the same request; the abandonment of the duchy of Warsaw to the three powers, of Illyria to herself, the re-establishment of the Prussian monarchy, and the dissolution of the confederation of the Rhine. But now Bonaparte could not, would not yield; and Austria was flung into the alliance of his enemies. "How much did England give you to make war upon me?" asked he of Metternich, imprudently insulting that statesman. And, in truth, Great Britain did put forth all her powers on this occasion, and at the right time. Sweden was in her pay; and now subsidy treaties were concluded with Russia and with Prussia. Her victories, as well as her purse, contributed to rouse and push to its conclusion that European reaction against France, which otherwise might have languished. The

tidings of the battle of Vittoria, in which Wellington and the British showed that their powers and talents were not confined to defensive warfare, came at the very epoch to strengthen the confidence of German courts and ministers. Austria insisted with firmness that Napoleon should be contented with the Rhine for his frontier. He, in evading the demand, required merely the neutrality of his father-in-law. This was declared impossible; and the accession of Austria to the allies was announced by brilliant fire-works on the 10th of August. In a few days after, the armistice expired.

The French, hitherto secure from attack on the side of southern Germany, had now to expect the Austrians, 200,000 strong, on the side of Bavaria, and in Italy. The Russians and the Prussians themselves were reinforced. Napoleon's chief officers advised him to retreat at once to the Rhine. In answer, he bade them this time obey. He had fortified Dresden, and distributed his force in eleven small armies or divisions round it; himself, with his guard as a reserve, holding Dresden, ready to unite, in any emergency, the separate but not disjointed portions of his force. Bernadotte, crown prince of Sweden, menaced from the north; Blucher with his army from the east; Schwartzenberg with the grand army from the mountain of Bohemia, southward. It was singular enough that the motions of this army of European reaction against France, should have been directed by two old generals of the French republic, — Bernadotte and Moreau: the latter was now in the service of Alexander, directing Russian and Austrian columns against 200,000 of his countrymen. No jealousy or injustice of the present ruler of France could warrant the hero in acting the renegade.

On the first expiration of the armistice, Napoleon had hastened from Dresden with his guard, and joined some of his divisions, to surprise Blucher. But that general, according to the plan agreed on, retreated; and he had the satisfaction to see two regiments of Westphalians desert the French ranks. In the mean time

Schwartzenberg had descended upon Dresden, and commenced pressing upon it on the 21st. St. Cyr had but 20,000 men to oppose to the prince's formidable army: he still kept it at bay. On the 25th the attack became general, and there were few hopes of holding out till the evening, when Napoleon's columns appeared hurrying from the pursuit of Blucher; and entering the city, they did but traverse it to meet the enemy, who, already victorious, were at the gate with hatchets, shouting *Paris! Paris!* as the next object of their march. The unexpected sally of the French repulsed the enemy. On the two following days the battle was renewed, and Napoleon succeeded in routing Schwartzenberg. The battle of Dresden was more decisive than either Lutzen or Bautzen. The Austrians left their cannon and 20,000 prisoners. This was some consolation to Napoleon. Fortune had prepared him another, in the death of Moreau, mortally wounded in the day's action. The victory of Dresden was soon, however, to be counterbalanced by defeat. Vandamme, who pursued a division of the retreating army into Bohemia, finding himself in the neighbourhood of Tœplitz, where the allied monarchs were supposed to be, resolved to push on to surprise them. Meeting with a desperate resistance from the Russian guards, and forced to retreat, he was met by a strong corps of Prussians, who, thinking themselves intercepted, rushed upon Vandamme to cut their way through. The Russians came up in the moment of the mêlée, and Vandamme with his whole division was obliged to surrender.

The defensive plan of the allies, said to have been recommended by Bernadotte, now proved fatal to Napoleon. Their rule was, always to retreat from him, but always make head against his lieutenants. Thus Oudinot, sent against Berlin, was defeated by the prince of Sweden, in the battle of Beeren; and Ney, despatched to repair this loss, could not master fortune. His Saxon regiments deserted in the action, and it was evident that none of the auxiliaries could be depended on.

Napoleon himself more than once marched to encounter Blucher; but that wary Prussian fled at the approach of the arch-enemy, and avoided to measure himself with Napoleon. Not so when Macdonald presented himself. Blucher fell on him and his division, and fought the battle of the Katzbach, in which the French, as at Beeren, were defeated with great loss. The campaigns round Dresden resembled what Homer recounts of the siege of Troy. When Achilles rushed forth, all was rout, flight, and slaughter: when he retired, his enemies showed courage, and failed not to gain the advantage. Still, though beaten in detail, the plan and resolves of Bonaparte were unyielding and giant-like. Instead of retreating south, he prepared to draw northward and keep the Elbe to Hamburg. He never feared being cut off from France, confident of forcing his way with victory. His delight, when with inferior forces, was to have his enemies around him. But his generals shrunk from the idea of such bold warfare. They, as at Moscow, were for retreat; they had bravery indeed in detail, but none of that antique hardihood that distinguished their illustrious captain. He was obliged to succumb to their arguments, and indeed to circumstances. The allied force daily increasing, soon came to double that of the French, hourly diminishing. Bavaria was obliged to declare against him; Leipzig was menaced in his rear; and at length, in the middle of October, Napoleon transferred his quarters from Dresden to that town.

It was time. On the very next day, the 16th, the allies approached; Bernadotte and Blucher from the north, Schwartzenberg from the south, the Russians joining him. Napoleon himself opposed Schwartzenberg, and held the entire of the day on the verge of the hills which border the plain of Leipzig. Ney was not so fortunate on the north. Blucher and his Prussians fought with inveterate audacity; and Ney, after dreadful loss, was obliged to retire behind the Partha. The only decided success was on the western side of Leipzig, where general Bertrand drove back Giulay, and thus

cleared the road towards France. Whilst Napoleon was arranging his posts, and occupying a line of defence nearer to Leipzig, the Austrian general Meerfeldt, the same who had come with the flag of truce after Austerlitz, was brought in prisoner. Him Napoleon now sent to the emperor of Austria with a similar message, and a demand of an armistice. "The word," said he, "must awaken recollection." But the Austrian was not to be touched by association; no answer was returned: and preparations continued on the 17th, for fresh attack on one side; for honourable defence, and now inevitable retreat, on the other. The allies, despite their advantages and numbers, awaited the fresh corps of Beningsen. On the night of the 17th, Bertrand was ordered to commence the retreat, and to secure the passes of the Saale. On the 18th the battle recommenced on the north, east, and south of Leipzig. The French were hemmed in by a circle of fire and bayonets, dealt by treble their numbers. Still they remained firm. Poniatowski and his gallant Poles kept Schwartzenberg in check. Macdonald fought the Russians; and when sorely pressed, Napoleon and his guard came to his aid, and repelled the enemy. To the north of this attack Bernadotte advanced upon Reynier, whose division consisted partly of Saxon corps: these troops being ordered to march, obeyed indeed, but it was instantly to desert and join the enemy. Bernadotte turned their cannon instantly against the French; and as it swept away whole files by a raking fire, the name of Saxon and of Bernadotte were muttered with curses of execration. Even in this unlooked-for disaster Napoleon preserved his calm,—filled up the void left by the Saxons with his guard, and fiercely continued the combat. It was the afternoon. The allies, despairing to force the French ranks, retired and commenced a cannonade; which produced every desired effect of slaughter, and of forcing the defenders to risk their force in offensive movements. Night at last put an end to the battle. There was neither defeat nor rout: but such another day it was impossible for the French

army to survive. Orders were therefore issued for the retreat. No sooner had it commenced than the allies were instantly at the gates: but these, defended by Poniatowski and Macdonald, by Ney and Marmont, defied all the efforts to master them. The town in the mean time offered the dreadful scene of an army retreating over a narrow bridge, and blocking up every path. Napoleon himself with difficulty got across the Elster. Not a quarter of the army, and but few guns, had passed, when the bridge was blown up by accident, or a mistaken order. Escape for those in Leipzig became impossible, and resistance vain. They who had the courage dashed their horses into the stream to swim across. In this attempt Macdonald succeeded, and Poniatowski failed; the gallant Pole sinking to rise no more. Lauriston and Reynier were taken. The French lost 50,000 men, 200 pieces of cannon, Germany, and their military superiority. Ere Napoleon reached the Rhine with his shattered troops, he had to encounter a glaring instance of political ingratitude. If he had bestowed benefits on any land, it was on Bavaria, which he had amplified, honoured, and made a kingdom of. Now an army of Bavarians crossed his path, and barred his entry into France. They occupied Hanau. A charge of the remnant of the old imperial guard sufficed to punish and to rout the Bavarians.

The revolutionary tide, that twenty years previously had overflowed the Alps and the Rhine, changing the face and destroying the old landmarks of Europe, devastating some regions, but, it must be owned, fertilising others, was now rolled back into its ancient bed; and the monarchs, like the cultivators of Egypt after an inundation of the Nile, began again to claim and mark their properties. Germany had already freed itself. Hanover resumed its allegiance to England. Holland dismissed its French governor, and recalled its ancient stadtholder. Bernadotte in the north, and Murat in the south, alone held their regal stations by joining the allies against Napoleon. The king of Naples advanced

in concert with the Austrians against the prince Eugene and aided in expelling the French from Italy. The emperor himself now set free the pope and Ferdinand of Spain, both to retake possession of their dominions. The English, under Wellington, had already driven the French to the north of the Pyrenees.

In the mean time, the victorious sovereigns at Francfort answered the demand for peace made by Napoleon. They offered him France, imperial France, with the Rhine for its boundary. Not to have accepted this fair, this generous offer, was madness. Even if he intended to renew the struggle at another time, he should have closed with such an offer, that left him Mayence, Antwerp, France, and years to recruit his exhausted resources. Pride and honour both forbade; he could not bear the idea of rendering the realm less than he had received it from the republic, whose unextinguished partisans might well call him to account. In addition to this, he possessed that character, so common, of a hard bargainer, and carried his pretensions far beyond either right or reason, nay, believed in their justice. In answer to the offer of the allies, he declaimed against the maritime superiority and laws of England, and called on her to abate them, precisely as if the balance of victory was reversed. But fortune had spoiled him. His faculties (we must except his military talents) had been developed in prosperity, and could not suit themselves to the hard laws of misfortune.

Yet his enemies were not confined to the land beyond the Rhine. The old royalists stirred in the provinces; the republicans in the capital. The constitutionalists of the first national assembly began to raise their heads, and build hopes of seeing a representative government or a restoration of the Bourbons. This party, to Napoleon's astonishment, displayed itself in his legislative body. Five of its members, intrusted with the drawing up of an address, ventured to speak of the liberty of the subject; of the necessity of accepting peace, and being contented with the frontier of the Rhine, containing a

territory more extensive than the *ancient monarchy.* This last allusion excited all the indignation of the emperor; he called the members factious men, sold to England; accused them of talking of liberty when national independence was at stake; and concluded by dissolving the assembly and shutting up its hall of meeting. Here again a Machiavel would have acted otherwise; he would have given fair words and promises, in order to rally the nation to his person and cause. Certainly, towards this close of his career we find the character of Napoleon develope itself as sincere, headlong, and impassioned, rather than perfidious or cold. It even tempts one to revise that opinion of his profound selfishness, which the conduct of his earlier life suggests.

Meantime the garrisons left in the fortresses of Germany surrendered one by one, and the allies had made preparations to pass the Rhine. Dearly were the French to pay the loss of that neutrality of Switzerland, which they had set the example of breaking. The Austrians now marched through this country upon a part of France undefended by fortresses, and turned, as it were, the flank of the Rhine; Blucher crossed the river; Bulow still more north; whilst Wellington advanced from the Pyrenees. Napoleon was menaced in Paris with the same fate that had attended him at Leipzig: but he resolved to make a lion's fight of it; the memory of the great Frederic and his reverses cheered him. After intrusting his empress and her infant son to the national guards of his capital, Napoleon left this city for his forlorn campaign, on the 25th of January.

Schwartzenberg, having marched through Upper Burgundy, had come upon the Seine; the course of which he pursued towards Paris. Blucher from Mayence, passing the Vosges, had reached the Marne. Betwixt these two rivers lay the chief force of the attack, amounting to 150,000 men. Napoleon could not muster half the number; and few, very few, could be called soldiers, at least as yet. Advancing from Chalons, the emperor throwing himself betwixt Schwartzenberg and

Blucher, directed, as usual, his first blow against the latter. The Prussian commander occupied Brienne, the scene of Napoleon's school-days: he was even at dinner in the castle when the French drove in his outposts. Ney commanded them. They took the château; but Blucher, having had time to escape, rallied his men, and directed them again upon the town, which was disputed warmly: the French were obliged to throw shells into it to dislodge the Prussians, who, it seems, could not overcome the obstinate defenders of the château. Lefebvre Desnouettes, leading the cavalry of the guard, fell severely wounded in the *mêlée*; whilst Napoleon himself exchanged blows with the foe, and was obliged to parry the lances of the Cossacks. Blucher was driven back at length, but not routed, rallying to a position behind Brienne, called La Rothière, where, in the space of a day, he was certain of being supported by the army of Schwartzenberg.

This junction, which Napoleon had fought the battle of Brienne to prevent, now took place; and Blucher and Schwartzenberg attacked the French in turn, on the 1st of February, with vast superiority of force. Alexander and Frederic William were both present to encourage their army. Attacked along their whole line, the French stood their ground, although it required all the efforts of the generals to keep the young soldiers firm before such innumerable masses. Still towards evening the Russians in the centre wavered, when a charge of Blucher's secured the advantage. The French wings, especially that under Gérard, resisted heroically, covering the retreat, which was effected in the night. A great quantity of cannon and prisoners were abandoned. Such was the ominous commencement of the campaign.

Blucher now was all eager to push on to Paris. Being joined by two fresh divisions, he separated from Schwartzenberg and the Austrians, tardy in their advance both from character and from policy. The emperor Francis still wished not to annihilate Napoleon's

power; and under his influence the congress of Chatillon opened, to make another attempt at negotiation, whilst Blucher persisted in advancing along the Marne. Napoleon, with his eye on the Prussians, sent Caulaincourt to the congress assembled now at Chatillon. In these openings towards accommodation, some new gleams of hope ever occurred to distract the emperor from a sense of his forlorn condition. Blucher's rash advance now inspired him with the plan of surprising and defeating the Prussians. The idea took possession of him; and so full was he of it that he refused to sanction the *carte blanche* to treat, which a few days previously he had given to Caulaincourt. The allies now, indeed, rose in their demands, and refused to leave even Belgium to France, insisting that she should retire within her ancient limits. It was a dire disgrace, a hard necessity, that could have wrung the proud heart of Napoleon to yield this. But still he haply would have consented to it, but for the hope that Blucher's rash advance offered. The Prussian general was thus unwittingly, and by his imprudence as much as his sagacity, the ruin of his sworn foe. Bent on defeating Blucher, Napoleon, on the 9th of February, refused to approve of the conditions sent to him from Chatillon by Caulaincourt; and thus nailing up the postern of safety, till then left open for him, he resolved to sally to the point, to conquer or to fall.

He now abandoned even the important town of Troyes, in order to his project; and transferring his army by cross roads and forced marches from the Seine to the Marne, he surprised the flank of Blucher, as that general was marching in all boldness upon Paris, confident that the day of La Rothière had been the last serious effort of the French. In this he was severely disappointed. Napoleon fell upon his centre at Champaubert, composed of Russians; defeated, routed it, and took a great number of prisoners and cannon. The van, under Sacken, was thus cut off from its rear, under Blucher. Napoleon, losing not a moment, came up with the former at Montmirail, and gained a victory over it equally de-

cisive. It was thus that Blucher, by his rashness, lost two thirds of his army: he redeemed the blunder, however, by the obstinacy with which, at the head of the remaining third, he retreated before Napoleon, until the advance of the Austrians on the side of the Seine recalled the emperor. The success of Montmirail,—the despatch of captured Prussians, Russians, and their cannon to Paris,—now elated Napoleon. Even after the first advantage of Champaubert, he had written to his plenipotentiaries at Chatillon to take a prouder attitude. Now, as he approached the Austrians, an officer of their army advanced to propose an armistice, and press the acceptance of the conditions of Chatillon. Napoleon, victorious, returned for answer, that he was willing to accede to those of Francfort; but Belgium he would not cede. "Recollect," said he, "that I am nearer to Munich than my foes to Paris."

Now took place the combat of Montereau. Schwartzenberg's advanced guard of Austrian and Wirtemburg troops occupied it, and defended a position in advance of the bridge. On the 17th they were driven from this; but Victor, duke de Bellune, rendered inactive by age, or by the loss of his son-in-law, a general officer slain in the morning, failed to support the attack of the bridge. It was carried indeed on the following day, and the Austrians defeated, but no longer with that decisive victory on the part of the French that Napoleon had anticipated. He was grievously offended with Victor for his remissness, and deprived him of his command, which he gave to Gérard. Victor confessed his fault, and was generous enough not to desert or retort upon his master in the decline of his fortune. "I will take a musket," said the marshal, distressed even to tears. Napoleon himself was touched by the appeal: he embraced his lieutenant, and gave him another command.

Austria made a last effort to bring the French emperor to listen to the terms of his allies. Here, as ever, the late gleam of success had intervened to dazzle Na-

poleon's eyes, and to render him blind to the force and the danger that menaced him. He well knew that without the consent of Austria the allies could not expel him from the throne in order to re-establish the Bourbons. The princes of that house were still on the alert; two of them on French soil. Had Austria declared boldly to Napoleon, "Succumb, or I support the Bourbons," he might have yielded. But prince Lichtenstein, now the envoy from the emperor Francis, refrained from using such rude and salutary language. On the contrary, respecting the feelings of Bonaparte, he professed, on the part of his master, that Austria had no intention of admitting a change of dynasty in France. Relying on the frail reed of this promise, the emperor argued, "What then can I lose by holding out? Even if fully victorious, they cannot reduce France to less dimensions than they now propose; and my father-in-law will not uphold the Bourbons against me." 'Twas thus that the courtly forbearance—for it could not be insidiousness—of Lichtenstein lulled Napoleon to his destruction. Relying on Austria, he now braved even the opinions of his council, who besought him to accept the conditions of peace. He objected to their severity. "The peace," observed some one, "will be good enough, if it is time enough."—"It must come too soon, if it bring disgrace," was the emperor's reply.

On the 23d of February the French, following up the advantage of Montereau, re-entered Troyes. Some royalists had displayed their opinions in this town: one unfortunate gentleman was executed on this account. At Troyes came another flag of truce from the Austrians, wishing to establish an armistice. Napoleon would not hear of any that did not extend upon the whole line. The emperor, in holding out so obstinately, seemed to forget how inexhaustible were the forces of his numerous enemies. He soon had a proof. Blucher, the beaten Blucher, appeared in the field again with a fresh army of 100,000 men, made up of reinforcements and reserves. He pressed Schwartzenberg to join him

in giving battle: the Austrian persisted in retreating. Blucher then, with unexampled hardihood, resolved to renew the very attempt which had proved so destructive to him, viz. to advance again towards the capital. He now chose another road, and other allies. Leaving Schwartzenberg and his Austrians to operate by themselves to the south of Paris, Blucher crossed the Marne, and drew near to the Prussian and Russian army of Bulow and Winzingerode. With these he hoped to force his way towards the French capital, northward of the Marne.

Against this new manœuvre Napoleon was called to provide. Blucher had already overpowered Marmont on the road to Meaux. Leaving what troops he could spare under Macdonald and Oudinot, to make head against Schwartzenberg, the emperor now marched across the Marne, hoping once more to surprise Blucher. The Prussian, more wary this time, retreated opportunely to Soissons, which the Russians had already taken. Napoleon crossed the Aisne after them, and came up with the Russians, who occupied the heights of Craonne. The battle was fought on the morrow, the 6th of March. The Russians held their ground against the most furious and valiant attacks the entire of the day, and then retreated in good order to Laon, where the Prussians united with them. The result, however it might claim to be called victory, was, in Napoleon's critical situation, a defeat. He had lost thousands, henceforth irreparable, and had merely repulsed the foe. Blucher, by adopting this mode of warfare, which had so well succeeded with the English in Portugal and Spain, viz. taking up positions on eminences, and there awaiting the attack, now paralysed all the efforts of his impetuous foe. Another battle, similar to Craonne, took place not far from it, at Laon, three days after. Blucher observed the same steady defensive plan. From high ground he defied an enemy obliged to mount to the assault. The affair was destined to be more serious than a drawn battle or a check. Marmont, command-

ing the French left, advanced too far, was surprised by Blucher in the night or morning after the battle, and his whole wing routed and destroyed.

Here vanished Napoleon's last hopes of superiority and retrieval. He instantly despatched word to Caulaincourt to treat on any terms with the allies; but the message arrived too late. Austria, by a treaty concluded on the 1st of March, had agreed to join the allies in inexorable war with Napoleon, should he not consent to their conditions, and the negotiations were closed. Nevertheless Schwartzenberg proposed to retreat. Was it fear or policy? Whichever it might have been, the declarations of the rest of the allies, especially of lord Castlereagh, who spoke of even stopping the promised subsidies, compelled Schwartzenberg to resume the offensive; and the French were on all sides driven back upon their capital.

Disasters now thickened upon the doomed Napoleon, —doomed indeed by his own obstinacy as much as by fate. The successes of Wellington enabled Bourdeaux to display its royalism, and attachment to the Bourbons. No sea-port could possibly be well affected to the imperial rule, which had annihilated commerce. The cry of royalism was answered in the capital; not, indeed, in the streets or amongst the burgesses, as in Bourdeaux: it was there raised by some intriguing statesmen of the revolution, joined to the ancient noblesse. Talleyrand conducted it. That sagacious politician had grasped at the first chance of overthrowing him whom he rightly considered as a despot, and of establishing a constitutional government under the Bourbons. These princes had long been in correspondence with this party, and had approved its alliance with those of its followers more blindly devoted to royalism. Intimations conveyed from this knot of conspirators, — if those who aim but at a worthy end can be called such, — emboldened the sovereigns not only to advance upon Paris, but to espouse the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns, who had no wish to excite a national war, were glad to grasp at

any expedient that offered security and speedy peace; and the appearance of a strong and influential party, publicly calling for the return of their ancient sovereigns, presented at once the means of arriving at these advantages. The leanings of Austria in favour of the wife and family of Napoleon were thus overcome, and the vague inclinations of Alexander fixed in favour of the long-exiled race of French monarchs.

In the mean time Bonaparte, like the stag at bay, had turned from Blucher to Schwartzenberg; who, in his absence, had recovered the ground lost subsequent to the affair of Montereau. The emperor, to check him, fought his last battle on the 20th of March, at Arcis, where his troops, wearied and disheartened, at length gave up, and lost their long-supported energy and victory together. Nought seemed to remain but a retreat into Paris. That capital was the idol of Napoleon; it supplied the place of mistress to him: he loved, adorned, prided in it; lavished there his flattery, his treasures; courted it with pomp and magnificence, and even with the honeyed falsehoods of the *Moniteur*. At the same time he was an imperious lover; allowing to the object of his affection scant liberty, and demanding the fullest return of obsequiousness and devotion. In all his victories he thought of Paris, and the chief use made of his spoil was to embellish it. Before its eyes had been displayed all his triumphs, all his grandeur. To return to it ruined, and bankrupt even in hope, was too much as yet for his pride; though misfortune subsequently endowed him with the apathy requisite. Napoleon, from these feelings, or from military views more profound, now refused to retreat to his capital, but resolved to fling himself in the rear of his enemies, fall upon their straggling parties, cut off their communications, and distract them, if possible, from Paris. He liked the confusion consequent upon these audacious and anomalous manœuvres, which disturbed his enemies in their plans and calculations, and which afforded him the best chance of advantage. Sallying therefore eastward, betwixt the Aube and Marne, Napoleon reached St. Dizier

with a portion of his army. The divisions of Mortier and Marmont were ordered to join him; but these, intercepted by the allies, who did not allow their advance on Paris to be interrupted, were driven back upon the capital.

On Sunday, the 27th of March, the inhabitants heard the sound of war approach. The roar of cannon was in the direction of Meaux; and these portents were followed by the marshalling of national guards, the crowding in of frighted peasants, wounded and straggling soldiers. The gay boulevards were soon converted into a long bivouac. Terror and incertitude were in most countenances, indignant sorrow in some, joy in few. Marshals Marmont and Mortier had posted their scanty force round Paris, and scarcely removed from its frail walls, except where the heights of Montmartre and Belleville and the castle of Vincennes offered advantages of ground or support. Within the walls Joseph Bonaparte held the command. The empress, an amiable and affectionate wife, was not a heroine, and now fled with her son from the menaced scene of strife. The boy, it is said, showed extreme reluctance to depart. Joseph, on his part, showed a degree of confidence. It was hoped that the enemy were not in force, that Napoleon might arrive with aid. Prolonged defence was impossible; and a firm attitude was preserved merely lest any advantages, that time or the emperor could bring, might be lost.

On the 30th the allied troops commenced the attack of the several heights; but, the Prussians not having come up in sufficient force on the right, the brunt of the battle was on the heights of Belleville and at Pantin, where the small number of French made a gallant resistance, but were, in the end, overpowered. The young pupils of the Polytechnic school plied the guns; and many perished in this their first essay of arms. From the very first the sovereigns had proffered to spare the city by capitulation: it was now accepted by Marmont, who had received permission of Joseph to

this effect. After the order that prince had fled. On the last day of March the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia entered Paris in triumph at the head of their troops, welcomed with all the outward appearance of joy by the Parisians, who thus affected to gloss over defeat even in their own eyes. The views of the monarchs were sufficiently evinced by their dining with Talleyrand on that day. Caulaincourt, who arrived from Napoleon, was obliged to wait for an answer.

That rejected child of fortune had found at St. Dizier that his eccentric march had failed in diverting the allies from their march upon the capital. He had made the great blunder of supposing that those generals, who fought to the utmost whilst under his eye, or dreading his censure, were likely to exert themselves for victory when defeat would for ever deliver them from an imperious and unfortunate master. Napoleon bent his steps back towards the capital by Troyes, and the main road of Fontainbleau. He had already passed that town, when he encountered, on the evening of the 30th, some of the troops of Marmont, retiring by virtue of the capitulation. He could scarcely credit the tidings. Joseph's flight, Marmont's surrender, seemed inexplicable to him. He persisted in advancing; and it was only by persuasion, almost amounting to force, that he was made to believe in the loss of his capital, and to return to Fontainbleau: from hence he despatched Caulaincourt to Paris.

The partisans of the house of Bourbon now openly assumed the white cockade, and paraded the streets. They were observed in silence by the population. But the allied troops tacitly declared more than their tolerance of these signs, by displaying white bands upon their arms; for which, indeed, another origin was assigned. It became incumbent, however, even upon the humblest citizen to come to a decision. The old revolutionary bands again were mustering. The enlightened classes all rallied by degrees to the cause of monarchy, and the citizens were fully alive to the imperial despotism. A proclamation of the comte d'Artois,

brother of Louis XVIII., was therefore read, and received with favour. The novelty of royalism gained many proselytes on one hand, whilst its antiquity commanded others. These scattered sentiments communicated, spread like a flame; and in not very many hours the Bourbons, lately unknown and uncared for by the Parisians, were hailed and expected as the saviours and legitimate rulers of France.

Popular feeling was thus brought round to the desired point; and the sovereigns, the emperor of Austria by a singular chance being absent, some of the operations of war having thrown him back upon Lyons, declared their determination not to treat with Napoleon. Talleyrand convoked the conservative senate, those legislative puppets of Napoleon, and by their votes proceeded to enumerate all the faults and illegalities of the emperor, concluding from such premises to his forfeiture of the crown. A provisional government was then appointed, of which Talleyrand himself was the chief; and thus, master of the machinery of government, as well as of the ears of Alexander and his ministers, this sagacious politician disposed events into the channel where he wished them to flow.

Bonaparte, learning the colour of events, and the proclamation of the sovereigns, which refused to treat with him, now meditated asserting once more his rights by the sword. He reviewed his troops, harangued them, and moved them on towards Paris. But his marshals dissuaded from this desperate resolve, which they refused to support; and some even told him that he was no longer emperor. It was then that he drew up a declaration, stating that as "he was the sole obstacle to the peace of France, he was willing to remove that obstacle—to depart—to resign his crown, nay, his life, if required, leaving his succession open to his son, and the regency to the empress. There was some hesitation in Paris as to the acceptation or refusal of this act. To the last, the hopes of the Bourbons depended upon a hair. But Talleyrand had taken his measures. Marmont

declared his adhesion to the provisional government,—in other words, to Talleyrand,—and answered for his corps, which he afterwards conducted within the allied lines. Here expired the dynasty of Napoleon, as his personal reign had been already terminated. His marshals, officers, and friends deserted him one by one, from Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, down to the mameluke Rustan. There remained merely to go through the ceremony of signing the unconditional abdication, which with reluctance, and not without moving appeals to the officers yet present, to aid him to support another struggle, he consummated on the 11th of April, 1814.

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